

82a12
A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
OLD PLAYS.
IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,
CORRECTED AND COLLATED WITH THE OLD COPIES.

WITH
NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,
BY ISAAC REED, OF STAPLE INN, F.A.S.

VOLUME IV.

L O N D O N,
PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;
FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL MALL.
MDCCLXXX.

A. S. R. E. C. T.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.



O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

O. L. I. T. I. O. N.

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

THE MAL-CONTENT, BY JOHN MARSTON.

ALL FOOLS, BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

EASTWARD HOE, BY GEORGE CHAPMAN,

BEN JONSON, JOHN MARSTON.

THE REVenger's TRAGEDY, BY CYRIL TOURNER.

THE DUMB KNIGHT, BY LEWES MACHIN.

PL 2

1.7.80: 237 11100

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

100

THE
MALCONTENT.

VOL. IV.

A



JOHAN MARSTON is supposed to have been of a family settled at Aftcot, in the county of Salop¹. Wood² imagines him to have been the same John Marston who was a student of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and was admitted B. A. Feb. 20, 1592. He was a poet who acquired, and very deservedly, a considerable reputation, and is³ said to have died in the former part of King Charles the First's time, aged about 60 years. He was the Author of (1.) "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image and Certaine Satires, 1598." (2.) The Scourge of Villanie. Three Bookes of Satires, 1599.

Both these works were reprinted in 1764. And Mr. Warton, in his Observations on Spenser's Fairy Queen, vol. I. p. 59. says of these Satires, that they "contain many well-drawn characters, and several good strokes of satirical genius; but are not upon the whole so finished and classical as Bishop Hall's, the first part of which were published about a year before these."

Marston sometimes assumed the name of *Kinsayder*; but why he did so, and from whence he adopted it, do no where appear. Under this fictitious surname, he is satirized in *The Return of Parnassus*, A. 1. S. 2.

"What, Monsieur Kinsayder, lifting up your leg, and pissing
"against the World? put up, man, put up for shame."

"Methinks, he is a ruffian in his style,

"Withouten bands, or garters' ornament:

"He quaffs a cup of Frenchman's helicon;

"Then roister doister, in his oily terms,

"Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoever he meets,

"And strows about Ram-Alley meditations.

"Tut, what cares he for modest, close-couched terms,

"Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?

¹ Oldys' Mss. Notes on Langbaine.

² *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. I. p. 332.

³ Oldys.

" Give him plain-naked words, stripp'd from their shirts,
 " That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine,
 " Ay, there is one, that backs a paper steed,
 " And manageth a pen-knife gallantly,
 " Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth,
 " Brings the great battering ram of terms to towns;
 " And at first volley of his cannon shot,
 " Batters the walls of the old fusty world."

When *The Malcontent* was first published, Marston lived in friendship with Ben Jonson, to whom he dedicated it. He, also, wrote some complimentary verses to that Author, which are printed before the first Edition of *Sejanus* in 1605. The good correspondence between them, however, was afterwards broken; but the cause of it remains unknown.

In the next year, 1606, the play of *Sophonisba* appeared, and in the Preface is the following passage plainly levelled at the play he had just before applauded: "Know that I have not labour'd in this Poem to relate any thing as an Historian, but to enlarge every thing as a Poet. To transcribe Authors, quote Authorities, and translate Latin prose Orations into English Blank Verse, hath in this subject been the least aim of my studies."

Ben also many years afterwards spoke of Marston with some degree of acrimony: he said to Drummond of Hawthornden, that "he fought several times with Marston, and that the latter wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies."

Marston was the Author of the following Plays:

(1.) *Antonio and Mellida: A History.* Acted by the Children of Paul's. 4to, 1602.

(2.) *Antonio's Revenge: The Second Part.* As it hath beene sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's. 4to, 1602.

(3.) *The Infatiate Countess: A Tragedy.* Acted at White Fryers. 4to, 1603. 4to, 1613. 4to, 1631.

(4.) *The Malcontent.* 4to, 1604. Another Edition in 4to. in the same year.

(5.) *The Dutch Courtezan.* As it was play'd in the Blacke Friars, by the Children of her Majesties Revels. 4to, 1605.

(6.) *Paristaster*; or, *The Fawne*. As it hath bene divers times presented at the Blacke Friars, by the Children of the Queenes Majesties Revels. 4to, 1606.

(7.) *The Wonder of Women*; or, *The Tragedie of Sophonisba*. As it hath beene sundry times acted at the Blacke Friars. 4to, 1606.

(8.) *What you will*. 4to, 1607.

All these, except *The Insatiate Countess* and *The Malcontent*, were printed in 12mo. 1633.

He was also, the Author of "The Argument of the Spectacle, presented to the sacred Majestys of Great Britain and Denmark as they passed through London." In MS. in the British Museum, N^o 18. A. 31.

The following Epigram is printed in *The Scourge of Folly*, by John Davies, 12mo. N. D. p. 105.

To acute Mr. John Marston.

Thy *Malecontent*, or *Malecontentednesse*,
 Hath made thee change thy Muse as some do gesse:
 If time mispent made her a *Malecontent*;
 Thou need'st not then her timely change repent.
 The end will shew it: meane while do but please
 With vertuous paines, as erst thou did'st with ease;
 Thou shalt be prais'd, and kept from want and wo;
 So, blest are crosses, that do blesse us so.

BENIAMINI JONSONIO

POETÆ

ELEGANTISSIMO

GRAVISSIMO

AMICO

SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

IOHANNES MARSTON

MVSARVM ALVMNVS

ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM,

D. D.

TO

T O T H E R E A D E R.

I AM an ill orator; and, in truth, use to indite more honestly than eloquently, for it is my custom to speak as I think, and write as I speak.

In plainness, therefore, understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families: for which some may wittily accuse me; but my defence shall be as honest, as many reproofs unto me have been most malicious. Since (I heartily protest) it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet, in despite of my endeavours, I understand, some have been most unadvisedly over-cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtilty (as deep as hell) have maliciously spread ill rumours, which, springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple: to such I protest, that with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose unquiet studies labour innovation, contempt of holy policy, reverend comely superiority, and established unity: for the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not, but unto every worthy mind it will be approved so general and honest, as may modestly pass with the freedom of a Satire. I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that Scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be inforcibly published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But, since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself, therefore, set forth this Comedy; but so, that my inforced absence must much rely upon the Printer's discretion; but I shall intreat slight errors in orthography may be as slightly over-passed; and that the unhandiome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phæbus.

J. M.

A 4

D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GIOVANNI ALTOFRONTO, disguised **MALEVOLE**, sometime duke of Genoa.

PIETRO JACOMO, duke of Genoa.

MENDOZO, A minion to the dutchefs of **PIETRO JACOMO**.

CELſO, a friend to **ALTOFRONTO**.

BILIOSO, an old cholerick marshal.

PREPASO, a gentleman-usher.

FERNEZE, a young courtier, and enamoured of the dutchefs.

FERRARDO, a minion to duke **PIETRO JACOMO**.

EQUATO,

GUERRINO, } two courtiers.

AURELIA, dutchefs to duke **PIETRO JACOMO**.

MARIA, dutchefs to duke **ALTOFRONTO**.

EMILIA,

BIANCA, } two ladies attending the dutchefs.

MAQUERELLE, an old panderefs.

PASSARELLO, fool to **BILIOSO**.

T H E
I N D U C T I O N
T O T H E
M A L C O N T E N T ;
A N D

The ADDITIONS acted by the King's Majesty's Servants.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

Enter ⁴ William Sly; *a Tire-man following him with a stool.*

Tire-man.

SIR, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.

William Sly.

Why, we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou do'st not take me for a country gentleman; do'st think I fear hissing? I'll hold my life thou took'st me for one of the players.

Tire-man.

No, sir.

William Sly.

By god's-flid, if you had I would have given you but ⁵ six-pence for your stool. Let them that have stale suits sit in the

⁴ *William Sly*] Was one of the original actors in Shakspeare's Plays. His name is among those enumerated in the Folio Edition of his Works, 1623.

⁵ *but six-pence*] From chap. VI. in Dekkar's *Guls Horn-book*, reprinted in the last Edition of Shakspeare, vol. I. p. 80. it appears, that it was the fashion for the gallants of the times to sit on the stage on stools. We learn from a passage in *The Roaring Girl*, vol. VI. p. 31. that a shilling was the sum paid for them.

galleries.

galleries. Hiss at me! He that will be laugh'd out of a tavern, or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. Where's ⁶ Harry Condell, ⁷ Dick Burbage, and William Sly? Let me speak with some of them.

Tire-man.

An't please you to go in, sir, you may.

William Sly.

I tell you no; I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action. I have most of the jests here in my table-book.

Enter ⁸ Sinklow.

Sinklow.

Save you, cuz.

William Sly.

O! cousin, come, you shall sit between my legs here,

Sinklow.

No indeed, cousin; the audience then will take me for ⁹ a viol de gambo, and think that you play upon me.

William Sly.

Nay, rather that I work upon you, cuz.

Sinklow.

We staid for you at supper last night at my cousin Honey-moon's, the woollen-draper's. After supper we drew cuts for a score of apricots; the longest cut still to draw an apricot: by this light, 'twas Mrs. Frank Honey-moon's fortune still to have the longest cut. I did measure for the women. What be these, cuz?

⁶ Harry Condell] One of the publishers of Shakspeare's Plays in Folio, 1623.

⁷ Dick Burbage] See Dialogue on Plays and Players, vol. XII.

⁸ Sinklow] This was a player in Shakspeare's time. His name is twice printed in that Author's Works, instead of the characters he performed. See Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*; and the conclusion of *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

⁹ a viol de gambo] From the name of this instrument, which is derived from the Italian, and the manner in which it appears to have been played on, I apprehend it to be the same which is now called a base viol.

Enter

THE MALCONTENT.

11

Enter Dick Burbage, Henry Condell, and ¹⁰ John Lowin.

William Sly.

The players. God save you.

Dick Burbage.

You are very welcome.

William Sly.

I pray you know this gentleman, my cousin; 'tis Mr. Doomsday's son the usurer.

Henry Condell.

I beseech you, fir, be cover'd.

William Sly.

¹¹ No, in good faith, for mine ease; look you, my hat's the handle to this fan: god's so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order with you.

[*Puts his feather in his pocket.*]

Dick Burbage.

Why do you conceal your feather, fir?

William Sly.

Why! do you think I'll have jests broken upon me in the play to be laugh'd at? This play hath beaten all young gallants out of the feathers. ¹² Black-friars hath almost spoil'd Black-friars for feathers.

Sinklow.

God's so! I thought 'twas for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counsel'd me to wear my feather to the play; yet I am loath to spoil it.

William Sly.

Why, cuz?

Sinklow.

Because I got it in the ¹³ tilt-yard: there was a herald broke my pate for taking it up. But I have worn it up and down

¹⁰ *John Lowin*] Another of the original actors in Shakspeare's Plays. See Dialogue on Plays and Players, vol. XII.

¹¹ *No, in good faith, for mine ease*] A quotation from the part of *Osrick* in *Hamlet*. See vol. X. edit. 1778, p. 395. *Sly* might have been the original performer of that character. See Note 5 to *The Taming of the Shrew*, vol. III. p. 396. S.

¹² *Black-friars hath almost spoil'd Black-friars for feathers*] See Note 1 to *The Muses Looking-glass*, vol. IX. p. 172.

¹³ *tilt-yard*] Where the barriers were fought. See Note 8 to *The White Devil*, vol. VI. p. 241.

the

the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dares not challenge it.

William Sly.

Do you hear, sir? this play is a bitter play.

Henry Condell.

Why, sir, 'tis neither satire nor moral, bur the mere passage of an history: yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingle's envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious appliment: but should their interpretation come to the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it.

William Sly.

I will not go far with you; but I say, any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in the twelve-penny room: and I say again, the play is bitter.

Henry Burbage.

Sir, you are like a patron that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against any thing that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the antient freedom of poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies, that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant, that his expence in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cur'd as men heal tetter, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in any thing else, sir?

William Sly.

Ay marry would I.

I would know how you came by this play?

Henry Condell.

Faith, sir, the book was lost; and because 'twas pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

William Sly.

I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

Henry Condell.

¹⁴ Why not Malevole in folio with us, as well as Ieronimo in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play, we call it, *One for another*.

¹⁴ *Why not Malevole, &c.*] See Mr. Collins's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, vol. IX. edit. 1778, p. 8. S.

William

THE MALCONTENT. 13

William Sly.

What are your additions?

Henry Burbage.

Sooth, not greatly needful; only as your faller to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not-receiv'd custom of musick in our theatre. I must leave you, fir. [Exit Burbage.]

Sinklow.

Doth he play the Malcontent?

Henry Condell.

Yes, fir.

Sinklow.

I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been.

Henry Condell.

O! no, fir, nothing, ¹⁵ *Ad Parmenonis suem.*

John Lowin.

Have you lost your ears, fir, that you are so prodigal of laying them?

Sinklow.

Why did you ask that, friend?

John Lowin.

Marry, fir, because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound wager, that was not worth five baubees: and in this kind you might ventute four of your elbows: yet God defend your coat should have so many.

Sinklow.

Nay, truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I might have been one of the college of criticks once. My cousin here hath an excellent memory, indeed, fir.

William Sly.

Who, I? I'll tell you a strange thing of myself; and I can tell you, for one that never studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange too.

Henry Condell.

What's that, fir?

¹⁵ *Ad Parmenonis suem]*

Summum suam Parmenonem impertit

Gnatho.

Terent. Eunuch. S.

William

14 THE INDUCTION TO

William Sly.

Why, I'll lay an hundred pound, I'll walk but once down by the Goldsmith's-row in Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

John Lowin.

'Tis very strange.

William Sly.

They begin as the world did, with Adam and Eve. There's in all just five and fifty. I do use to meditate much when I come to plays too. What do you think might come into a man's head now, seeing all this company?

Henry Condell.

I know not, sir.

William Sly.

I have an excellent thought. If some fifty of the Grecians that were cramm'd in the horse-belly had eaten garlick, do you not think the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery?

Henry Condell.

Very likely.

William Sly.

By God, I wou'd they had, for I love Hector horribly.

Sinklow.

O but cuz, cuz!

¹⁶ Great A|ēxā|ndēr w|hēn hēlcāme tō thē|tōmb of A|chīllēs,
Spāke wīth ā|bīg lōud|vōice, Ō|thōu thrīce|blēssēd and|hāppy.

William Sly.

Alexander was an ass to speak so well of a filthy ¹⁷ cullion.

John Lowin.

Good sir, will you leave the stage? I'll help you to a private room.

William Sly.

Come, cuz, let's take some tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

¹⁶ Great Alexander, &c.] These two lines are hexameters, that "bait ill on Roman feet," like those of Sydney mentioned by Pope. Into such verse Stanyhurst translated the four first Books of Virgil. S.

¹⁷ — cullion] See Note 87, Gammer Gurton's Needle vol. II. p. 63.

John Lowin.

Not any, sir.

William Sly.

Let me see, I will make one extempore;
Come to them, and fencing of a congey with arms and legs,
Be round with them.

"Gentlemen"¹⁸, I could wish for the women's fakes you had
"all soft cushions; and, gentlewomen, I could wish that for
"the men's fakes you had all more easy standings." What
would they wish more but the play now? And that they shall
have instantly.

¹⁸ *Gentlemen, &c.*] This seems intended as a burlesque on the Epilogue to *As you like it*.

THE

THE
MALCONTENT.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

The vilest out-of-tune musick being heard.

Enter Bilioso and Prepasso.

Bilioso.

WHY, how now? are ye mad, or drunk, or both,
or all?

Prepasso.

Are ye building Babylon, there?

Bilioso.

Here's a noise in court! you think you are in a tavern, do
you not?

Prepasso.

You think you are in a brothel-house, do you not? This
room is ill-scented.

Enter one with a perfume.

So, perfume, perfume; some upon me, I pray thee: the duke
is upon instant entrance; so, make place there.

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

*Enter the duke Pietro Jacomo, Ferrardo, count Equato,
count Celso before, and Guerrino.*

Pietro Jacomo.

WHERE breathes that musick?

Bilioso.

THE MALCONTENT.

17

Biliofo.

The difcord rather than the mufick is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber.

Ferrardo.

Malevole!

Malevole. [out of his chamber.]

Yaugh, god-a-man, what do'ft thou there? Duke's Gany-mede, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings. Shadow of a woman, what would'ft, weefel? thou lamb at court, what do'ft bleat for? ah, you finooth-chinn'd catamite!

Pietro Jacomo.

Come down, thou ragged cur, and fnarl here; I give thy dogged fullennels free liberty: trot about and befpurtle whom thou pleafeft.

Malevole.

I'll come among you, you goatifh blooded ¹⁹ toderers, as gum into taffata, to fret, to fret: I'll fall like a fponge into waters, to fuck up, to fuck up. Howl again. I'll go to church and come to you.

Pietro Jacomo.

This Malevole is one of the moft prodigious affections that ever convers'd with nature. A man, or rather a monfter; more discontent than Lucifer when he was thruft out of the prefence. His appetite is unfatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from heaven. His higheft delight is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinks he truly ferves heaven; for 'tis his position, whofoever in this earth can be contented is a flave and damn'd; therefore does he afflict all in that to which they are moft affected. The elements ftruggle with him; his own foul is at variance within herfelf: his fpeech is halter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith; he gives good intelligence to my fpirit, makes me underftand thofe weakneffes which others flattery palliate. Hark! they fing.

¹⁹ toderers] I fuppofe this is a word coined from *toad*, a certain weight of fheeps' wool. He feems willing to intimate that the duke, &c. are mutton mongers. The meaning of *lac'd mutton* is well known. S.

ACTUS I. SCENA III.

Enter Malevole, after the song.

Pietro Jacomo.

SEE, he comes. Now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent : he is as free as air : he blows over every man ; and—sir, whence come you now ?

Malevole.

From the public place of much dissimulation, the church.

Pietro Jacomo.

What did'st there ?

Malevole.

Talk with a usurer ; take up at interest.

Pietro Jacomo.

I wonder what religion thou art of.

Malevole.

Of a soldier's religion.

Pietro Jacomo.

And what do'st think makes most infidels now ?

Malevole.

Sects, sects. I have seen seeming piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch-devil can shape her petticoat.

Pietro Jacomo.

Oh ! a religious policy.

Malevole.

But, damnation on a politic religion ! I am weary ; would I were one of the duke's hounds now.

Pietro Jacomo.

But what's the common news abroad, Malevole ? thou dogg'st rumour still.

Malevole.

Common news ? why, common words are, God save ye Fare ye well : common actions, flattery, and couzenage : common things, women, and cuckolds. And how does my little Ferrardo ? Ah ye lecherous animal ! my little ferret ! he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest like a weasel. And to what do'st thou addict thy time now

THE MALCONTENT.

19

more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of young courtiers, flattery, pride, and vengery?

Ferrardo.

I study languages. Who do'st think to be the best linguist of our age?

Malevole.

Phew! the devil; let him possess thee; he'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he's travelled greatly in the world, and is every where.

Ferrardo.

Save i'th' court.

Malevole.

Ah, save i'th' court. And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? thou half a man, half a goat, all a beast, how does thy young wife, old ²⁰ huddle? [*To Bilioso.*

Bilioso.

Out! you improvident rascal.

Malevole.

Do, kick, thou hugely-horn'd old duke's ox, good Mr. Make-peace.

Pietro Jacomo.

How do'st thou live now-a-days, Malevole?

Malevole.

Why, like the knight St. Patrick Penlolians, with killing o' spiders for my lady's monkey.

Pietro Jacomo.

How do'st spend the night? I hear thou never sleep'st.

Malevole.

O no; but dream the most fantastical: O heaven! O subbery, subbery!

Pietro Jacomo.

Dream! what dream'st?

Malevole.

Why, methinks I see that signior pawn his foot-cloth; that metrezza ²¹ her plate: this madam takes physick; that t'other

²⁰ — huddle] See Note 31 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II. p. 128.

²¹ metrezza] i. e. mistress. S.

monfieur may minifter to her: here is a pander jewel'd; there is a fellow in fift of fatten this day, that could not fift a fhirt t'other night: here a Paris fupports that Helen; there's ²² a lady Guinever bears up that ²³ fir Launcelot. Dreams, dreams, vifions, fanfies, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits. [*To Prepaffo.*] Sir Triftram Trimtram, come aloft Jack-a-napes with a whim-wham: here's a knight of the land of Catito fhall play at trap with any page in Europe; do the fword-dance with any morris-dancer in Chriftendom; ride at the ring, till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin; and run the wild-goose chace even with Pompey the huge.

Pietro Jacomo.

You run!

Malevole.

To the devil. Now, fignior Guerrino, that thou from a moft pitied prifoner fhould grow a moft loathed flatterer: alas! poor Celfo, thy ftar's opprefs'd, thou art an honeft lord; 'tis pity.

Equato.

Is't pity?

Malevole.

Ay, marry is't, philosophical Equato; and 'tis pity that thou being fo excellent a fcholar by art, fhould'ft be fo ridiculous a fool by nature. I have a thing to tell you, duke; bid 'em avant, bid 'em avant.

Pietro Jacomo.

Leave us, leave us; now, fir, what is't?

[*Exeunt all, faving Pietro and Malevole.*]

Malevole.

Duke, thou art a ²⁴ becco, a cornuto.

Pietro Jacomo.

How?

²² lady Guinever] King Arthur's unfaithful queen. See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. III. p. 338.

²³ fir Launcelot] A celebrated hero of romance.

²⁴ becco] A cuckold, *Ital.* S.

So, in Massinger's *Bondman*, A. 2. S. 3.

"— Pafs the reft; they'll all make

"Sufficient becos, and with their brow-artlers

"Bear up the cap of maintenance."

Malevole.

Malevole.

Thou art a cuckold.

Pietro Jacomo.

Speak; unshell him quick.

Malevole.

With most tumbler-like nimbleness.

Pietro Jacomo.

Who? by whom? I burst with desire.

Malevole.

Mendoza is the man makes thee a horn'd beast.

Duke, 'tis Mendoza cornutes thee.

Pietro Jacomo.

What conformance? relate; short, short.

Malevole.

As a lawyer's beard,

There is an old²⁵ crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,

She is my mistress sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me.

Blirt, a rime; blirt, a rime; Maquerelle is a cunning bawd.

I am an honest villain; thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold; farewell, duke.

Pietro Jacomo.

Stay, stay.

Malevole.

Dull, dull, duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge?
O God! for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

Pietro Jacomo.

What did God never make?

²⁵ crone] i. e. an old worn-out woman. A croan is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Winter's Tale*, A. 2. S. 3.

Again, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, l. 4851.

"But it were only dame Custance alone,

"This olde Soudanneffe, this cursed crone."

Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 5.

"— marry, let him alone

"With temper'd poison to remove the croan."

The Devil is an Ass, A. 2. S. 1.

"No lace-woman, nor bawd, that brings French masks

"And cut works. See you? nor old croans with wafers,

"To convey letters."

Malevole.

A cuckold. To be made a thing that's hood-wink'd with kindness, whilst every rascal fillips his brows; to have a coxcomb with egregious horns pinned to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it; pistols and poniards! pistols and poniards!

Pietro Jacomo.

Death and damnation!

Malevole.

Light'ning and thunder!

Pietro Jacomo.

Vengeance and torture!

Malevole.

²⁶ Catzo!

Pietro Jacomo.

O revenge!

Malevole.

Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs
A lady far inferior to the most,
In fair proportion both of limb and soul;
To take her from austerer check of parents,
To make her his by most devoutful rites,
Make her commandress of a better essence,
Than is the gorgeous world even of a man;
To hug her with as rais'd an appetite,
As usurers do their delv'd up treasury,
(Thinking none tells it but his private self);
To meet her spirit in a nimble kiss,
Distilling panting ardour to her heart;
True to her sheets, nay diets strong his blood,
To give her height of hymeneal sweets.

Pietro Jacomo.

O God!

Malevole.

Whilst she lisps, and gives him some court quelquechose,
Made only to provoke, not satiate:

²⁶ *Catzo!*] I believe, in cant Italian, this word is obscenely used. See Florio's *Dictionary*, 1598, voce *cazzo*.

And yet even then the thaw of her delight
Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,
Only from strange imagination's rankness,
That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul,
And makes her think she ²⁷ clips the foul knave's loins.

Pietro Jacomo.

Affliction to my blood's root!

Malevole.

Nay think, but think what may proceed of this,
Adultery is often the mother of incest.

Pietro Jacomo.

Incest!

Malevole.

Yes, incest: mark; Mendozo of his wife begets perchance a daughter; Mendozo dies; his son marries this daughter. Say you? Nay, 'tis frequent, not only probable, but no question often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance, clasps his own feed.

Pietro Jacomo.

Hideous imagination!

Malevole.

Adultery? why next to the sin of simony, 'tis the most horrid transgression under the cope of salvation.

Pietro Jacomo.

Next to simony!

Malevole.

Ay, next to simony, in which our men in next age shall not sin.

Pietro Jacomo.

Not sin? why?

Malevole.

Because (thanks to some church-men) our age will leave them nothing to sin with, But adultery! O dulness! shew such exemplary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze but to think it. I would damn him and all his generation! my own hands should do it; ha, I would not trust heaven with my vengeance any thing.

Pietro Jacomo.

Any thing, any thing, Malevole; thou shalt see instantly

^{27 clips}] i. e. clasps, embraces.

B 4

what

what temper my spirit holds. Farewel, remember I forget thee not, farewel.

[Exit Pietro.]

Malevole.

Farewel.

Lean thoughtfulness, a fallow meditation,
Suck thy veins dry! distemperance rob thy sleep;
The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep.
He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,
But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear soul kills.

Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
Which kings do seldom hear, or great men use,
Free speech: and though my state's usurp'd,
Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue,
As fetterless as is an emperor's.
I may speak foolishly, ay knavishly,
Always carelessly, yet no one thinks it fashion
To poize my breath. "For he that laughs and strikes,
"Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again."
Duke, I'll torment thee now, my just revenge
From thee than crown a richer gem shall part.
Beneath God, nought's so dear as a calm heart.

ACTUS I. SCENA IV,

Enter Celso.

Celso.

MY honour'd lord!

Malevole.

Peace, speak low; peace, O Celso! constant lord,
(Thou to whose faith I only rest discovered,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That lovest virtue only for itself;
Thou in whose hands ²⁸ old Ops may put her soul :)
Behold for ever banish'd Altofront,
This Genoa's last year's duke. O truly noble!
I wanted those old instruments of state,

²⁸ *old Ops*] The wife of Saturn, who deceived him by a stratagem relative to the preservation of Jupiter. S.

Dissem-

Dissemblance, and ²⁹ suspect: I could not time it, Celso;
 My throne stood like a point in midst of a circle,
 To all of equal nearness, bore with none;
 Rein'd all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,
 Suspectless, too suspectless; till the crowd,
 (Still liquorous of untried novelties,)
 Impatient with severer government,
 Made strong with Florence, banish'd Altosfront.

Celso.

Strong with Florence! ay, thence your mischief rose,
 For when the daughter of the Florentine
 Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,
 No stratagem of state untry'd was left,
 Till you of all——

Malevole.

Of all was quite bereft.
 Alas! Maria too, close prisoned,
 My true-faith'd dutchess, i'th' citadel.

Celso.

I'll still adhere: let's mutiny and die.

Malevole.

O no; climb not a falling tower, Celso;
 'Tis well held desperation, not zeal,
 Hopeless to strive with fate; (peace) temporize.
³⁰ Hope, hope, that never forsak'st the wretched'st man,
 Yet bid'st me live, and lurk in this disguise.
 What? play I well the free-breath'd ³¹ discontent?
 Why, man, we are all philosophical monarchs, or natural
 fools. Celso, the court's afire; the dutchess's sheets will
 smoke for't ere it be long. Impure Mendoza, that sharp-
 nos'd lord, that made the cursed match, link'd Genoa with
 Florence, now broad horns the duke, which he now knows.
 Discord to malcontents is very manna; when the ranks are
 burst, then scuffle, Altosfront.

²⁹ *suspect*] i. e. suspicion. See Note 45 to *Edward II.* vol. II. p. 385.

³⁰ *Hope, hope, &c.*] So Pope:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

³¹ *discontent*] i. e. *discontented person*, as we now say *malecontent*. So, in
The First Part of King Henry IV. A. 5. S. 1.

"Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*."

See Mr. Malone's Note on this passage.

Ay,

Celso.

Ay, but durst——

Malevole.

'Tis gone; 'tis swallowed like a mineral; some way 'twill
work; pheut, I'll not shrink:

He's resolute who can no lower sink.

Bilioso entering, Malevole shifts his speech.

O the father of may-poles! did you never see a fellow whose
strength consisted in his breath, respect in his office, religion
on his lord, and love in himself? why then, behold——

Bilioso.

Signior!

Malevole.

My right worshipful lord, your court night-cap makes you
have a passing high forehead.

Bilioso.

I can tell you strange news, but I am sure you know them
already. The duke speaks much good of you.

Malevole.

Go to then; and shall you and I now enter into a strict
friendship?

Bilioso.

Second one another?

Malevole.

Yes.

Bilioso.

Do one another good offices?

Malevole.

Just; what tho' I call'd thee old ox, egregious
Wittal, broken-bellied coward, rotten mummy,
Yet, since I am in favour——

Bilioso.

Words of course, terms of disport.

His grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful remem-
brance for—I am ignorant for what, marry, ye may impart:
yet howsoever—come—dear friend,

Do'st know my son?

Malevole.

Your son?

Bilioso.

Biliofo.

He shall eat wood-cocks, dance jiggs, make possets, and play at shuttle-cock with any young lord about the court: he has as sweet a lady too; dost know her little bitch?

Malevole.

'Tis a dog, man.

Biliofo.

Believe me, a she bitch: O 'tis a good creature! thou shalt be her servant. I'll make thee acquainted with my young wife too: what! I keep her not at court for nothing: 'tis grown to supper-time, come to my table; that, or any thing I have, stands open to thee.

Malevole.

How smooth to him that is in state of grace! — [To Celso.
How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!

*What profit, nay, what nature would keep down,
Are heav'd to them are minions to a crown.
Envious ambition ne'er saves her thirst,
Till sucking all, be Jewells, and Jewells, and burst."*

Biliofo.

I shall now leave you with my always best wishes, only let's hold betwixt us a firm correspondence, a mutual friendly-reciprocal kind of steady-unanimous-heartily-leagued——

Malevole.

Did your signiorship ne'er see a pigeon-house that was smooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and stink within? have you not, courtier?

Biliofo.

O yes, 'tis the form, the fashion of them all.

Malevole.

Adieu, my true court-friend, ³¹farewel, my dear Castilio.

Celso.

Yonder's Mendoza.

[Exit Biliofo.]

Malevole.

True, the privy-key.

[Descrises Mendoza.]

³¹farewel, my dear Castilio.] He alludes to Baldeffar Castilio, Author of the famous Italian book, called *The Courtier*. S. P.

This book was translated into English by *Thomas Hobby*. One Edition of it was published in 4to, 1603, the year before *The Malcontent* appeared.

Celso.

Celso.

I take my leave, sweet lord.

[Exit Celso.

Malevole.

'Tis fit, away.

ACTUS I. SCENA V.

*Enter Mendoza, with three or four Suitors.**Mendoza.*

LEAVE your suits with me, I can and will—attend my secretary; leave me. [Exit Suitors.

Malevole.

Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain; God be wi' ye.

Mendoza.

Out, you base-born rascal!

Malevole.

We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe-wife were our mother; ah you whore-son, hot-rein'd he-marmoset! Egistus! did'st ever hear of one Egistus?

Mendoza.

Gistus?

Malevole.

Aye, Egistus, he was a filthy incontinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Mendoza.

Out, grumbling rogue!

Malevole.

Orestes, beware Orestes.

Mendoza.

Out, beggar!

Malevole.

I once shall rise.

Mendoza.

Thou rise?

Malevole.

Ay, at the resurrection.

"No vulgar seed, but once may rise, and shall;

"No king so huge, but 'fore he die may fall.

[Exit.
Mendoza.

THE MALCONTENT.

Mendoza.

Now, good Elyzium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour? O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! what should I think, what say, what do, to be a favourite? a minion? to have a general timorous respect observe a man, a stateful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a confused hum, and busy murmurs of obsequious suitors training him; the cloth held up, and way proclaim'd before him; petitionary vassals licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace lampreys that ingender with snakes, and all full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuated humbleness, fix all their delights upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death! I cornute the duke! Sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil that hates you, or is hated by you; and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you; you preservers of mankind, life-blood of society, who would live, nay who can live, without you? O paradise, how majestical is your austerer presence? how imperiously chaste is your more modest face? but O! how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! the amorous smiles, the soul-warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that sing'd the world by heedless Phaeton! ³² in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and in night how——O pleasure unutterable! indeed it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman: but a dutchess! in despite of Phœbus I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her. [Exit.

³² *in body how delicate, &c.*] This part of Mendoza's speech seems intended as a parody on that of *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 2. "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA VI.

Enter Ferneze ushering Aurelia, Emilia, and Maquerelle bearing up her train, Bianca attending: all go out but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Ferneze.

Aurelia.

AND is't possible? Mendoza slight me! possible?

Ferneze.

Possible? what can be strange in him that's drunk with favour,

Grows insolent with grace?—Speak Maquerelle, speak.

Maquerelle.

To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your ears to receive my enforced duty. As for my part, 'tis well known I can put up any thing; { *Ferneze privately feeds Maquerelle's hands with jewels during this speech.* can bear patiently with any man: but when I heard he wrong'd your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offence. 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite; and as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another,) when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possess'd with your indear'd grace, Mendoza most ingratefully renounced all faith to you.

Ferneze.

Nay, call'd you—speak, Maquerelle, speak.

Maquerelle.

By heaven, witch; dry'd bisquet; and contested blushlessly he lov'd you but for a spurt, or so.

Ferneze.

For maintenance.

Maquerelle.

Advancement and regard.

Aurelia.

O villain! O impudent Mendoza!

Maquerelle.

Nay, he is the rustiest jade, the foulest mouth'd knave in railing against our sex: he will rail against women—

Aurelia.

How? how?

Maquerelle.

Maquerelle.

I am aſham'd to ſpeak't, I.

Aurelia.

I love to hate him; ſpeak.

Maquerelle.

Why, when Emilia ſcorn'd his baſe unſteadineſs, the black-throated rascal ſcolded, and ſaid—

Aurelia.

What?

Maquerelle.

Troth, 'tis too ſhameleſs.

Aurelia.

What ſaid he?

Maquerelle.

Why that at four women were fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bawds; at fourſcore, witches, and at a hundred, cats.

Aurelia.

O unlimitable impudence!

Ferneze.

But as for poor Ferneze's fixed heart,
Was never ſhadeleſs meadow drier parch'd,
Under the ſcorching heat of heaven's dog,
Than is my heart with your inforcing eyes.

Maquerelle.

A hot ſimile.

Ferneze.

Your ſmiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell;
O pity then; grace ſhould with beauty dwell.

Maquerelle.

Reasonable perfect, by'r lady.

Aurelia.

I will love thee, be it but in deſpight
Of that Mendoza: witch! Ferneze: witch!
Ferneze, thou art the dutcheſs' favourite,
Be faithful, private; but 'tis dangerous—

Ferneze.

“ His love is lifeleſs, that for love fears breath,

“ The worſt that's due to ſin, O would it were death.”

Aurelia.

Enjoy my favour, I will be ſick inſtantly and take phyſick;
Therefore in depth of night viſit—

Maquerelle.

Maquerelle.

Visit her chamber, but conditionally, you shall not offend her bed: by this diamond!

Ferneze.

By this diamond—

[*Gives it to Maquerelle.*]*Maquerelle.*

Nor tarry longer than you please: by this ruby!

Ferneze.

By this ruby.—

[*Gives again.*]*Maquerelle.*

And that the door shall not creak.

Ferneze.

And that the door shall not creak.

Maquerelle.

Nay, but swear.

Ferneze.

By this purse—

[*Gives her his purse.*]*Maquerelle.*

Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: remember, visit.

Enter Mendoza, reading a sonnet.

Aurelia.

Dry'd bisquet! look where the base wretch comes.

Mendoza.

Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen.

Maquerelle.

That's his Emilia.

Mendoza.

Nature's triumph, best on earth!

Maquerelle.

Meaning Emilia.

Mendoza.

Thou only wonder that the world hath seen.

Maquerelle.

That's Emilia.

Aurelia.

Must I then hear her prais'd? Mendoza!

Mendoza.

Madam, your excellency is graciously incounter'd; I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of— [Exit Fernese.

Aurelia.

Aurelia.

Out, villain! villain! O judgment, where have been my eyes? what bewitch'd election made me doat on thee? what sorcery made me love thee? but be gone! bury thy head! O that I could do more than loath thee! hence, wort of ill! *No reason ask, our reason is our will.* [Exit with Maquerelle.

Mendoza.

Women? nay furies! nay worse! for they torment

Only the bad; but women good and bad.

Damnation of mankind! breath, hast thou prais'd them for this? and is't you, Ferneze, are wriggled into smock-grace? Sir sure. O that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth; women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish; without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extream in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, only constant in unconstancy, only perfect in counterfeiting: their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their sighs dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial. *Their blood is their only god: bad cloaths, and old age, are only the devils they tremble at.* That I could rail now!

ACTUS I. SCENA VII.

Enter Pietro Giacomo, his sword drawn.

Pietro Giacomo.

A MISCHIEF fill thy throat! thou foul-jaw'd slave:
Say thy prayers.

Mendoza.

I ha' forgot 'em.

Pietro Giacomo.

Thou shalt die.

Mendoza.

So shalt thou; I am heart-mad.

Pietro Giacomo.

I am horn-mad.

VOL. IV.

C

Mendoza.

Mendoza.

Extream mad.

Pietro Jacomo.

Monstrously mad.

Mendoza.

Why?

Pietro Jacomo.

Why? thou, thou hast dishonour'd my bed.

Mendoza.

I? come, come, sir; here's my bare heart to thee,
As steady as is this center to the glorious world.
And yet hark, thou art a cornuto; but not by me.

Pietro Jacomo.

Yes slave, by thee.

Mendoza.

Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath
Loose him can loose thee: I offend my duke!
Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-air'd nights,
How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been,
To watch the traitor; record, thou spirit of truth,
With what debasement I have thrown myself
To under-offices, only to learn
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgrac'd.
And am I paid with slave? hath my intrusion
To places private and prohibited,
Only to observe the closer passages,
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,
Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain?
What rogue hath wronged us?

Pietro Jacomo.

Mendoza, I may err.

Mendoza.

Err? 'tis too mild a name; but err and err,
Run giddy with suspect, 'fore through me thou know'st
That which most creatures save thyself do know:
Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,
'Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipt together.

Pietro Jacomo.

Mendoza, thou know'st I am a most plain-breasted man.

I

Mendoza

Mendoza.

The fitter to make a cuckold : would your brows were most plain too !

Pietro Jacomo.

Tell me, indeed I heard thee rail—

Mendoza.

At women, true : why what cold phlegm could choose
Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous,
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd, sweet,
To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuckold :
Heart ! I hate all women for't ! Sweet sheets, wax lights,
antique bed-posts, cambrick smocks, villainous curtains, arras
pictures, oil'd hinges, and all ye tongue-ty'd lascivious wit-
nesses of great creatures wantonness : what salvation can you
expect ?

Pietro Jacomo.

Wilt thou tell me ?

Mendoza.

Why you may find it yourself ; observe, observe.

Pietro Jacomo.

I ha' not the patience : wilt thou deserve me ? tell, give it.

Mendoza.

Take't ; why Ferneze is the man, Ferneze ; I'll prov't, this
night you shall take him in your sheets, will't serve.

Pietro Jacomo.

It will, my bosom's in some peace ; till night—

Mendoza.

What ?

Pietro Jacomo.

Farewel.

Mendoza.

God ! how weak a lord are you !

Why do you think there is no more but so ?

Pietro Jacomo.

Why ?

Mendoza.

Nay, then will I presume to counsel you ;

It should be thus. You with some guard upon the sudden

Break into the princess' chamber ; I stay behind

Without the door ; through which he needs must pass ;

C 2

Ferneze

Ferneze flies; let him; to me he comes; he's kill'd
 By me; observe, by me; you follow; I rail,
 And seem to save the body: dutchess comes,
 On whom (respecting her advanced birth,
 And your fair nature), I know, nay I do know,
 No violence must be us'd. She comes, I storm,
 I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain
 The dutchess' honour; she for this loves me.
 I shall know her soul, you mine;
 Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance
 (As women are most thoughtful in revenge)
 Of her Ferneze; but you shall sooner know't
 Than she can think't.

—— Thus shall his death come sure,
 Your dutchess brain-caught; so your life secure.

Pietro Jacomo.

It is too well: my bosom, and my heart,
 "When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part."

[Exit.

Mendoza.

"Who cannot feign friendship, can ne'er produce the effects of
 "bated." Honest fool duke! subtle lascivious dutchess! silly
 novice Ferneze! I do laugh at ye, my brain is in labour till it
 produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes, proofs sensible, the
 issue is at hand.

"As bears shape young, so I'll form my device,

"Which grown proves horrid: vengeance makes men wise." [Exit.

Enter Malevole and Passarello.

Malevole.

Fool, most happily incounter'd; can't sing, fool?

Passarello.

Yes, I can sing fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can
 play upon instruments, scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I
 had been gelded, I should then have been a fat fool for a
 chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for
 all the ladies.

Malevole.

You are in good case since you came to court, fool; what
 guarded, ³³ guarded!

Yes

³³ guarded] Adorned with lace, or fringe. Barret, in his *Alvearie*,
 explains a garment, garded, to be same as one *bemmed, plaited, or fringed.*
 So,

Passarello.

Yes faith, even as footmen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament or honour, but for a badge of drudgery : for now the duke is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep every night.

Malevole.

What are his griefs?

Passarello.

He hath fore eyes.

Malevole.

I never observ'd so much.

Passarello.

Horrible fore eyes ; and so hath every cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in the eye-balls, and that's the reason the horn of a cuckold is as tender as his eye ; or ³⁴ as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since, that could not endure to be toucht. The duke hangs down his head ³⁵ like a columbine.

Malevole.

Passarello, why do great men beg fools?

Passarello.

As the Welchman stole rushes, when there was nothing else to filch : only to keep begging in fashion.

Malevole.

Pugh ! thou givest no good reason,
Thou speakest like a fool.

Passarello

Faith, I utter small fragments, as your knight courts your city widow with ³⁶ jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his

So, in the Dedication to *Euphues and his England*, 1582. " If a tailour
" make your gowne too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher ;
" if too greates, with a number of plights ; if too short, with a *fayre garde* ;
" if too long, with a false gathering, &c."

³⁴ as that growing in the woman's forehead] In 1679, was published a pamphlet, intituled, " A Brief Narrative of a strange and wonderful Old Woman, who hath a pair of horns growing upon her head. Giving a true account how they have several times after their being shed grown again, &c." This woman, whose name was Davies, was born at Shotwick, in *Cheeshire*, and, supposing the pamphlet to be a republication, might be the person here alluded to. Her picture, and one of the horns which she shed, are now among the curiosities in the British Museum.

³⁵ like a columbine] This flower always points itself downwards. S.

³⁶ jingling of his gilt spurs] See Note 3 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, vol. V. p. 5.

bush-colour'd beard, and taking tobacco. This is all the mirror of their knightly compliments: nay, I shall talk when my tongue is a going once; 'tis like a citizen on horse-back, evermore in a false gallop.

Malevole.

And how doth Maquerelle fare now-a-days?

Passarello.

Faith, I was wont to salute her ³⁷ as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing: I would call her whore; but now that antiquity leaves her as ³⁸ an old piece of plastick t'work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her: she was the first that ever invented perfum'd smocks for the gentlewomen, and woollen shoes for fear of creaking for the visitant. She were an excellent lady, but that her face peeeth ³⁹ like Muscovy glafs.

Malevole.

And how doth thy old lord, that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave?

Passarello.

O excellent, he keeps beside me fifteen jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling; and utters their jests in private to the duke and dutchess; he'll lie like to your Switzer or lawyer; he'll be of any fide for most money.

³⁷ as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing:] At this time, Flushing was in the hands of the English as part of the security for money advanced by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch. The governor and garrison were all Englishmen.

³⁸ an old piece of plastick] i. e. an ancient model made of wax or clay, by which an artist might work. S.

³⁹ like Muscovy glafs] I believe, he means *Ising-glass*. If I remember rightly, our first *ising-glass* came from Muscovy, the fish from which it is made being found in the *Borysthenes*. S.

I am rather inclined to think, he means a kind of glass called *slude*, which is among the native commodities of Russia, enumerated by Giles Fletcher, in *The Russe Commonwealth*, 1591. p. 10. "In the province of Corelia (says he) and about the river Duyna towards the North-sea, there groweth a soft rocke which they call Slude. This they cut into pieces, and so tear it into thin *slakes*, which naturally it is apt for, and so use it for glasse lanthorns and such like. It giveth both inwards and outwards a clearer light then glasse, and for this respect is better than either glasse or horne; for that it neither breaketh like glasse, nor yet will burne like the lanthorne."

Malevole.

Malevole.

I am in haste, be brief.

Passarello.

As your fiddler when he is paid.

He'll thrive I warrant you, while your young courtier stands like Good-friday in Lent, men long to see it, because more fatting days come after it, else he's the leanest and pitifull'st actor in the whole pageant. Adieu, Malevole.

Malevole.

O world most vile, when thy loose vanities,
Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise!

Passarello.

You'll know me again, Malevole.

Malevole.

O ay, by that velvet.

Passarello.

Ay, as a petty-fogger by his buckram bag.

I am as common in the court as an hostess's lips in the country; knights, and clowns, and knaves, and all share me: the court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu, Malevole.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Mendoza with a ⁴⁰ sconce, to observe Ferneze's entrance; who, whilst the act is playing, enters unbraced, two pages before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and convey'd in. The pages are sent away.

Mendoza.

HE'S caught, the woodcock's head is i'th' noose.

Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
Swearing his sense is merely deified.

The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget centaurs;

And now in strength of panting faint delight,

The goat bids heaven envy him. Good goose,

I can afford thee nothing but the poor comfort of calamity, pity.

⁴⁰ *sconce,*] i. e. a skreen. A sconce was a petty fortification.

C 4

"*Lust*,"

"*Lust's like the plummets hanging on clock lines,*

"*Will ne'er be done till all is quite undone.*

Such is the course salt fallow lust doth run,

Which thou shalt try: I'll be reveng'd. Duke, thy suspect;

Dutchess, thy disgrace; Ferneze, thy rivalship;

Shall have swift vengeance. Nothing so holy,

No band of nature so strong,

No law of friendship so sacred;

But I'll profane, burst, violate,

'Fore I'll endure disgrace, contempt, and poverty.

Shall I, whose very hum struck all heads bare,

Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shoe

For'd the most private passages fly ope,

Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door?

Learn now to make a leg; and cry, beseech ye,

Pray ye, is such a lord within? be aw'd

At some odd usher's scoff'd formality?

First fear my brains! *Unde cadis, non quo, refert;*

My heart cries, perish all: how! how! *What fate*

"*Can once avoid revenge, that's desperate?*"

I'll to the duke; if all should ope—if! tush;

"*Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush.*"

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Enter Malevole at one door, Bianca, Emilia and Maquerelle at the other door.

Malevole.

BLESS ye, chaste ladies! ha, ⁴¹ Dipsas! how dost thou
old Cole?

Maquerelle.

Old Cole!

Malevole.

Ay, old Cole; methinks thou liest like a brand under billets of green wood. He that will inflame a young wench's

⁴¹ *Dipsas!*] The Dipsas is the *fire drake*, a serpent of a nature directly opposite to that of the *Hydrus*. The one is supposed to kill by inflammation, the other by cold. S.

heart,

THE MALCONTENT. 41

heart, let him lay close to her an old coal that hath first been fired, a panderefs, my half-burnt lint, who though thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to set a thousand virgin tapers afire. And how doth Janivere thy husband, my little perriwinckle; is he troubled with the cough of the lungs still? does he hawk anights still? he will not bite.

Bianca.

No, by my troth, I took him with his mouth empty of old teeth.

Malevole.

And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones: Marry, he took his maim by the stroke of his enemy.

Bianca.

And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Malevole.

The close stock! O mortal wench! lady, ha' ye now no restoratives for your decay'd Jason? look ye, crabs guts bak'd, distill'd ox-pith, the pulveriz'd hairs of a lion's upper-lip, jelly of cock-sparrows, he-monkey's marrow, or powder of fox-stones. And whither are you ambling now?

Bianca.

To bed, to bed.

Malevole.

Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bianca.

That were country fashion, y'faith.

Malevole.

Ha' ye no foregoers about you? come, whither in good deed law now?

Bianca.

In good indeed law now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable compos'd posset with three curds, without any drink. Will ye help me with a he fox? here's the duke.

[*The ladies go out.*]

Malevole.

Fry'd frogs are very good, and french-like too. [*To Bianca.*]

ACTUS

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Enter Pietro Jacomo, Count Celso, Count Equato, Biliofo, Ferrardo, and Mendoza.

Pietro Jacomo.

THE night grows deep and foul, what hour is't?

Celso.

Upon the stroke of twelve.

Malevole.

Save ye, duke.

Pietro Jacomo.

From thee? be gone, I do not love thee; let me see thee no more, we are displeas'd.

Malevole.

Why God be with thee, heaven hear my curse;
May thy wife and thee live long together!

Pietro Jacomo.

Be gone, firrah!

Malevole.

⁴² *When Arthur first in court began,—* Agamemnon:
Menelaus—was ever any duke a Cornuto?

Pietro Jacomo.

Be gone, hence!

Malevole.

What religion wilt thou be of next?

Mendoza.

Out with him!

Malevole.

With most servile patience. Time will come,
When wonder of thy error will strike dumb,
Thy ⁴³ bezel'd sense. Slaves to favour, marry, shall arise.
“ Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!

⁴² *When Arthur, &c.*] This entire ballad (which Falstaff likewise begins to sing in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*) is published in the first Volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

⁴³ *bezel'd*] See Note 14 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 396.

"Mounts him aloft, and makes him seem to fly;
 "As fowl the tortoise mockt, who to the sky
 "Th' ambitious shell-fish rais'd; th' end of all
 "Is only, that from height he might dead fall."

Biliofo.

Why, when? out ye rogue! be gone ye rascal!

Malevole.

I shall now leave ye with all my best wishes.

Biliofo.

Out, ye cur!

Malevole.

Only let's hold together a firm correspondence.

Biliofo.

Out!

Malevole.

A mutual friendly reciprocal perpetual kind of steady unanimous heartily leagued—

Biliofo.

Hence, ye gross-jaw'd peasantly—out, go!

Malevole.

Adieu, pigeon-house; thou burr, that only stick'st to nappy fortunes. The serpigo, the strangury, an eternal uneffectual priapism seize thee!

Biliofo.

Out, rogue!

Malevole.

May'st thou be a notorious wittally pander to thine own wife; and yet get no office, but live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a beggarly cuckold. [Exit.

Pietro Jacomo.

It shall be so.

Mendoza.

It must be so, for where great states revenge,

"'Tis requisite the parts with piety

"And lofty respect be closely dogg'd.

"Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,

"Feed in the same dish, run in self-faction,

"Who may discover any shape of danger;

"For once disgrac'd, discover'd in offence,

"It makes man blushless, and man is (all confess)

"More

" More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness.

" 44 *Favours are writ in dust, but stripes we feel,*

" *Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel.*"

Pietro Jacomo.

You shall be leagu'd with the dutchefs.

Equato.

The plot is very good.

Mendozo.

You shall both kill, and seem the course to save.

Ferrardo.

A most fine brain-trick.

Celfo.

Of a most cunning knave.

[*Aside.*

Pietro Jacomo.

My lords, the heavy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
That can confound a soul; think, think of it:
I strike, but yet like him that 'gainst stone walls
Directs, his shafts rebound in his own face,
My lady's shame is mine; O God, 'tis mine.
Therefore I do conjure all secrecy,
Let it be as very little as may be; pray ye, as may be,
Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
Stain nought with blood, only Ferneze dies,
But not before her brows: O gentlemen,
God knows I love her; nothing else, but this,
I am not well. If grief, that sucks veins dry,
Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,
Be-dulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remove me to another world,
As sure I once must die, let him succeed:

44 *Favours are writ in dust,*] So, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 5
S. 2:

" — but all that I have done

" (My benefits in sand or water written)

" As they had never been, no more remember'd."

Shakspeare's *King Henry VIII.* A. 4. S. 2:

" Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

" We write in water."

See also the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Dr. Percy on the last passage.

I have

THE MALCONTENT.

45

I have no child; all that my youth begot
Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me:
Which, as it ever shall, I do conjure it,
Mendoza may succeed: he's nobly born;
With me of much desert.

Cello.

Much.

[*Aside.*

Pietro Jacomo.

Your silence answers, ay.
I thank you. Come on now: O that I might die
Before her shame's display'd! would I were forc'd
To burn my father's tomb, ⁴⁵unheal his bones,
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this:
This both the living and the dead offends:
"Sharp surgery, where naught but death amends."
[*Exit with the others.*

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Enter Maquerelle, Emilia, and Bianca with the posset.

Maquerelle.

EVEN here it is, three curds in three regions individually
distinct.

Most methodical according to art compos'd without any drink.

Bianca.

Without any drink?

Maquerelle.

Upon my honour. Will you sit and eat?

Emilia.

Good the composure: the receipt, how is't?

Maquerelle.

'Tis a pretty pearl; by this pearl, (how do'st with me)
thus it is. Seven and thirty yolks of Barbary hens' eggs,
eighteen spoonfuls and a half of the juice of cock-sparrow
bones; one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and one quar-

⁴⁵ *unheal his bones,*] i. e. uncover. To *beal* in Suffex signifies to
cover. S.

ter of the syrup of Ethiopian dates; sweeten'd with three quarters of a pound of pure candied Indian eringos; strewed over with the powder of pearl of America, amber of Cataja, and lamb-stones of Muscovia.

Bianca.

Trust me, the ingredients are very cordial, and no question good, and most powerful in restauration.

Maquerelle.

I know not what you mean by restauration; but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheneth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, and quickeneth the wit; that's all.

Emilia.

By my troth, I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittily already.

Maquerelle.

Have you the art to seem honest?

Bianca.

Ay, thank advice and practice.

Maquerelle.

Why then, eat me off this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know doctor Plaster-face? by this curd, he's the most exquisite in forging of veins, frightening of eyes, dying of hair, seeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, soupling of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady ⁴⁶ gracious by torch-light: by this curd la!

Bianca.

Well! we are resolved, what God has given us we'll cherish.

Maquerelle.

Cherish any thing saving your husband: keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale: but, for your beauty, let it be your saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet. I ha' been young, and yet in my conscience I am not above five and twenty; but, believe me, preserve and use your beauty; for youth and beauty once gone, we are like

⁴⁶ gracious] See Note 9 to *Lingua*, vol. V. p. 126.

bee-hives without honey; out-a-fashion apparel that no man will wear; therefore use me your beauty.

Emilia.

Ay, but men say—

Maquerelle.

Men say! let men say what they will: life a woman! they are ignorant of your wants; the more in years, the more in perfection they grow! if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion: but when our beauty fades, good night with us. There cannot be an uglier thing to see, than an old woman; from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties.

Bianca.

Hark! musick!

Maquerelle.

Peace, 'tis in the dutchess' bed-chamber. Good rest, most prosperously grac'd ladies.

Emilia.

Good night, centinel.

Bianca.

Night, dear Maquerelle. [*Exeunt all but Maquerelle.*

Maquerelle.

May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty;
And me, your youth and beauty: the pleasingest rest!

[*Exit Maquerelle.*]

ACTUS II SCENA V.

A S O N G.

Whilst the song is singing, enter Mendoza with his sword drawn, ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Dutcheß's chamber.

[*Tumult within.*]

All.

STRIKE, strike.

Aurelia.

Save my Ferneze! O save my Ferneze!

Enter

Enter Ferneze in his shirt, and is received upon Mendoza's sword.

All.

Follow, pursue.

Aurelia.

O save Ferneze!

Mendoza.

Pierce, pierce, thou shallow fool, drop there.

"He that attempts a prince's lawless love,

"Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argus' eyes,

"And back of Hercules, or else he dies."

[Thrusts his rapier in Ferneze.]

Enter Aurelia, Duke, Pietro Jacomo, Ferrard, Bilioso, Celso, and Equato.

All.

Follow, follow.

Mendoza.

Stand off! forbear! ye most uncivil lords.

Pietro Jacomo.

Strike.

Mendoza.

Do not; tempt not a man resolved,

[Mendoza bestrides the wounded body of Ferneze, and seems to save him.]

Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death?

Aurelia.

O poor Ferneze!

Mendoza.

Alas! now all defence is too late.

Aurelia.

He's dead.

Pietro Jacomo.

I am sorry for our shame: go to your bed:

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed

When I am dead.

Aurelia.

What, weep for thee? my soul no tears shall find.

Pietro Jacomo.

Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!

Mendoza.

Betray such beauty ! murder such youth ! condemn civility !
He loves him not that rails not at him.

Pietro Jacomo.

Thou canst not move us : we have blood enough.
And please you, lady, we have quite forgot
All your defects : if not, why then—

Aurelia.

Not.

Pietro Jacomo.

Not : the best of rest, good night.

[*Exit Pietro with other courtiers.*]

Aurelia.

Despight go with thee.

Mendoza.

Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace.
You have wrong'd him much, loves you too much.
Go to ; your soul knows you have.

Aurelia.

I think I have.

Mendoza.

Do you but think so ?

Aurelia.

Nay, sure I have : my eyes have witnessed thy love :
Thou hast stood too firm for me.

Mendoza.

Why tell me, fair-cheek'd lady, who even in tears
Art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion
Struck you into such violent heat against me ?
Speak, what mischief wrong'd us ? what devil injur'd us ?
Speak.

Aurelia.

That thing, ne'er worthy of the name of man, Ferneze ;
Ferneze swore thou lov'dst Emilia ;
Which to advance with most reproachful breath,
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.

Mendoza.

Ignoble villain ! did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbs for this ? O God ! for this ?

⁴⁵ *Thy wounded limbs, &c.] The first edition reads :*

Thy wounded limbs for this ? rank opposite

Even to my sovereign for this ? O God for this ? &c.

VOL. IV.

D

Sunk

Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life;
 Hipp'd bare my throat unto the hangman's ax.
 Thou most dishonour'd trunk—Emilia!
 By life, I know her not—Emilia!
 Did you believe him?

Aurelia.

Pardon me, I did.

Mendoza.

Did you? and thereupon you graced him.

Aurelia.

I did.

Mendoza.

Took him to favour, nay even clasp'd with him?

Aurelia.

Alas! I did.

Mendoza.

This night?

Aurelia.

This night.

Mendoza.

And in your lustful twines the duke took you?

Aurelia.

A most sad truth.

Mendoza.

O God! O God! how we dull honest souls,
 Heavy brain'd men, are swallowed in the bogs
 Of a deceitful ground! whilst nimble bloods,
 Light jointed spirits ⁴⁶ speed; cut good men's throats,
 And 'scape. Alas, I am too honest for this age,
 Too full of phlegm, and heavy steddiness:
 Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;
 Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,
 Who even slic'd my heart.

Aurelia.

Come, I did err, and am most sorry I did err.

Mendoza.

Why, we are both but dead, the duke hates us.

⁴⁶ speed] The first edition reads *pen*. The second, *spent*. The alteration by Mr. Doddsley.

"And those whom princes do once groundly hate,
"Let them provide to die, as sure as fate.
"Prevention is the heart of policy."

Aurelia.

Shall we murder him?

Mendoza.

Instantly?

Aurelia.

Instantly; before he casts a plot,
Or further blaze my honour's much-known blo
Let's murder him.

Mendoza.

I would do much for you; will ye marry me?

Aurelia.

I'll make thee duke. We are of Medicis;
Florence our friend; in court my faction
Not meanly strengthful; the duke then dead;
We well prepar'd for change; the multitude
Irresolutely reeling; we in force;
Our party seconded; the kingdom 'maz'd;
No doubt with swift success all shall be grac'd.

Mendoza.

You do confirm me; we are resolute;
To-morrow look for change; rest confident.
'Tis now about the immodest waist of night:
The mother of moist dew with pallid light
Spreads gloomy shades about the nummed earth.
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's birth:
This man I'll get inhum'd. Farewel: to bed;
I'll kiss the pillow. Dream the duke is dead. [*Exit Aurelia.*]
So, so, good night. ⁴⁷ How fortune doats on impudence!
I am in private the adopted son of yon good prince:
I must be duke. Why, if I must, I must;
Most silly lord, name me! O heaven!
I see God made honest fools to maintain crafty knaves.
The dutchess is wholly mine too; must kill her husband
To quit her shame, much! then marry her: ay.
O I grow proud in prosperous treachery!

⁴⁷ How fortune doats on impudence!] A repetition of the same sentiment
is in A. I. S. I.

"Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush."

D 2

"As

"As wrestlers clip, so I'll embrace you all,
 "Not to support, but to procure your fall."

Enter Malevole.

Malevole.

God arrest thee.

Mendoza.

At whose suit?

Malevole.

At the devil's. Ah, you treacherous damnable monster!
 How do'st? how do'st, thou treacherous rogue?
 Ah, ye rascal, I am banish'd the court, sirrah.

Mendoza.

Pr'ythee let's be acquainted; I do love thee, faith.

Malevole.

At your service, by the lord, la: shall's go to supper?
 Let's be once drunk together, and so unite a most virtuously
 strengthened friendship: shall's, Hugonot? shall's?

Mendoza.

Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow morn?

Malevole.

As a raven to a dunghill. They say there's one dead here;
 prick'd for the pride of the flesh.

Mendoza.

Ferneze: there he is; pr'ythee bury him.

Malevole.

O, most willingly: I mean to turn pure⁴⁸ Rochelchurchman, I.

Mendoza.

Thou church-man! why, why?

Malevole.

Because I'll live lazily, rail upon authority, deny kings supremacy
 in things indifferent, and be a pope in mine own parish.

Mendoza.

Wherefore do'st thou think churches were made?

Malevole.

To scower plough-shares: I have seen oxen plough up altars.
Et nunc sēges ubi Sion fuit.

⁴⁸ Rochel church-man] Rochel was at this time held by the Hugonots,
 or Protestants, with the privilege of professing their religion unmolested.
 It was besieged, in 1573, by the duke of Anjou without success; but fell
 into the hands of its enemies in 1629, after a long, obstinate, and brave
 defence.

Mendoza.

Mendoza.

Strange!

Malevole.

Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptuous steeple turn'd to a stinking privy: more beastly, the sacred'st place made a dog-kennel: nay, most inhuman, the stone coffins of long fled christians burst up, and made hogs-troughs.—*Hic finis Priami.* Shall I ha' some sack and cheese at thy chamber? Good night, good mischievous incarnate devil, good night, Mendoza; ah, you inhuman villain, good night; night, sub.

Mendoza.

Good night: to-morrow morn. [Exit Mendoza.

Malevole.

Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I will come. I do descry cross-points; honesty and courtship straddle as far asunder as a true Frenchman's legs.

Ferneze.

O!

Malevole.

Proclamations! more proclamations!

Ferneze.

O! a surgeon!

Malevole.

Hark! lust cries for a surgeon; what news from limbo? How doth the grand cuckold, Lucifer?

Ferneze.

O help! help! conceal and save me.

[Ferneze stirs, and Malevole helps him up and conveys him away.

Malevole.

Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far.

"Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar;
"But fame ne'er heals, still rankles worse and worse;
"Such is of uncontrolled lust the curse.
"Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie;
"But, O Ferneze, what in lust to die!
"Then thou that shame respects, O fly converse
"With women's eyes, and lisping wantonness.
"Stick candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back,
"If they not burn, yet at the least they'll black."

D 3

Come,

Come, I'll convey thee to a private port,
 Where thou shalt live (O happy man) from court.
 The beauty of the day begins to rise,
 From whose bright form night's heavy shadow flies,
 Now 'gins close plots to work, the scene grows full,
 And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Pietro Giacomo, Mendoza, Count Equato, and Bilioso,

Pietro Giacomo.

'TIS grown to youth of day, how shall we waste this
 light?

My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown.

Shall we go hunt? prepare for field.

[*Exit Equato,*

Mendoza.

Would ye could be merry.

Pietro Giacomo.

Would God I could! Mendoza, bid 'em haste:

[*Exit Mendoza,*

I would fain shift place; O vain relief!

"Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief:"

As deer, being struck, fly thorough many soils,

Yet still the shaft sticks fast; so—

Bilioso.

A good old simile, my honest lord.

Pietro Giacomo.

I am not much unlike to some sick man,
 That long desired hurtful drink; at last
 Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once
 Both life and thirst: O would I ne'er had known
 My own dishonour! Good God, that men should
 Desire to search out that, which being found kills all
 Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,
 And then be driven from our paradise!—
 Canst give me some comfort?

Bilioso.

Biliofo.

My lord, I have some books which have been dedicated to my honour, and I never read them, and yet they had very fine names: ⁴⁹ *Phyſick for fortune.* ⁵⁰ *Lozenges of ſanctified ſincerity.* Very pretty works of curates, ſcriveners, and ſchool-maſters. Marry, I remember one Seneca, Lucius Anneus Seneca.

Pietro Jacomo.

Out upon him, he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. Haſte thee to Florence. Here, take our letters; ſee them ſealed: away; report in private to the honoured duke his daughter's forc'd diſgrace, tell him at length, We know too much; due compliments advance:
 "There's nought that's ſafe and ſweet but ignorance." [Exit Pietro.

Enter Bianca.

Biliofo.

Madam, I am going embaffador for Florence; 'twill be great charges to me.

Bianca.

No matter, my lord, you have the leaſe of two manors come out next Chriſtmas; you may lay your tenants on the greater rack for it: and when you come again, I'll teach you how you ſhall get two hundred pounds a year by your teeth.

Biliofo.

How, madam?

Bianca.

Cut off ſo much houſe-keeping; that which is ſaved by the teeth, you know is got by the teeth.

Biliofo.

'Fore God, and ſo I may; I am in wond'rous credit, lady.

Bianca.

See the uſe of flattery; I did ever counſel you to flatter greatneſs, and you have profited well: any man that will do ſo

⁴⁹ *Phyſick for fortune*] In 1579, was published a book, entitled, "Phyſick againſt fortune, as well prosperous as adverſe, contained in two Books. Written in Latin by Francis Petrarch, a moſt famous poet and oratour, and now firſt engliſhed by Thomas Twyne." 4to. B. L.

⁵⁰ *Lozenges of ſanctified ſincerity*] I have not met with this book but from the ridicule thrown out in *The Wiſs*, vol. VIII. p. 446. I believe ſome one with a ſimilar title had before appeared.

shall be sure to be like your ⁵¹ Scotch barnacle, now a block, instantly a worm, and presently a great goose: this it is to rot and putrify in the bosom of greatness.

Bilioso.

Thou art ever my politician. O happy is that old lord that hath a politician to his young lady! I'll have fifty gentlemen shall attend upon me: marry, the most of them shall be farmers' sons; because they shall bear their own charges, and they shall go apparell'd thus; in sea-water green suits, ash-colour cloaks, ⁵² watchet stockings, and ⁵³ popin-jay green feathers. Will not the colours do excellent?

Bianca.

Out upon't; they'll look like citizens riding to their friends at Whitsuntide; their apparel just so many several parishes.

Bilioso.

I'll have it so; and Passarello, my fool, shall go along with me, marry he shall be in velvet.

Bianca.

A fool in velvet!

Bilioso.

Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear fatten; I'll have mine in velvet.

⁵¹ *Scotch barnacle*] In Mr. Collins's Note on *The Tempest*, A. 4. S. 1. the ridiculous opinions of several ancient writers respecting barnacles are set down. The following is from one more modern, but equally absurd: "Among the rest there is the solon goose, a large bird, but tastes more of fish than flesh, because accustomed to the sea, and feeds there oftner than in other places. The inhabitants say, that the manner of its production is this: she lets fall her egg according to the season on the side of a rock, which, having a slimy glutinous matter about it, fastens itself to the place where it happens to fall, nor can it be removed without danger of breaking it to pieces. And sometimes the egg is so untowardly fix'd, that there is no more room for the bird to come at it than with one of her feet, which she spreads on the upper part of the egg, rests on it with her whole body, and in time, with the heat of her foot, produces the young one, which from this way of hatching takes its name, and is called *Solon* quasi *Sole on*, from the sole of the dam's foot, which after this manner gives it being. But, whether so or no, I am not sure; you have the relation." Morer's *Short Account of Scotland*, 1702, p. 17.

⁵² *watchet*] i. e. pale blue.

⁵³ *popin-jay*] A parrot, or a bird of that species. See Skinner.

Bianca.

What will you wear then, my lord?

Bilioso.

Velvet too! marry, it shall be embroider'd; because I'll differ from the fool somewhat. I am horribly troubled with the gout; nothing grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden me wine, and you know your ambassador must drink. Didst thou ask thy doctor what was good for the gout?

Bianca.

Yes; he said, ease, wine, and women, were good for it.

Bilioso.

Nay, thou hast such a wit; what was good to cure it, said he?

Bianca.

Why, the rack. All your empiricks could never do the like cure upon the gout the rack did in England, or ⁵⁴ your Scotch boot. The French harlequin will instruct you.

Bilioso.

Surely I do wonder, how thou, having for the most part of thy life-time been a country body, should'st have so good a wit.

Bianca.

Who, I? why, I have been a courtier thrice two months.

Bilioso.

So have I this twenty years, and yet there was a gentleman-usher call'd me coxcomb t'other day, and to my face too: was't not a back-biting rascal? I would I were better travelled, that I might have been better acquainted with the fashions of several countrymen: but my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently instructed me.

Bianca.

How, my lord?

⁵⁴ *your Scotch boot*] The *torturing-boots* are mentioned by Swift, vol. xiii. 1768, p. 314, to have been hung out *in terrorem* to Captain Creighton in 1689. N.

The *boot* was an instrument of torture formerly used in Scotland. Bishop Burnet, in his *History of his own Times*, vol. I. p. 332. edit. 1754, mentions one Maccaill, a preacher, who, being suspected of treasonable practices, underwent this punishment in 1666: "— he was put to the torture, which in Scotland they call the *boots*; for they put a pair of iron boots close on the leg, and drive wedges between these and the leg. The common torture was only to drive these in the calf of the leg: but I have been told they were sometimes driven upon the shin bone."

Bilioso.

Biliofo.

Marry, my good lord, quoth he, your lordship shall ever find amongst an hundred Frenchmen forty hot shots; amongst an hundred Spaniards, threescore braggarts; amongst an hundred Dutchmen, fourscore drunkards; amongst an hundred Englishmen, fourscore and ten madmen; and amongst an hundred Welchmen——

Bianca.

What, my lord?

Biliofo.

Fourscore and nineteen gentlemen.

Bianca.

But since you go about a sad embassy, I would have you go in black, my lord.

Biliofo.

Why, do't think I cannot mourn, unless I wear my hat in cypress like an alderman's heir? that's vile, very old, in faith.

Bianca.

I'll learn of you shortly; O we should have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct you: how will you bear yourself when you come into the duke of Florence's court?

Biliofo.

Proud enough, and 'twill do well enough; as I walk up and down the chamber, I'll spit frowns about me, have a strong perfume in my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth button, and 'twill do excellent.

Bianca.

But there is a very beautiful lady there, how will you entertain her?

Biliofo.

I'll tell you that, when the lady hath entertain'd me; but to satisfy thee, here comes the fool: fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady.

*Enter Passarello.**Passarello.*

Your fool will stand for your lady most willingly and most uprightly.

Biliofo.

I'll salute her in Latin.

Passarello.

Passarello.

O your fool can understand no Latin:

Biliofo.

Aye, but your lady can.

Passarello.

Why then if your lady take down your fool, your fool will stand no longer for your lady.

Biliofo.

A pestilent fool: 'Fore God I think the world be turn'd upside down too.

Passarello.

O no, fir; for then your lady and all the ladies in the palace should go with their heels upward, and that were a strange sight you know.

Biliofo.

There be many that will repine at my preferment.

Passarello.

O aye, like the envy of an elder sister, that hath her younger made a lady before her.

Biliofo.

The duke is wond'rous discontented.

Passarello.

Aye, and more melancholy-like than a usurer having all his money out at the death of a prince.

Biliofo.

Didst thou see madam Floria to-day?

Passarello.

Yes, I found her repairing her face to-day; the red upon the white shewed as if her cheeks should have been served in for two dishes of barberries in stew'd broth, and the flesh to them a woodcock.

Biliofo.

A bitter fool! Come, madam, this night thou shalt enjoy me freely, and to-morrow for Florence.

Passarello.

What a natural fool is he that would be a pair of boddice to a woman's petticoat, to be truss'd and pointed to them? Well, I'll dog my lord, and the word is proper: for when I fawn upon him he feeds me; when I snap him by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a dog's death were not strangling, I had

had rather be one than a serving-man : for the corruption of coin is either the generation of a usurer, or a lousy beggar.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Passarello.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Enter Malevole in some freeze gown, while Bilioso reads his patent.

Malevole.

I CANNOT sleep, my eyes ill-neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
Thou that givest all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labour;
The gally-slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The stooping scythe-man, that doth ^{ss} barb the field,
Thou makest wink sure : in night all creatures sleep,
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels : alas, he's goodman tell-clock,
His fallow jaw-bones sink with wailing moan;
Whilst others beds are down, his pillow's stone.

Bilioso.

Malevole!

Malevole.

Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bilioso.

I am going ambassador to Florence.

Malevole.

Ambassador! Now for thy country's honour, pr'ythee do not put up mutton and porridge in thy cloak-bag. Thy young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she not?

^{ss} barb the field] i. e. mow it. See Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 3. S. 2. edit. 1778. S.

Bilioso

Bilioso.

No, I leave her at the palace.

Malevole.

At the palace ! Now discretion shield man ; for God's love
let's ha' no more cuckolds ! Hymen begins to put off his
saffron robe ; keep thy wife in the state of grace. Heart-a-
truth, I would sooner leave my lady singled in a Bordello,
than in the Genoa palace ; sin there appearing in her slutish
shape

Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes sense,
Surfeit would choak intemperate appetite,
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust.
When in an Italian lascivious palace, a lady guardianless,
Left to the push of all allurements,
The strongest incitements to immodesty,
To have her bound incensed with wanton sweets,
Her veins fill'd high with heating delicacies ;
Soft rest, sweet musick, amorous masquerers,
Lascivious banquets, sin itself gilt o'er,
Strong phantasy tricking up strange delights,
Presenting it dress'd pleasingly to sense,
Sense leading it unto the soul, confirmed
With potent example, impudent custom,
Inticed by that great bawd opportunity ;
Thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear
Youth in good clothes, well shap'd, rich,
Fair-spoken, promising, noble, ardent blood,
Fair, witty, flattering ; Ulysses absent,
O Ithacan ! the chastest Penelope cannot hold out.

Bilioso.

'Mafs I'll think on't. Farewel.

[*Exit Bilioso.*]

Malevole.

Farewel. Take thy wife with thee. Farewel.
To Florence ; um : it may prove good ; it may :
And we may once unmask our brows.

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA III.

*Enter Count Celso.**Celso.***M**Y honoured lord!*Malevole.*

Celso, peace; how is't? speak low,
 Pale fears suspect that hedges, walls, and trees
 Have ears: speak, how runs all?

Celso.

I'faith, my lord, that beast with many heads,
 The staggering multitude, recoils apace.
 Tho' thorough great men's envy, most men's malice,
 Their much intemperate heat hath banish'd you,
 Yet now they find envy and malice ne'er
 Produce faint reformation.
 The duke, the too soft duke, lies as a block,
 For which two tugging factions seem to saw,
 But still the iron thro' the ribs they draw.

Malevole.

I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found
 Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice
 And fearful baseness; therefore I tell thee, Celso,
 I find the wind begins to come about,
 I'll shift my suit or fortune. I know the Florentine, whose
 only force,
 By marrying his proud daughter to this prince,
 Both banish'd me, and made this weak lord duke,
 Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:
 I'll lie in ambush for conveniency,
 Upon their severance to confirm myself.

Celso.

Is Ferneze interr'd?

Malevole.

Of that at leisure: he lives.

Celso.

But how stands Mendoza? how is't with him?

Malevole.

Malevole.

Faith like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth in other men, and retains it in himself.

Celfo.

He does fly from publick notice methinks, as a hare does from hounds, the feet whereon he flies betray him.

Malevole.

I can track him, Celfo.

O my disguise fools him most powerfully :

For that I seem a desperate malcontent,

He saith would clasp with me ; he is the true slave

That will put on the most affected grace,

For some veil'd second cause.

*Enter Mendoza.**Celfo.*

He's here.

Malevole.

Give place.

⁵⁶ Illo ! ho, ho, ho, art there, old true-penny ? [*Exit Celfo.*
Where hast thou spent thyself this morning ? I see flattery in
thine eyes, and damnation in thy soul. Ha, thou huge
rascal !

Mendoza.

Thou art very merry.

Malevole.

As a scholar, *fatuens gratis* : how doth the devil go with
thee now ?

Mendoza.

Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.

Malevole.

Who I ? I have been a sergeant, man.

Mendoza.

Thou art very poor.

Malevole.

As Job, an alchymist, or a poet.

Mendoza.

The duke hates thee.

⁵⁶ Illo ! ho, ho, ho, art there old true-panny ?] See *Hamlet*.

Malevole.

Malevole.

As Irishmen do bum-cracks.

Mendoza.

Thou hast lost his amity.

Malevole.

As pleasing as maids lose their virginity.

Mendoza.

Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, would thou wert noble.

Malevole.

Why sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kind; for I find myself possessed with all their qualities; love dogs, dice, and drabs; scorn wit in stuff cloaths, have beat my shoemaker, knock'd my semsters, cuckold my 'pothecary, and undone my taylor. Noble, why not? since the stoick said, *Neminem servum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum*; only busy fortune towfes, and the provident chances blend them together. I'll give you a simile: did you e'er see a well with two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be filled? such is the state of all humanity. Why look you, I may be the son of some duke; for, believe me, intemperate lascivious bassardy makes nobility doubtful: I have a lusty daring heart, Mendoza.

Mendoza.

Let's grasp, I do like thee infinitely, wilt enact one thing for me?

Malevole.

Shall I get by it?

[Gives him his purse.]

Command me, I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

Mendoza.

Murder the duke.

Malevole.

My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fancy's dream,
My blood's longing, the only height of my hopes: how?
O God, how? O how my united spirits throng together,
To strengthen my resolve!

Mendoza.

The duke is now a hunting.

Malevole.

Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it; lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-bow; so, so, I'll do it.

Mendoza.

Mendoza.

Then we agree.

Malevole.

As lent and fishmongers. Come *cap-a-pie*, how? inform.

Mendoza.

Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who only stands
On Florence stilts, hath out of witless zeal
Made me his heir; and secretly confirmed
The wreath to me after his life's full point.

Malevole.

Upon what merit?

Mendoza.

Merit! by heaven I horn him,
Only Ferneze's death gave me state's life:
Tut, we are politick, he must not live now.

Malevole.

No reason, marry: but how must he die now?

Mendoza.

My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might
have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the
dutchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedemonian,
because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry
Maria the banished duke Altofront's wife, that her friends
might strengthen me and my faction; this is all, la.

Malevole.

Do you love Maria?

Mendoza.

Faith, no great affection, but as wise men do love great
women, to ennoble their blood, and augment their revenue:
to accomplish this now; thus now. The duke is in the forest
next the sea, single him, kill him, hurl him in the main,
and proclaim thou sawest wolves eat him.

Malevole.

Um, not so good: methinks when he is slain,
To get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch
That's muffled, or with feigned holiness
To swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff
Lament his wife's dishonour, and in an agony
Of his heart's torture hurled his groaning sides
Into the swollen sea; this circumstance

VOL. IV.

E

Well

Well made sounds probable : and hereupon
The dutcheſs—

Mendoza.

May well be baniſhed :
O unpeerable ! invention rare !
Thou god of policy, it honies me.

Malevole.

Then fear not for the wife of Altofront, I'll cloſe to her.

Mendoza.

Thou ſhalt, thou ſhalt, our excellency is pleaſed :
Why wert not thou an emperor ? when we are duke,
I'll make thee ſome great man ſure.

Malevole.

Nay, make me ſome rich knave, and I'll make myſelf ſome
great man.

Mendoza.

In thee be all my ſpirit,
Retain ten ſouls, unite thy virtual powers ;
Reſolve, ha, remember greatneſs : heart, farewel.

Enter Celſo.

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell. [*Exit Mendoza.*

Malevole.

Celſo, didſt hear ? O heaven, didſt hear
Such devilish miſchief ? ſuffereſt thou the world
Carouſe damnation even with greedy ſwallow,
And ſtill do'ſt wink, ſtill doth thy vengeance ſlumber ?
“ If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder !”

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA IV.

Enter Pietro Jacomo, Ferrardo, Prepaſſo, and three Pages.
Cornets like horns.

Ferrardo.

THE dogs are at a fault.

Pietro

Pietro Jacomo.

Would God nothing but the dogs were at it! let the deer pursue safely, the dogs follow the game, and do you follow the dogs; as for me, 'tis unfit one beast should hunt another; I ha' one chafeth me: and't please you, I would be rid of you a little.

Ferrardo.

Wou'd your grief would as soon leave you as we to quietness.

[*Exeunt Ferrardo and Prepassio.*]

Pietro Jacomo.

I thank you—Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

Page.

Of a dry summer, my lord, for here's a hot world towards—but, my lord, I had a strange dream last night.

Pietro Jacomo.

What strange dream?

Page.

Why methought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt you gave me that short sword.

Pietro Jacomo.

Prettily begg'd!—hold thee, I'll prove thy dream true; ak't.

Page.

My duty: but still I dreamt on, my lord; and methought, and't shall please your excellency, you would needs out of your royal bounty give me that jewel in your hat.

Pietro Jacomo.

Oh, thou did'st but dream, boy, do not believe it: dreams prove not always true, they may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewel. But now, sir, you dreamt you had pleas'd me with singing; make that true, as I have made the other.

Page.

Faith, my lord, I did but dream, and dreams you say prove not always true: they may hold in a good sword, but not in a good song: the truth is, I ha' lost my voice.

Pietro Jacomo.

Lost thy voice? how?

Page.

With dreaming, faith; but here's a couple of syrenical rascals shall enchant ye: what shall they sing, my good lord?

E 2

Pietro.

Pietro Jacomo.

Sing of the nature of women; and then the song shall be surely full of varieties, old crotchets, and most sweet closes; it shall be humorous, grave, fantastick, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Page.

All in one?

Pietro Jacomo.

By'r lady too many; sing, my speech grows culpable of unthrifty idleness, sing. [Song.]

ACTUS III. SCENA V.

Enter Malevole with cross-bow and pistol.

Pietro Jacomo.

A SO, so, song; I am heavy, walk off, I shall talk in my sleep; walk off. [Exeunt Pages.]

Malevole.

Brief, brief, who? the duke? good heaven, that fools should stumble upon greatness! do not sleep, duke, give ye good-morrow; you must be brief, duke; I am fee'd to murder thee; start not: Mendoza, Mendoza hired me, here's his gold, his pistol, cross-bow, and sword, 'tis all as firm as earth. O fool, fool, choak'd with the common maze of easy idiots, credulity. Make him thine heir! what, thy sworn murtherer?

Pietro Jacomo.

O can it be?

Malevole.

Can?

Pietro Jacomo.

Discovered he not Ferneze?

Malevole.

Yes; but why? but why? for love to thee? much, much, to be revenged upon his rival, who had thrust his jaws awry; who being slain, supposed by thine own hands, defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome, him most gracious with thy loose princess. Thou, closely yielding egrets and regrets
to

THE MALCONTENT. 69

to her, mad'st him heir; whose hot unquiet lust strait towz'd thy sheets, and now would seize thy state. Politician! wise man! death! to be led to the stake like a bull by the horns; to make even kindness cut a gentle throat. Life! why art thou nummed? thou foggy dulness! speak. Lives not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue, than in these fencing tip-tap courtiers?

Enter Celso with a hermit's gown and beard.

Pietro Jacomo.

Lord Malevole, if this be true——

Malevole.

If? come, shade thee with this disguise. If? thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

Pietro Jacomo.

World, whither wilt thou?

Malevole.

Why to the devil: come, the morn grows late,
A steady quickness is the soul of state.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Maquerelle knocking at the Lady's door.

Maquerelle.

MEDAM, medam, are you stirring, medam? if you be stirring, medam, if I thought I should disturb ye—

Page.

My lady is up, forsooth.

Maquerelle.

A pretty boy, faith; how old art thou?

Page.

I think fourteen.

Maquerelle.

Nay, and ye be in the teens: are ye a gentleman born? do you know me? my name is medam Maquerelle, I lie in the old Cunny-court. See here the ladies.

E 3

Enter

Enter Bianca and Emilia.

Bianca.

A fair day to ye, Maquerelle.

Emilia.

Is the dutchefs up yet, centinel?

Maquerelle.

O ladies, the most abominable mischance! O dear ladies, the most piteous disafter! Ferneze was taken last night in the dutchefs' chamber: alas! the duke catch'd him and kill'd him.

Bianca.

Was he found in bed?

Maquerelle.

O, no; but the villainous certainty is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked truth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to your ⁵⁷ busk-points, if not chastly, yet charily: be sure the door be bolted. Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bianca.

Yes, Maquerelle.

Maquerelle.

I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown 'fore his return. Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise: he loves ye: pish! he is witty; bubble! fair proportioned, meaw! nobly born, wind! Let this be still your fix'd position, esteem ye every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, ladies.

Emilia.

Is the duke return'd from hunting yet?

Maquerelle.

They say not yet.

Bianca.

'Tis now in midst of day.

⁵⁷ busk-points,] See Note 34 to *Lingua*, vol. V. p. 151.

Emilia.

Emilia.

How bears the dutchess with this blemish now?

Maquerelle.

Faith, boldly; strongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And there's a note to you: be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe your husband. Mark the 'haviour of the dutchess now: she dares defame; cries, Duke, do what thou can'st, I'll quit mine honour: nay, as one confirm'd in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's presently for dances.

*Enter Ferrardo.**Bianca.*

For dances?

Maquerelle.

Most true.

Emilia.

Most strange! see, here's my servant, young Ferrardo. How many servants think'st thou I have, Maquerelle?

Maquerelle.

The more the merrier: 'twas well said, use your servants as you do your smocks; have many, use one, and change often; for that's most sweet and courtlike.

Ferrardo.

Save ye, fair ladies; is the duke return'd?

Bianca.

Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court.

Ferrardo.

'Tis very strange!

Bianca.

And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Maquerelle.

I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow; but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, 'faith. And he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard.

[Corns sound.]

E 4

Ferrardo.

75 THE MALCONTENT.

Ferrardo.

Not yet return'd? I fear—but
The dutcheſs approacheth.

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Enter Mendoza ſupporting the dutcheſs: Guerrino, the ladies that are on the ſtage riſe: Ferrardo uſhers in the dutcheſs, and then takes a lady to ⁵⁸ *tread a meaſure.*

Aurelia.

WE will dance; muſick; we will dance.

Guerrino.

Les quanto (lady) penſes bien, paſſa regio, or Bianca's brawl.

Aurelia.

We have forgot ⁵⁹ the brawl.

Ferrardo.

⁵⁸ *tread a meaſure*] See Note 35 to *Alexander and Campaſpe*, vol. II.

p. 132.

⁵⁹ *the brawl*] The name of this dance is introduced by Mr. Gray, in his *Long Story*; and his Biographer Mr. Maſon ſays, that “brawls were “a ſort of figure-dance, then (i. e. in Queen Elizabeth's time) in vogue, “and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillions, or ſtill more “modern quadrilles.” Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Muſick*, vol. II. p. 133. obſerves, “A little farther he (Sir John Elyot) ſpeaks of a dance “called the *brawle*, by which he would have his reader underſtand a “kind of dancing, the motions and geſticulations whereof, are calculated “to expreſs ſomething like altercation between the parties. Whether “this term has any relation to that of the *Bransle* of Poitiers, which occurs in Morley's Introduction, may be a matter of ſome queſtion. “Minſhieu and Skinner derive it from the verb *branſler*, *vibrare*, to “brandiſh; the former explains the word *brawle*, by ſaying it is a kind “of dance. Phillips is more particular, calling it a kind of dance in “which ſeveral perſons danced together in a ring, holding one another “by the hand.” This dance is often mentioned, but in no writer deſcribed ſo accurately as in the text. Thus, in Jacke Drum's *Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. H 4:

“What, gallants, have you ne'er a Page can entertaine

“This pleaſing time with ſome French *brawle* or ſong?”

Gascoigne's *Works*, p. 209: “Againe the viols called them forth
“wards, and againe at the end of the ſaid *braule* Ferdinando Jeron to
“this gentlewoman.”

Erasmus's

Ferrando.

So soon? 'tis wonder.

Guerrino.

Why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, curranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour.

Aurelia.

O, Dedalus! thy maze, I have quite forgot it.

Maquerelle.

Trust me, so have I, saving the falling back, and then honour.

*Enter Prepaffo.**Aurelia.*

Musick, musick!

Prepaffo.

Who saw the duke? the duke?

*Enter Equato.**Aurelia.*

Musick!

Prepaffo.

The duke! is the duke return'd?

Aurelia.

Musick!

*Enter Celso.**Celso.*

The duke is quite invisible, or else is not.

Aurelia.

We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement: we are not pleased: you have forgot yourselves.

*Enter a Page.**Celso.*

Boy, thy master? where's the duke?

Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. E: "Desyre hym to take hands in a *bralle*, ye will faie a camill daunceth."

See also the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet to *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 3. S. 1.

Page.

Page.

Alas! I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs: he told me he was heavy, would sleep; bid me walk off, for the strength of fantasy oft made him talk in his dreams. I strait obey'd, nor ever saw him since: but wheresoe'er he is, he's sad.

Aurelia.

Musick, sound high, as is our heart; sound high.

ACTUS IV. SCENA III.

Enter Malevole, and Pietro Giacomo disguised like an hermit.

Malevole.

THE duke? peace, the duke is dead.

Aurelia.

Musick!

Malevole.

Is't musick?

Mendoza.

Give proof.

Ferrardo.

How?

Celfo.

Where?

Prepasso.

When?

Malevole.

Rest in peace, as the duke does quietly, sir: for my own part, I beheld him but dead; that's all: marry, here's one can give you a more particular account of him.

Mendoza.

Speak, holy father, nor let any brow within this presence fright thee from the truth: speak confidently and freely.

Aurelia.

We attend.

Pietro

Pietro Jacomo.

Now had the mounting sun's all-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,
When I (whom men call Hermit of the rock)
Forsook my cell, and clamber'd up a cliff,
Against whose base the heady Neptune dash'd
His high-curl'd brows; there 'twas I eas'd my limbs:
When lo! my intrails melted with the moan
Some one, who far 'bove me was climb'd, did make——
I shall offend.

Mendoza.

Not.

Aurelia.

On.

Pietro Jacomo.

Methinks I hear him yet.—O female faith!
Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman:
And do I live to be the scoff of men?
To be the wittal cuckold, even to hug my poison?
Thou knowest, O truth!
Sooner hard steel will melt with southern winds,
A seaman's whistle calm the ocean,
A town on fire be extinct with tears,
Than women vow'd to blushless impudence,
With sweet behaviour and soft ⁶⁰ minioning,
Will turn from that where appetite is fix'd.
O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their souls!
I wash'd an Ethiop, who, for recompence,
Sully'd my name: and must I then be forc'd
To walk, to live thus black? must! must! fie,
He that can bear with must, he cannot die.
With that he sigh'd so passionately deep,
'That the dull air even groan'd: at last he cries,
Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough: so dies.
For then I view'd his body fall, and sows
Into the foamy main. O then I saw
'That which methinks I see; it was the duke,
Whom strait the nicer-stomach'd sea
Belch'd up: but then——

⁶⁰ *minioning*] i. e. being treated as a *minion*, or darling. S.

Malvok.

Malevole.

Then came I in; but, 'las! all was too late,
For even strait he sunk.

Pietro Jacomo.

Such was the duke's sad fate.

Celfo.

A better fortune to our duke Mendoza.

Omnes.

Mendoza!

*[Cornets flourish.]**Enter a guard.**Mendoza.*

A guard! a guard! We, full of hearty tears,
For our good father's loss
(For so we well may call him,
Who did beseech your loves for our succession)
Cannot so lightly over-jump his death,
As leave his woes revengeless. Woman of shame, *[To Aurelia.]*
We banish thee for ever to the place,
From whence this good man comes;
Nor permit, on death, unto thy body any ornament,
But, base as was thy life, depart away,

Aurelia.

Ungrateful!

Mendoza.

Away!

Aurelia.

Villain, hear me.

*[Prepasso and Guerrino lead away the dutchess.]**Mendoza.*

Be gone. My lords,
Address to publick counsel, 'tis most fit,
The train of fortune is borne up by wit.
Away, our presence shall be sudden: haste.

*[All depart saving Mendoza, Malevole, and Pietro.]**Malevole.*

Now, you egregious devil! ha, ye murdering politician!
how do'st, duke? how do'st look now? brave duke, i'faith.

Mendoza.

How did you kill him?

Malevole.

Malevole.

⁶¹ Slatted his brains out, then sows'd him in the briny sea.

Mendoza.

Brain'd him and drown'd him too?

Malevole.

O 'twas best, sure work :

For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else ware, he'll prove no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay him in the kennel.

Mendoza.

A most sound brain-pan !

I'll make you both emperors.

Malevole.

Make us christians, make us christians.

Mendoza.

I'll hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Malevole.

To the gallows, say he? Come, *præmium incertum petit certum scelus*. How stands the progress?

Mendoza.

Here, take my ring unto the citadel,
Have entrance to Maria, the grave dutchess
Of banish'd Altofront. Tell her, we love her:
Omit no circumstance to grace our person; do't.

Malevole.

I'll make an excellent pander: duke, farewell; 'dieu, adieu,
duke. [Exit Malevole.

Mendoza.

Take Maquerelle with thee; for 'tis found
None cuts a diamond but a diamond.
Hermit, thou art a man for me, my confessor:
O thou selected spirit; born for my good;
Sure thou would'st make an excellent elder in a deform'd church.
Come, we must be ⁶² inward, thou and I all one.

Pietro Jacomo.

I am glad I was ordain'd for ye.

⁶¹ Slatted] i. e. dashed his brains out. It is a North-country word. See Ray's *Collection of English words*, p. 54. edit. 1742.

⁶² inward] See Note to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 232.

Mendoza.

Mendoza.

Go to then ; thou must know that Malevole is a strange villain : dangerous, very dangerous : you see how broad he speaks, a gross-jaw'd rogue, I would have thee poison him : he's like a corn upon my great toe, I cannot go for him : he must be cored out, he must. Wilt do't, ha ?

Pietro Jacomo.

Any thing, any thing.

Mendoza.

Heart of my life ! thus then : to the citadel,
Thou shalt consort with this Malevole,
There being at supper, poison him :
It shall be laid upon Maria, who yields love, or dies :
⁶³ Skud quick, like lightning.

Pietro Jacomo.

Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies.

[*Exit Pietro.*

Enter Malevole.

Malevole.

Your devilship's ring has no virtue ; the buff-captain, the fallow westphalian, gamon-faced zaza, cries, Stand out, must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle of comfort.

Mendoza.

Command our sudden letter. — Not enter ? shalt : what place is there in Genoa but thou shalt ? into my heart, into my very heart : come, let's love ; we must love ; we two, soul and body.

Malevole.

How did'st like the Hermit ? a strange Hermit, sirrah.

Mendoza.

A dangerous fellow, very perilous : he must die.

Malevole.

Ay, he must die.

Mendoza.

Thou must kill him. We are wise ; we must be wise.

Malevole.

And provident.

⁶³ *Skud quick, &c.] The first edition reads,*

" Skud quick.

Pietro Jacomo.

" Like lightning. Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies."

Mendoza.

Mendoza.

Yes, provident: beware an hypocrite.
A church-man once corrupted, ab! avoid.
A fellow that makes Religion his ⁶⁴ stalking horse,
He breeds a plague: thou shalt poison him.

Malevole.

O! 'tis wond'rous necessary: how?

Mendoza.

You both go jointly to the citadel,
 There sup, there poison him: and Maria,
 Because she is our opposite, shall bear
 The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loves us.

Malevole.

I run.

[*Exit Malevole.*]

Mendoza.

We that are great, our sole self-good still moves us.
 They shall die both, for their deserts crave more
 Than we can recompence; their presence still
 Upbraids our fortunes with ⁶⁵ beholdingness,
 Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then conclude,
 They live not, to cry out, ingratitude.
One stick burns t'other, steel cut steel alone;
'Tis good trust few, but O, 'tis best trust none. [*Exit Mendoza.*]

ACTUS IV. SCENA IV.

Enter Malevole and Pietro Giacomo still disguised, at several doors.

Malevole.

How do you? how dost, duke?

Pietro Giacomo.

O let the last day fall; drop, drop on our curfed heads;
 Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames!

⁶⁴ *stalking horse*] *The stalking horse* was one either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 2. S. 3.

⁶⁵ *beholdingness*] The state of being beholden. A harsh word. S.

Malevole.

THE MALCONTENT.

Malevole.

O do not rant, do not turn player; there's more of them
than can well live one by another already.
What, art thou infidel still?

Pietro Jacomo.

I am amaz'd; struck in a swoon with wonder: I am com-
manded to poison thee.

Malevole.

I am commanded to poison thee at supper.

Pietro Jacomo.

At supper?

Malevole.

In the citadel.

Pietro Jacomo.

In the citadel?

Malevole.

Cross capers! tricks! truth, a heaven! he would discharge
us as boys do elder-guns, one pellet to strike out another: of
what faith art now?

Pietro Jacomo.

All is damnation; wickedness extream! there is no faith in
man.

Mendoza.

In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no man:
men take 'em for blood-suckers, and so they are: now God
deliver me from my friends!

Pietro Jacomo.

Thy friends?

Malevole.

Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies I'll deliver
myself. O, cut-throat friendship is the rankest villainy!
Mark this Mendoza; mark him for a villain: But heaven
will send a plague upon him for a rogue.

Pietro Jacomo.

O world!

Malevole.

World! 'tis the only region of death, the greatest shop of
the devil; the cruel'st prison of men, out of the which none
pass without paying their dearest breath for a fee: there's
nothing perfect in it but extream, extream calamity, such as
comes yonder.

ACTUS

THE MALCONTENT.

31

ACTUS IV. SCENA V.

Enter Aurelia, two halberts before and two after, supported by Celso and Ferrardo; Aurelia in base mourning attire.

Aurelia.

TO banishment! led on to banishment!

Pietro Jacomo.

Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you.

Aurelia.

Why? why? I can desire nothing but death,
Nor deserve any thing but hell.
If heaven should give sufficiency of grace
To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor;
O they would ⁶⁶ tire heaven's goodness to reclaim them!
Judgment is just yet, from that vast villain,
Be sure he shall not miss sad punishment
'Fore he shall rule! On to my cell of shame.

Pietro Jacomo.

My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,
Musick, tilts, tournies, and such court-like shews,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again; whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
There usherless the air comes in and out;
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation.
A rocky barrenness shall ⁶⁷ pierce your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

Aurelia.

It is too good. Blessed spirit of my lord!
O in what orb soe'er thy soul is thron'd,
Behold me worthily most miserable!
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit
Intreat some reconciliation:
If not, O joy, triumph in my just grief,
Death is the end of woe, and tears relief.

⁶⁶ *tire*] The first edition reads *try*.

⁶⁷ *pierce*] The first edition reads *pain*.

Pietro Jacomo.

Belike your lord not lov'd you, was unkind.

Aurelia.

O heaven!

As the soul lov'd the body, so lov'd he:

'Twas death to him to part my presence,

Heaven to see me pleased.

Yet I, like to a wretch given o'er to hell,

Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,

To clip a base ungentle faithless villain.

O God! a very Pagan reprobate——

What should I say? ungrateful, throws me out,

For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour.

But 'tis most fit: why should a better fate

Attend on any, who forsakes chaste sheets;

Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,

Join'd by a solemn vow 'fore God and man,

To taste the brackish blood of beastly lust,

In an adulterous touch? O ravenous immodesty!

Insatiate impudence of appetite!

Look here's your end, for mark what sap in dust,

What good in sin, even so much love in lust.

Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord; pardon to me!

Celso.

'Tis the duke's pleasure this night you rest in court.

Aurelia.

Soul lurk in shades, run shame from brightsome skies;

In night the blind man misseeth not his eyes.

[Exit.

Malevole.

Do not weep, kind cuckold; take comfort, man; thy betters have been Beccoes: Agamemnon, emperor of all the merry Greeks, that tickled all the true Trojans, was a Cornuto. Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve king's beards, was a Cornuto. Hercules, whose back bore up heaven, and got forty wenches with child in one night——

Pietro Jacomo.

Nay, 'twas fifty.

Malevole.

Faith, forty's enow a-conscience;—yet was a Cornuto. Patience; mischief grows proud; be wise.

Pietro

THE MALCONTENT.

Pietro Jacomo.

Thou pinchest too deep: art too keen upon me.

Malevole.

Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous fore. I'll ⁶⁸ tent thee to the ground. Thinkest I'll sustain myself by flattering thee, because thou art a prince? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than by servile flattery.

Pietro Jacomo.

Yet great men ha' done't.

Malevole.

Great slaves fear better than love; born naturally ⁶⁹ for a coal basket; tho' the common usher to princes presence, fortune, hath blindly given them better place. I am vowed to be thy affliction.

Pietro Jacomo.

Pr'ythee be; I love much misery, and be thou son to me.

Enter Biliofo.

Malevole.

Because you are an usurping duke.—
Your lordship's well return'd from Florence.

[*To Biliofo.*

Biliofo.

Well return'd, I praise my horse.

Malevole.

What news from the Florentines?

Biliofo.

I will conceal the great duke's pleasure; only this was his charge: his pleasure is, that his daughter die; duke Pietro be banished for banishing his blood's dishonour; and that duke Altofront be re-accepted. This is all; but I hear duke Pietro is dead.

Malevole.

Ay, and Mendoza is duke: what will you do?

Biliofo.

Is Mendoza strongest?

⁶⁸ tent] A term in Surgery. So, in *The White Devil*, vol. VI. p. 371.

"Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steel that made it."

⁶⁹ for a coal basket] See Note 15 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI. p. 213.

THE MALCONTENT.

Malevole.

Yet he is.

Biliofo.

Then yet I'll hold with him.

Malevole.

But if that Altofront should turn strait again.

Biliofo.

Why then I would turn strait again.

'Tis good run still with him that has most might :
I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right.

Malevole.

What religion will you be of now?

Biliofo.

Of the duke's religion, when I know what it is.

Malevole.

O Hercules !

Biliofo.

Hercules ? Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena.

Malevole.

Your lordship is a very wit-all.

Biliofo.

Wit-all ?

Malevole.

Ay, all-wit.

Biliofo.

Amphytrio was a cuckold.

Malevole.

Your lordship sweats, your young lady will get you a cloth
for your old worship's brows. [*Exit Biliofo.*]

Here's a fellow to be damned ! this is his inviolable maxim,
flatter the greatest, and oppress the least. A whoreson flesh-
fly, that will still gnaw upon the lean gall'd backs.

Pietro Jacomo.

Why do'st thou salute him ?

Malevole.

'Faith, as bawds go to church, for fashion sake : come, be
not confounded, thou art but in danger to lose a dukedom.
Think this ; this earth is only the grave and golgotha wherein
all things that live must rot : 'tis but the draught wherein the
heavenly bodies discharge their corruption ; the very muck-
hill

THE MALCONTENT. 85

hill on which the sublunary orbs cast their excrements. Man is the slime of this dung-pit, and princes are the governors of these men ; for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece ; ⁷⁰ there goes but a pair of sheers between an emperor and the son of a bag-piper ; only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference. Now, what art thou like to lose ?

*A jailor's office, to keep men in bonds,
Whilst toil and treason all life's good confounds.*

Pietro Jacomo.

I here renounce for ever regency ;
O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right ;
To trip thy heels up with a devilish slight.
For which I now from off thy throne am thrown ; world's
tricks abjure ;

For vengeance though't comes slow, yet it comes sure.

O I am chang'd ! for here, 'fore the dread power,
In true contrition, I do dedicate
My breath to solitary holiness,
My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall be,
Restoring Altofront to regency.

Malevole.

Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith.

[Malevole undisguiseth himself.]

Enter Ferneze and Celso.

Banish amazement : come, we four must stand full shock of
fortune ; be not so wonder-stricken.

Pietro Jacomo.

Doth Ferneze live ?

Ferneze.

For your pardon.

Pietro Jacomo.

Pardon and love ; give leave to recollect
My thoughts, dispers'd in wild astonishment :
My vows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence
I crave all love and pardon.

⁷⁰ *there goes but a pair of sheers, &c.]* i. e. they are both of the same piece. The same expression is in *Measure for Measure*, A. 1. S. 2. See also the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone on the last-mentioned passage.

Malevole.

Who doubts of providence,
 That sees this change? a hearty faith to all:
He needs must rise, that can no lower fall.
 For still impetuous vicissitude
 Towseth the world; then let no maze intrude
 Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise;
For who can sink, that close can temporise?
 The time grows ripe for action; I'll detect
 My privat'it plot; lest ignorance fear suspect.
 Let's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate,
Mature discretion is the life of state.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Enter Bilioso and Passarello.**Bilioso.*

FOOL, how do'st thou like my calf in a long stocking?

Passarello.

An excellent calf, my lord.

Bilioso.

This calf hath been a reveller this twenty years. When monsieur Gundi lay here ambassador, I could have carried a lady up and down at arm's end in a platter; and I can tell you, there were those at that time, who, to try the strength of a man's back and his arm, would be ⁷² coister'd. I have measured calves with most of the palace, and they come nothing near me: besides, I think there be not many armours in the arsenal will fit me, especially for the head-piece. I'll tell thee——

Passarello.

What, my lord?

Bilioso.

I can eat stew'd broth as it comes seething off the fire; or a

⁷¹ Towseth] To *tozze* is to disentangle wool or flax. See the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone on *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3.

The first edition reads *Loofseth*.

⁷² coister'd] The meaning of this passage is plain enough without an explanation. The word *coistered* I have not found in any ancient writer, but it seems to be derived from the French word *coiffer*, incommoder, faire de la peine; or perhaps *coiter*, presser, exciter. See Lacombe's *Dictionnaire du vieux langage François*, 1767.

custard,

custard, as it comes reeking out of the oven; and I think there are not many lords can do it. ⁷³ A good pomander, a little decay'd in the scent; but six grains of musk, ground with rose-water, and temper'd with a little civet, shall fetch her again presently.

Passarello.

O ay, as a bawd with *aqua vita*.

Biliofo.

And what, dost thou rail upon the ladies as thou wert wont?

Passarello.

I were better roast a live cat, and might do it with more safety. I am as secret to ladies as their painting; there's Maquerelle oldest bawd, and a perpetual beggar. Did you never know of her trick to be known in the city?

Biliofo.

Never.

Passarello.

Why she gets all the picture-makers to draw her picture; when they have done, she most courtly finds fault with them one after another, and never fetcheth them; they in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their shops; by this means is she better known to the stinkards, than if she had been five times carted.

Biliofo.

'Fore God, an excellent policy.

Passarello.

Are there any revels to-night, my lord?

Biliofo.

Yes.

Passarello.

Good, my lord, give me leave to break a fellow's pate that hath abused me.

Biliofo.

Whose pate?

Passarello.

Young Ferrard, my lord.

Biliofo.

Take heed, he's very valiant; I have known him fight eight quarrels in five days, believe it.

⁷³ a good pomander] See Note 78 to *Lingua*, vol. V. p. 199.

Passarello.

O is he so great a quarreller? why then he's an arrant coward.

Biliofo.

How prove you that?

Passarello.

Why thus; He that quarrels seeks to fight; and he that seeks to fight, seeks to die; and he that seeks to die, seeks never to fight more; and he that will quarrel; and seeks means never to answer a man more, I think he's a coward.

Biliofo.

Thou canst prove any thing.

Passarello.

Any thing but a rich knave, for I can flatter no man.

Biliofo.

Well, be not drunk, good fool; I shall see you anon in the presence. [Exeunt.]

Enter Malevole and Maquerelle, at several doors opposite, singing.

Malevole.

The Dutchman for a drunkard.

Maquerelle,

The Dane for golden locks.

Malevole.

74 The Irishman for usquebaugh.

Maquerelle.

The Frenchman for the pox.

Malevole.

O thou art a blessed creature! had I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody, for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company; ha, thou

74 The Irishman for usquebaugh] The Irish have long been celebrated on account of their fondness for this liquor. Dericke, in *The Image of Irelande*, 1581, Sign. F 2, takes notice of it:

"Againe if fortune faunth,

"Or on them chaunce to smile:

"She filles them then with *uskebeaghe*,

"And wine an other while."

In the margin he observes, that *uskebeaghe* is *aqua vite*. See also Mr. Malone's Note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2.

art

THE MALCONTENT.

89

art a melodious Maquerelle; thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast.

Enter Passarello.

Maquerelle.

O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with me to the revels? the hall will be so peester'd anon.

Passarello.

Ay, as the country is with attornies.

Malevole.

What hast thou there, fool?

Passarello.

Wine; I have learnt to drink since I went with my lord ambassador; I'll drink to the health of madam Maquerelle.

Malevole.

Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her.

Passarello.

Ay, but since I borrow'd money of her, I'll drink to her health now, as gentlemen visit brokers; Or as knights send venison to the city; Either to take up more money, or to procure longer forbearance.

Malevole.

Give me the bowl; I drink a health to Altofront our deposed duke.

Passarello.

I'll take it so; now I'll begin a health to madam Maquerelle.

Malevole.

Pugh! I will not pledge her.

Passarello.

Why, I pledg'd your lord.

Malevole.

I care not.

Passarello.

Not pledge madam Maquerelle? why then will I spew up your lord again with this fool's finger.

Malevole.

Hold, I'll take it.

Maquerelle.

Now thou hast drank my health, fool, I am friends with thee.

Passarello.

Passarello.

Art? art?

*75 When Griffon saw the reconciled quean
Offering about his neck her arms to cast;
He threw off sword, and heart's malignant stream,
And her below the lovely loins embrac'd.*

Adieu, madam Maquerelle.

[*Exit Passarello.*

Malevole.

And how dost thou think o' this transformation of state now?

Maquerelle.

Verily very well; for we women always note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other; some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be lords; some must be knaves, and some must be officers; some must be beggars, some must be knights; some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens. As for example, I have two court-dogs, the most fawning curs, the one called Watch, the other Catch; now I, like lady Fortune, sometimes love this dog, sometimes raise that dog; sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch; now that dog which I favour I feed, and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have. The other dog now——

Malevole.

No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, no more dog. And what hope hast thou of the dutchess Maria? will she stoop to the duke's lure? will she coo, think't?

Maquerelle.

Let me see, where's the sign now? ha' ye e'er a calendar? where's the sign trow you?

Malevole.

Sign! why is there any moment in that?

Maquerelle.

O! believe me, a most secret power; look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew, told me,

75 When Griffon, &c.] Griffon is one of the heroes of Orlando Furioso, from whence one might suspect these lines to be taken. I do not, however, find them there.

THE MALCONTENT.

91

court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss. But you must take her in the right vein then; as, when the sign is in Pisces; a fishmonger's wife is very sociable; in Cancer, a precisian's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term; only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling. Has the duke sent any jewel, and rich stones?

Enter Captain.

Malevole.

Ay, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in. By your favour, signior, I must discourse with the lady Maria, Altofront's dutchess; I must enter for the duke.

Captain.

She here shall give you interview: I received the guardship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I'll keep it till I am of no use.

Malevole.

Wilt thou? O heavens, that a christian should be found in a buff-jerkin! Captain Conscience, I love thee, captain.

(Exit Captain.)

We attend, and what hope hast thou of this dutchess's easiness?

Maquerelle.

'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature ever; she hated monkies, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers extremely; she had the vile trick on't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might incur suspect. As God bless me, she had almost brought bed-pressing out of fashion; I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight.

Malevole.

Now, in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

Maquerelle.

Let me see: Heaven forgive us our misdeeds! Here's the dutchess.

ACTUS

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

*Enter Maria and Captain.**Malevole.*

GOD blefs thee, lady.

Maria.

Out of thy company.

Malevole.

We have brought thee tender of a husband.

Maria.

I hope I have one already.

Maquerelle.

Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good ha' ne'er a husband as a banish'd husband, he's in another world now. I'll tell ye, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep, the wife might lawfully entertain another man, for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banish'd.

Maria.

Unhonest creature!

Maquerelle.

Pish, honesty is but an art to seem so; pray ye what's honesty? what's constancy? but fables feign'd, odd old fools' chat, devised by jealous fools, to wrong our liberty.

Malevole.

Molly, he that loves thee is a duke; Mendozo, he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of ⁷⁶ Rosiclear, or Donzel del Phœbo; there's jewels, if thou wilt, so; if not, so.

Maria.

Captain, for God's sake, save poor wretchedness
From tyranny of lustful insolence:
Inforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell,
Rather than here, here round about is hell.

⁷⁶ Rosiclear—Donzel del Phœbo;] See *The Mirror of Knightbood*. S.
O my

O my dear'st Altofront! where-e'er thou breathe,
Let my soul sink into the shades beneath,
Before I stain thine honour! this thou hast;
And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

Malevole.

'Gainst him that can enforce, how vain is strife?

Maria.

She that can be enforced, has ne'er a knife.
*She that through force her limbs with lust enrolls,
Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals.*
God amend you.

[*Exit with Captain.*

Malevole.

Now the fear of the devil for ever go with thee! Maquerelle, I tell thee I have found an honest woman: faith, I perceive when all is done, there is of women as of all other things, some good, most bad; some saints, some sinners; for as now-a-days, no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his ⁷⁷cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather; even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his: I can hunt the letter no farther. O God, how loathsome this toying is to me! that a duke should be forc'd to fool it! well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia*. Better play the fool lord, than be the fool lord! now, where's yout slights, madam Maquerelle?

Maquerelle.

Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis said, a squeamish affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse of their yielding is only (forsooth) the difficult obtaining. You must put her to't; women are flax, and will fire in a moment.

Malevole.

Why, was not the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou! thou set fire, thou enflame her?

Maquerelle.

Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot.

Malevole.

The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman.

Maquerelle.

You were too boisterous, spleeny, for indeed—

⁷⁷ cockatrice] See Note 41 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X. p. 87.

Malevole.

Malevole.

Go, go, thou art a weak pandress, now I see.
Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste,
Than all with heat can melt a mind that's chaste.
 Go thou, the duke's lime-twig, I'll make the duke turn thee out
 of thine office; what, not get one touch of hope, and had her
 at such advantage?

Maquerelle.

Now o' my conscience, now I think in my discretion we did
 not take her in the right sign, the blood was not in the true
 vein, sure! [Exit.]

Enter Bilioso.

Bilioso.

Make way there; the duke returns from the inthronement,
Malevole.

Malevole.

Out, rogue!

Bilioso.

Malevole.

Malevole.

Hence ye gross-jaw'd, peasantly—out, go.

Bilioso.

Nay, sweet *Malevole*, since my return, I hear you are be-
 come the thing I always prophesied would be, an advanced
 virtue, a worthily employed faithfulness, a man of grace, dear
 friend.

Come; what? *Si quoties peccant homines.*—If as often as
 courtiers play the knaves, honest men should be angry. Why
 look ye, we must ⁷⁸ *collogue* sometimes, forswear sometimes.

Malevole.

Be damn'd sometimes!

Bilioso.

Right; *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.* No man can be honest at
 all hours. Necessity often depraves virtue.

Malevole.

I will commend thee to the duke.

⁷⁸ *collogue*] In cant language, the word *collogue* means to *rubeeble*.
 See several instances of it in Mr. Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. I. S. 2.

Bilioso.

THE MALCONTENT.

95

Biliofo.
Do, let us be friends, man.

Malevole.
And knaves, man.

Biliofo.
Right, let us prosper and purchase; our lordships shall live,
and our knavery be forgotten.

Malevole.
He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shame
him.

Biliofo.
True.

Malevole.
For impudence and faithleſſneſs are the main ſtays to great-
neſs.

Biliofo.
By the lord, thou art a profound lad!

Malevole.
By the lord, thou art a perfect knave; out, ye ⁷⁹ antient
damnation!

Biliofo.
Peace, peace, and thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a
knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and diſcloſe
me. Peace, Cornets.

ACTUS V. SCENA III.

*Enter Prepafſo and Ferrardo, two Pages with lights, Celſo and
Equato, Mendoza in duke's robes, Bilioſo and Guerrino.*
[*Exeunt all ſave Malevole and Mendoza.*

Mendoza.

ON, on; leave us, leave us: ſtay, where is the hermit?

Malevole.

With duke Pietro, with duke Pietro.

^{79 antient damnation}] A very ſtrong, though not a very delicate phraſe
which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Juliet. S.

Mendoza.

Mendoza.

Is he dead? is he poisoned?

Malevole.

Dead as the duke is.

Mendoza.

Good, excellent: he will not blab; security lives in secrecy. Come hither, come hither.

Malevole.

Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about thee my nature cannot endure.

Mendoza.

Scent, man? what returns Maria, what answer to our suit?

Malevole.

Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

*Mendoza.*Then she's but dead; 'tis resolute, she dies.
*Black deed only through black deed safely flies.**Malevole.*Pugh! *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.**Mendoza.*

What, art a scholar? art a politician? sure thou art an errand knave.

Malevole.

Who I? I have been twice an under-sheriff, man.

Well, I will go rail upon some great man, that I may purchase the bastinado, or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and instantly go travel.

Mendoza.

Travel when thou art married!

Malevole.

Ay, 'tis your young lord's fashion to do so, though he was so lazy, being a bachelor, that he would never travel so far as the university; yet when he married her, tales off, and Catfow for England.

Mendoza.

And why for England?

Malevole.

Because there is no brothel-houses there.

Mendoza.

Nor courtezans?

Malevole.

Malevole.

Neither; your whore went down with the stews, and your punk came up with the puritan.

Mendoza.

Canst thou impositon? canst thou impositon?

Malevole.

Excellently; no Jew, 'pothecary, or politician better. Look ye, here's a box; whom would'st thou impositon? here's a box, which, when opened, and the fume taken up in the conduits through which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours space bind up all shew of life in a deep senseless sleep: here's another, which, being opened under the sleeper's nose, choaks all the powers of life, kills him suddenly.

Enter Celso.

Mendoza.

I'll try experiments, 'tis good not to be deceived: so, so, catzo.

[*Seems to poison Malevole.*]

Who would fear that may destroy?

Death hath no teeth, or tongue;

And he that's great, to him are slaves,

Shame, murder, fame, and wrong——

Celso!

Celso.

My honoured lord!

Mendoza.

The good Malevole, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on sudden! wond'rous strangely! He held in our esteem good place. Celso, see him buried, see him buried.

Celso.

I shall observe ye.

Mendoza.

And, Celso, pr'ythee let it be thy care to-night
To have some pretty shew, to solemnize
Our high installment; some musick, maskery.
We'll give fair entertain unto Maria,
The dutchess to the banish'd Altofront:
Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel
Unto the palace; think on some maskery.

VOL. IV.

G

Celso.

Celso.

Of what shape, sweet lord?

Mendoza:

What shape? why any quick-done fiction;
As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,
To come out of Elysium forsooth,
Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune; some such thing,
Some far-fet trick good for ladies, some stale toy
Or other, no matter so't be of our devising.
Do thou prepare't, 'tis but for a fashion sake,
Fear not, it shall be grac'd; man, it shall take.

Celso.

All service.

Mendoza.

All thanks, our hand shall not be close to thee, farewell.
Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall;
Mischief that prospers men do virtue call.
I'll trust to no man; he that by tricks gets wreathes,
Keeps them with steel; no man securely breathes
Out of deserved rank: the crowd will mutter, fool:
Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule.
The chiefest secret for a man of state
Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate.

[Exit Mendoza.]

Malevole.

Death of the damn'd thief! [Starts up and speaks.]
I'll make one of the mask; thou shalt have some
Brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Celso.

My lord, what strange delusion?

Malevole.

Most happy, dear Celso, poison'd with an empty box: I'll
give thee all anon: my lady comes to court, there is a whirl
of fate comes tumbling on; the castle's captain stands for me,
the people pray for me, the great leader of the just stands for
me: then courage, Celso.

For no disastrous chance can ever move him,
That leaveth nothing but a God above him.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Prepaffo and Biliofo, two Pages before them, Maquerelle, Bianca, and Emilia.

Bianca.

Make room there, room for the ladies: why, gentlemen, will not ye fuffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? why, gallants? and you, fir, to drop your torch where the beauties muft fit too!

Prepaffo.

And there's a great fellow plays the knave; why doft not ftrike him?

Biliofo.

Let him play the knave a God's name; think'ft thou, I have no more wit than to ftrike a great fellow? the mufick! more lights! revelling! scaffolds! do you hear? let there be oaths enough ready at the door, fwear out the devil himfelf. Let's leave the ladies, and go fee if the lords be ready for them.

[All fave the ladies depart.]

Maquerelle.

And by my troth, beauties, why do you not put you into the fafhion? this is a ftale cut, you muft come in fafhion: look ye, you muft be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair: look ye, thefe tiring things are juftly out of request now: and, do you hear? you muft wear ⁸⁰ falling bands, you muft come into the falling fafhion: there is fuch a deal a pinning thefe ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all: and again, if you fhould chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no ⁸¹ poking ftick to recover its form: believe me, no fafhion to the falling band, I fay.

Bianca.

And is not fignior St. Andrew a gallant fellow now?

Maquerelle.

By my maidenhead, la, honour and he agree as well together, as a fattin fuit and woollen ftockings.

Emilia.

But is not marfhal Make-room, my fervant in reverfion, a proper gentleman?

⁸⁰ *falling bands*] See Note 4 to *The Roaring Girl*, vol. VI. p. 10.

⁸¹ *poking ftick*] See Note 24 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 280.

Maquerelle.

Yes, in reversion, as he had his office; as in truth he hath all things in reversion: he has his mistress in reversion, his cloaths in reversion, his wit in reversion; and indeed he is a suitor to me for my dog in reversion: but in good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as—and indeed as fine a man as may be, having a red beard, and a pair of warpt legs.

Bianca.

But I, faith I am most monstroustly in love with count Quidlibet in quodlibet; is he not a pretty, dapper,⁸² unidle gallant?

Maquerelle.

He is even one of the most busy-finger'd lords; he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

Biliofo.

Room! make a lane there! the duke is entering: stand handfomely; for beauty's sake, take up the ladies there. So, cornets! cornets!

ACTUS V. SCENA IV.

Enter Prepaffo, joins to Biliofo, two pages and lights; Ferrardo, Mendoza, at the other door two pages with lights, and the Captain leading in Maria; the Duke meets Maria, and closeth with her; the rest fall back.

Mendoza.

MADAM, with gentle ear receive my suit;
A kingdom's safety should o'erpoise slight rites;
Marriage is merely nature's policy:
Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd,
Danger and civil tumults fright the state,
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

Maria.

What would'st thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou ever devil, 'twas thou that banished'st
My truly noble lord.

Mendoza.

I?

⁸² unidle] windle, first edition.

Maria.

Maria.

Ay, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems,
Twelve moons have suffer'd change since I beheld
The loved presence of my dearest lord.

O thou, far worse than death! he parts but soul
From a weak body; but thou, soul from soul
Dissever't, that which God's own hand did knit;
Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit.

Mendoza.

We'll check your too intemperate lavishness.
I can, and will.

Maria.

What canst?

Mendoza.

Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.

Maria.

He ever is at home that's ever wife.

Mendoza.

You must never meet more; reason should love control.

Maria.

Not meet!

She that dear loves, her love's still in her soul.

Mendoza.

You are but a woman; lady, you must yield.

Maria.

O save me, thou innated bashfulness,
Thou only ornament of woman's modesty.

Mendoza.

Modesty: death, I'll torment thee.

Maria.

Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try,
I'll die my lord's, as long as I can die.

Mendoza.

Thou obstinate, thou shalt die.
Captain, that lady's life is forfeit
To justice; we have examined her,
And we do find, she hath impositon'd
The reverend hermit; therefore we command
Severest custody. Nay, if you'll do's no good,
You'll do's no harm; a tyrant's peace is blood.

G 3

Maria.

Maria.

O thou art merciful! O gracious devil!
Rather by much let me condemned be
For seeming murder, than be damn'd for thee.
I'll mourn no more; come, girt my brows with flow'rs,
Revel and dance; soul, now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a bird; poor heart, thou shalt die chaste.

Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.

Life is a frost of cold felicity,

Aurelia.

And death the thaw of all our vanity.
Was't not an honest priest that wrote so?

Mendoza.

Who let her in?

Biliofo.

Forbear.

Prepasso.

Forbear.

Aurelia.

Alas! calamity, is every where.
Sad misery, despite your double doors,
Will enter even in court.

Biliofo.

Peace.

Aurelia.

I ha' done; one word; take heed; I ha' done.

Enter Mercury with loud musick.

Mercury.

Cyllenian Mercury, the god of ghosts,
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,
Calls four high-famed Genoan dukes to come,
And make this presence their Elysium.
To pass away this high triumphal night,
With song and dances, courts more soft delight.

Aurelia.

Are you god of ghosts? I have a suit depending in hell
betwixt me and my conscience; I would fain have thee help
me to an advocate.

Biliofo.

Biliofo.

Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady.

Aurelia.

Nay faith, Mercury has too good a face to be a right lawyer.

Prepasso.

Peace, forbear: Mercury presents the mask.

Cornets: The song to the cornets, which playing, the mask enters
Malevole, Pietro, Ferneze, and Celso in white robes, with
dukes' crowns upon laurel wreathes; pistolets and short swords
under their robes.

Mendoza.

Celso, Celso, court Maria for our love; lady, be gracious,
yet grace.

Maria.

With me, sir?

[Malevole takes his wife to dance.

Malevole.

Yes, more loved than my breath;
With you I'll dance.

Maria.

Why then you dance with death.
But come, sir, I was ne'er more apt to mirth,
Death gives eternity a glorious breath:
O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die?

Malevole.

They die in fear who live in villainy.

Mendoza.

Yes, believe him, lady, and be rul'd by him.

Pietro Jacomo.

Madam, with me. [Pietro takes his wife Aurelia to dance,

Aurelia.

Would't then be miserable?

Pietro Jacomo.

I need not wish.

Aurelia.

O yet forbear my hand! away! fly! fly!
O seek not her, that only seeks to die!

Pietro Jacomo.

Poor loved soul!

Aurelia.

What, would'st court misery?

Pietro Jacomo.

Yes.

Aurelia.

She'll come too soon; O my griev'd heart!

Pietro Jacomo.

Lady, ha' done, ha' done.

Come, let's dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aurelia.

Art a sad man?

Pietro Jacomo.

Yes, sweet.

Aurelia.

Then we'll agree.

[*Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Bianca: then the cornets sound the measure, one change and rest.*]

Ferneze.

Believe it, lady, shall I swear, let me enjoy you in private,
and I'll marry you, by my foul. [To Bianca.]

Bianca.

I had rather 'you would swear by your body: I think that
would prove the more regarded oath with you.

Ferneze.

I'll swear by them both to please you.

Bianca.

O! damn them not both to please me, for God's sake.

Ferneze.

Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy you to night, and I'll
marry you to morrow fortnight, by my troth, la.

Maquerelle.

On his troth, la! believe him not; that kind of cunny-
catching is as stale as sir Oliver Anchove's perfum'd jerkin:
promise of matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin
lady into a fool's paradise; make her a great woman, and
then cast her off: 'tis as common and natural to a courtier, as
jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an
alderman, pride to a taylor, or an empty handbasket to one
of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth, la! believe him
not; traps to catch pole-cats.

Malvolio.

Malevole.

Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion speak in
your eyes. [To Maria.]

Maria.

O my Altofront!

Pietro Jacomo.

A tyrant's jealousies
Are very nimble; you conceive it all.

Aurelia.

My heart, tho' not my knees, doth humbly fall,
Low as the earth to thee. [To Pietro.]

Pietro Jacomo.

Peace, next change, no words.

Maria.

Speak to such, ay; O what will affords!

Cornets sound the measure over again; which danced, they unmask.

Mendoza.

Malevole! [*They environ Mendoza, bending their pistols on him.*]

Malevole.

No.

Mendoza.

Altofront! duke Pietro! Ferneze! hah!

All.

Duke Altofront! duke Altofront! [*Cornets, a flourish.*]

Mendoza.

Are we surpriz'd? what strange delusions mock
Our senses! do I dream? or have I dreamt

[*They seize upon Mendoza.*]

This two days space? where am I?

Malevole.

Where an arch villain is.

Mendoza.

O lend me breath till I am fit to die.
For peace with heaven, for your own soul's sake,
Vouchsafe me life.

Pietro Jacomo.

Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven nor hell,
Goodness of God or man, could once make good.

Malvole.

Base, treacherous wretch ! what grace canst thou expect,
That hast grown impudent in gracelessness ?

Mendoza.

O life !

Malvole.

Slave, take thy life.

Wert thou defenced through blood and wounds,
The sternest horror of a civil fight,
Would I atchieve thee ; but prostrate at my feet
*I scorn to hurt thee : 'tis the heart of slaves
That deigns to triumph over peasants graves.
For such thou art, since birth doth ne'er inroll
A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul.*
O I have seen strange accidents of state,
The flatterer like the ivy clip the oak,
And waste it to the heart : lust so confirm'd,
That the black act of sin itself not sham'd
To be term'd courtship.

O they that are as great as be their sins,
Let them remember, that th' inconstant people
Love many men meerly for their faces,
And outward shews ; and they do covet more
To have a sight of these than of their virtues.
Yet thus much let the great ones still conceal,
When they observe not heaven's imposed conditions,
They are no men, but forfeit their commissions.

Maquerelle.

O good my lord, I have liv'd in the court this twenty year ;
they that have been old courtiers, and come to live in the
city, they are spighted at, and thrust to the walls like apricots,
good my lord.

Biliofo.

My lord, I did know your lordship in this disguise ; you
heard me ever say, if Altofront did return, I would stand for
him : besides, 'twas your lordship's pleasure to call me wittal
and cuckold ; you must not think, but that I knew you, I
would have put it up so patiently.

Malevole.

You o'er-joy'd spirits, wipe your long wet eyes.

[*To Pietro and Aurelia.*

Hence with this man : [*Kicks out Mendoza.*] an eagle takes,
not flies.

You to your vows : [*To Pietro and Aurelia.*] and thou unto
⁸³ the suburbs : [*To Maquerelle.*

You to my worst friend I would hardly give : [*To Bilioso.*

Thou art a perfect old knave ; all pleas'd live.

You two unto my breast : [*To Celso and the Captain.*

thou to my heart, [*To Maria.*

The rest of idle actors idly part ;

And as for me, I here assume my right,

With which I hope all's pleas'd : to all goodnight.

[*Cornets flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

⁸³ the suburbs :] Where in most countries the stews are situated.

An

An imperfect ODE, being but one Stave,

Spoken by the PROLOGUE.

TO wrest each hurtless thought to private sense,
 Is the foul use of ill bred impudence :
 Immodest censure now grows wild,
 All over-running.
 Let innocence be ne'er so chaste,
 Yet at the last
 She is defil'd
 With too nice-brained cunning.
 O you of fairer soul,
 Controul
 With an Herculean arm
 This harm :
 At once teach all old freedom of a pen,
 Which still must write of fools, whilst writes of men.

E P I L O G U E.

*YOUR modest silence, full of beedy stillness,
 Makes me thus speak : a voluntary illness
 Is merely senseless, but unwilling error ;
 Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fervour
 May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin,
 Rivers take names from founts where they begin.*

*Then let not too severe an eye peruse
⁸⁴ The slighter brakes of our reformed muse ;
 Who could herself, herself of faults detect,
 But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,
 Tho' some men's labour : troth to err is fit,
 As long as wisdom's not profess'd, but wit.
 Then till another's happier muse appears,
 Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,
 To whose desertful lamps pleas'd fates impart
 Art above nature, judgment above art,
 Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet daunteth :
 He that knows most, knows most how much he wanteth.*

⁸⁴ *The slighter brakes of our reformed muse ;*] I suppose by this expression is meant the uncultivated parts of our performance ; brakes (i. e. fern) commonly grow in ground that is never till'd, or broken up. S.

E D I T I O N S.

(1.) The Malcontent. By John Marston, 1604. Printed at London by V. S. for William Aspley, and are to be solde at his shop in Paule's Church-yard. 4to.

(2.) The Malcontent. Augmented by Marston. With the Additions; played by the King's Majesties Servants. Written by John Webster, 1604. At London, Printed by V. S. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Church-yard. 4to.



ALL

ALL FOOLS.

PLATE 2

GEORGE CHAPMAN was born at ¹ Hitching-hill, in the County of Hertford, some time in the year 1557. After being well grounded in school-learning, he was sent to the University, but whether to Oxford or Cambridge was unknown to Anthony Wood, who declares himself certain he resided some time at the former ², where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in Logic or Philosophy, which may be presumed to be the reason he took no degree there. He appears to have been a man of a very respectable character, being countenanced and patronized by several eminent persons, particularly Sir Thomas Walsingham and his son, and by Prince Henry, son of James the First. Wood imagines, that he was a sworn servant either to James the First or his Queen, and says he was highly valued, but not so much as Ben Jonson. The same writer ³ adds, that "he was a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate qualities, rarely meeting in a poet." And another ⁴, that "he was much resorted to latterly by young persons of parts as a poetical Chronicle; but was very choice whom he admitted to him, and preserved in his own person the dignity of Poetry, which he compared to a flower of the sun which disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoaking taper." After living to the age of 77 years, he died on the 12th day of May, 1634, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, and was buried on the South-side of the Church-yard there. His friend Inigo Jones erected a monument to his memory near the place of his interment.

Chapman is a writer who obtained much applause in his time, and was greatly praised by his contemporaries. His Translation of Homer acquired him a considerable degree of

¹ William Browne (*Britannia's Pastorals*, b. II.) speaks of him as,

"The learned shepherd of faire *Hitching-bill*."

This may, however, only allude to his residing there; and Wood supposes him of a Kentish family.

² *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. I. p. 592.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine. It seems to be a quotation, but the writer is not named.

reputation. Mr. Dryden tells us, that Waller used to say he never could read it without incredible transport. It is much censured by Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding, acknowledges that there is a daring, fiery spirit, which animates it, something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

He translated also the *Batrachomyomachia*; finished Marlow's Translation of *Musæus*; and produced several original Poems, and some other Translations.

He is the Author of the following dramattick performances:

(1.) The Blind Beggar of Alexandria: A Comedy. Most pleasantly discoursing his variable humours in disguised shapes full of conceit and pleasure: sundry times publickly acted in London by the Right Honourable the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, his servants. 4to, 1598.

(2.) "A pleasant Comedy; intituled, An Humorous Daye's Myrth. As it hath beene sundrie times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, his servants." 4to, 1599.

(3.) "All Fooles: A Comedy. Presented at the Black Friers, and lately before his Majestie." 4to, 1605.

(4.) "Eastward Hoe. As it was play'd in the Black Friers. By the Children of her Majestie's Revels. Made by George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston." 4to, 1605.

(5.) The Gentleman Usher: A Comedy. 4to, 1606.

(6.) "Monsieur D'Olive: A Comedie. As it was sundrie times acted by her Majestie's Children at the Blacke Friers." 4to, 1606.

(7.) Bussy D'Ambois: A Tragedie. As it hath been often presented at Paule's." 4to, 1607. 4to, 1608. 4to, 1646. 4to, 1657⁵.

(8.) Cæsar

⁵ Mr. Dryden, in his Dedication to *The Spanish Fryer*, says, "I have sometimes wondered in the reading what was become of those glaring colours which amaz'd me in *Bussy D'Ambois* upon the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I suppos'd a fallen star, I found I had been cozen'd with a jelly: nothing but a cold dull mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting. A dwarfish thought dress'd up in gigantick words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten: and

(8.) *Cæsar and Pompey: A Roman Tragedy*; declaring their Warres. Out of whose events is evicted this Proposition, Only a just man is a Freeman. 4to, 1607. 4to, 1631.

(9 and 10.) "The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshall of France. Acted lately, in two Plays, at the Black Friers." 4to, 1608. 4to, 1625.

(11.) *May Day: A Witty Comedie*. Divers times acted at the Blacke Fryers." 4to, 1611.

(12.) "The Widdowe's Tears: A Comedie. As it was often presented in the Blacke and White Friers." 4to, 1612.

(13.) "The Revenge of Buffy D'Ambois: A Tragedie. As it hath beene often presented at the private Play-houſe in the White Friers." 4to, 1613.

(14.) "The memorable Masque of the two honourable Houses, or Innes of Court, the Middle Temple, and Lyncolne's Inne. As it was performed before the King at Whitehall on Shrove-Munday at Night, being the 15th of Febr. 1613, at the princely celebration of the most royall Nuptials of the Palsgrave, and his thrice gracious Princeſſe Elizabeth, &c." 4to. No date⁶.

(15.) *Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools: or, A Comical Moral*, censuring the Follies of that age; divers times acted. 4to, 1619.

(16.) "The Tragedy of Alphonſus, Emperour of Germany. As it hath been very often acted (with great applause) at the private house in Black Friers, by his late Majestie's servants." 4to, 1654.

(17.) *Revenge for Honour: A Tragedy*. 4to, 1654. 4to, 1659.

Chapman also joined with Shirley in the composition of two Plays, viz. *The Ball*; and *Chabot, Admiral of France*, See the account of Shirley, vol. VIII. p. 196.

"to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or at best a scantling of wit which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern Poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's Manes: and I have indignation enough to burn a *D'Amboys* annually to the memory of Jonſon."

⁶ It appears from Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*, that the expence of this Masque, to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, amounted to the sum of 1086 l. 8 s. 11 d.

P R O L O G U S.

THE fortune of a stage (like fortune's self)
 Amazes greatest judgements : and none knows
 The hidden causes of those strange effects,
 That rise from this hell; or fall from this heaven :
 Who can shew cause, why your wits, that in aim
 At higher objects, scorn to compose plays ;
 (Though we are sure they could, would they vouchsafe it)
 Should (without means to make) judge better far,
 Than those that make ? and yet ye see they can ;
 For without your applause, wretched is he
 That undertakes the stage, and he's more blest,
 That with your glorious favours can contest.

Who can shew cause, why th' ancient comick vein
 Of Eupolis and Cratinus now reviv'd,
 (Subject to personal application)
 Should be exploded by some bitter spleens ?
 Yet merely comical, and harmless jests
 (Though ne'er so witty) be esteem'd but toys,
 If void of th' other satyrisms' sauce ?

Who can shew cause why quick Venerean jests
 Should sometimes ravish ? sometimes fall far short
 Of the just length and pleasure of your ears ?
 When our pure dames think them much less obscene,
 Than those that win your panegyrick spleen ?
 But our poor dooms (alas) you know are nothing ;

⁷ Eupolis and Cratinus] Two Athenian Comic Poets, who flourished about 430 years before Christ.

*To your inspired censure, ever we
Must needs submit, and there's the mystery.*

*Great are the gifts given to united heads ;
To gifts, attire ; to fair attire, the stage
Helps much ; for if our other audience see
You on the stage depart before we end,
Our wits go with you all, and we are fools ;
So fortune governs in these stage events,
That merit bears least sway in most contents.
Auriculas asini quis non habet ?
How we shall then appear, we must refer
To Magick of your dooms, that never err,*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GOSTANZO, } Knights.
 MAR. ANTONIO, }
 VALERIO, Son to GOSTANZO.
 FORTUNIO, elder Son to MAR. ANTONIO.
 RYNALDO, the younger.
 DARIOTTO, } Courtiers.
 CLAUDIO, }
 CORNELIO, a start-up Gentleman.
 CURIO, a Page.
 KYTE, a Scrivener.
 FRANCIS POCK, a Surgeon.

GAZETTA, Wife to CORNELIO.
 BELLONORA, a Daughter to GOSTANZO.
 GRATIANA, stoln Wife to VALERIO.

ALL

A L L F O O L S'.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*Enter Rynaldo, Fortunio, Valerio.**Rynaldo.*

CAN one self cause, in subjects so alike
 As you two are, produce effect so unlike?
 One like the turtle, all in mournful strains,
 Wailing his fortunes; th' other like the lark
 Mounting the sky in shrill and chearful notes,
 Chanting his joys aspir'd; and both for love:
 In one, love raiseth by his violent heat,
 Moist vapours from the heart into the eyes,
 From whence they drown his breast in daily showers;
 In th' other, his divided power infuseth
 Only a temperate and most kindly warmth,
 That gives life to those fruits of wit and virtue,
 Which the unkind hand of an uncivil father
 Had almost nipt in the delightful blossom.

Fortunio.

O brother, love rewards our services
 With a most partial and injurious hand,
 If you consider well our different fortunes:
 Valerio loves, and joys the dame he loves:
 I love, and never can enjoy the sight
 Of her I love; so far from conquering
 In my desires assault, that I can come

⁷ Langbaine says, this play was in its days accounted an excellent comedy. It seems built in part upon the same fabrick with Terence's *Heautontimorumenos*, as those who will compare the characters of the two fathers Gostanzo and Marco Antonio, with Chremes and Menedemus, and their sons Valerio, Fortunio, and Rynaldo, with Clinia, Antipho, and Syrus, may easily perceive.

H 4

To

To lay no battery to the fort I seek ;
 All passages to it, so strongly kept,
 By strait guard of her father.

Rynaldo.

I dare swear,
 If just desert in love measur'd reward,
 Your fortune should exceed Valerio's far :
 For I am witness (being your bedfellow)
 Both to the daily and the nightly service
 You do unto the deity of love,
 In vows, sighs, tears, and solitary watches :
 He never serves him with such sacrifice,
 Yet hath his bow and shafts at his command :
 Love's service is much like our ^h humorous lords ;
 Where minions carry more than servitors :
 The bold and careless servant still obtains :
 The modest and ^r respectful, nothing gains.
 You never see your love, unless in dreams ;
 He, Hymen puts in whole possession.
 What different stars reign'd when your loves were born ;
 He forc'd to wear the willow, you the horn !
 But, brother, are you not asham'd to make
 Yourself a slave to the base lord of love,
 Begot of fancy, and of beauty born ?
 And what is beauty ? a mere quintessence,
 Whose life is not in being, but in seeming ;
 And therefore is not to all eyes the same,
 But like a couzening picture, which one way
 Shews like a crow, another like a swan :
 And upon what ground is this beauty drawn ?
 Upon a woman, a most brittle creature,
 And would to God (for my part) that were all !

Fortunio.

But tell me, brother, did you never love ?

Rynaldo.

You know I did, and was belov'd again,
 And that of such a dame, as all men deem'd

^h humorous] See Note 74 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 137.
^r respectful,] See Note 42 to *Ram-Alley*, vol. V. p. 480.

Honour'd,

Honour'd, and made me happy in her favours :
 Exceeding fair she was not ; and yet fair
 In that she never studied to be fairer
 Than nature made her ; beauty cost her nothing,
 Her virtues were so rare, they would have made
 An Æthiop beautiful : at least, so thought
 By such as stood aloof, and did observe her
 With credulous eyes ; but what they were indeed
 I'll spare to blaze, because I lov'd her once,
 Only I found her such, as for her sake
 I vow eternal wars against their whole sex,
 Inconstant shuttle-cocks, loving fools, and jesters ;
 Men rich in dirt, and titles sooner won
 With the most vile, than the most virtuous :
 Found true to none : if one amongst whole hundreds
 Chance to be chaste, she is so proud withall,
 Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste life
 Is oftentimes approv'd a worthier wife :
 Undressed, sluttish, nasty, to their husbands,
 Spung'd up, adorn'd, and painted to their lovers :
 All day in ceaseless uproar with their households,
 If all the night their husbands have not pleas'd them :
 Like hounds, most kind, being beaten and abus'd ;
 Like wolves, most cruel, being kindest us'd.

Fortunio.

Fie, thou prophan'st the deity of their sex.

Rynaldo.

Brother, I read, that Egypt heretofore
 Had temples of the richest frame on earth :
 Much like this goodly edifice of women,
 With alabaster pillars were those temples
 Upheld and beautified, and so are women :
 Most curiously glaz'd, and so are women ;
 Cunningly painted too, and so are women ;
 In out-side wondrous heavenly, so are women :
 But when a stranger view'd those fanes within,
 Instead of gods and goddesses, he should find
 A painted fowl, a fury, or a serpent,
 And such celestial inner parts have women.

Valerio.

Valerio.

Rynaldo, the poor fox that lost his tail,
 Persuaded others also to lose theirs :
 Thyself, for one perhaps that for desert
 Or some defect in thy attempts refus'd thee,
 Revil'st the whole sex, beauty, love and all :
 I tell thee, love is nature's second son,
 Causing a spring of virtues where he shines,
 And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
 All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
 Are given in vain to men, so without love
 All beauties bred in women are in vain ;
 All virtues born in men lie buried,
 For love informs them as the sun doth colours ;
 And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
 Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
 So love, fair shining in the inward man,
 Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
 Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
 Brave resolution, and divine discourse :
 O 'tis the paradise, the heaven of earth ;
 And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
 In one delicious harmony united,
 As to joy one joy, and think both one thought,
 Live both one life, and therein double life ;
 To see their souls met at an interview
 In their bright eyes, at parley in their lips,
 Their language kisses ; and to observe the rest,
 Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
 Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies ;
 Thou would'st abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.
 O, who can comprehend how sweet love tastes,
 But he that hath been present at his feasts ?

Rynaldo.

Are you in that vein too, Valerio ?
 'Twere fitter you should be about your charge,
 How plough and cart goes forward : I have known
 Your joys were all employ'd in husbandry,
 Your study was how many loads of hay
 A meadow of so many acres yielded ;

How

How many oxen such a close would fat?
 And is your rural service now converted
 From Pan to Cupid;—and from beasts to women?
 O, if your father knew this, what a lecture
 Of bitter castigation he would read you!

Valerio.

My father! why my father? does he think
 To rob me of myself? I hope I know
 I am a gentleman; though his covetous humour
 And education hath transform'd me bailiff,
 And made me overseer of his pastures,
 I'll be myself, in spite of husbandry.

Enter Gratiana.

And see bright heaven here comes my husbandry;

[Embraces her.]

Here shall my cattle graze; here nectar drink;
 Here will I hedge and ditch; here hide my treasure,
 O poor Fortunio; how wouldst thou triumph,
 If thou enjoy'dst this happiness with my sister!

Fortunio.

I were in heaven if once 'twere come to that

Rynaldo.

And methinks 'tis my heaven that I am past it;
 And should the wretched Machevilian,
 The covetous knight your father, see this fight,
 Lusty Valerio——

Valerio.

S'foot, sir, if he should,
 He shall perceive ere long my skill extends
 To something more than sweaty husbandry.

Rynaldo.

I'll bear thee witness, thou canst skill of dice,
 Cards, tennis, wenching, dancing, and what not;
 And this is something more than husbandry:
 Th'art known in ordinaries and tobacco-shops,
 Trusted in taverns and in vaulting-houses,
 And this is something more than husbandry:
 Yet all this while, thy father apprehends thee
 For the most tame and thrifty groom in Europe.

Fortunio,

Fortunio.

Well, he hath ventur'd on a marriage
Would quite undo him did his father know it.

Rynaldo.

Know it? alas, fir, where can he bestow
This poor gentlewoman he has made his wife,
But his inquisitive father will hear of it?
Who, like the dragon to th' Hesperean fruit,
Is to his haunts? flight! hence, the old knight comes.

*Enter Gostanzo.**Gostanzo.**Rynaldo.**Rynaldo.*

Who's that calls? what, fir Gostanzo?
How fares your knighthood, fir? [*All go out except Rynaldo.*]

Gostanzo.

Say who was that
Shrunk at my entry here? was't not your brother?

Rynaldo.

He shrunk not, fir; his business call'd him hence.

Gostanzo.

And was it not my son that went out with him?

Rynaldo.

I saw not him; I was in serious speech
About a secret business with my brother.

Gostanzo.

Sure 'twas my son; what made he here? I sent him
About affairs to be dispatch'd in haste.

Rynaldo.

Well, fir, lest silence breed unjust suspect,
I'll tell a secret I am sworn to keep,
And crave your honoured assistance in it.

Gostanzo.

What is't, Rynaldo?

Rynaldo.

This, fir; 'twas your son.

Gostanzo.

And what young gentlewoman grac'd their company?

Rynaldo.

Thereon depends the secret I must utter:
That gentlewoman hath my brother married.

Gostanzo.

A L L F O L L S.

1-2

Gostanzo.

Married! what is she?

Rynaldo.

Faith, fir, a gentlewoman:
But her unnourishing dowry must be told
Out of her beauty.

Gostanzo.

Is it true, Rynaldo?
And does your father understand so much?

Rynaldo.

That was the motion, fir, I was entreating
Your son to make to him; because I know
He is well spoken, and may much prevail
In satisfying my father, who much loves him
Both for his wisdom and his husbandry.

Gostanzo.

Indeed he's one can tell his tale I tell you,
And for his husbandry——

Rynaldo.

O, fir, had you heard
What thrifty discipline he gave my brother,
For making choice without my father's knowledge,
And without riches—you would have admir'd him.

Gostanzo.

Nay, nay, I know him well; but what was it?

Rynaldo.

That in the choice of wives men must respect
The chief wife, riches; that in every course
A man's chief load-star should shine out of riches,
Love nothing heartily in this world but riches;
Cast off all friends, all studies, all delights,
All honesty, and religion, for riches:
And many such, which wisdom sure he learn'd
Of his experienc'd father; yet my brother,
So sooths his rash affection, and presumes
So highly on my father's gentle nature,
That he's resolv'd to bring her home to him,
And like enough he will.

Gostanzo.

And like enough

Your

Your silly father too will put it up,
An honest knight, but much too much indulgent
To his presuming children.

Rynaldo.

What a difference
Doth interpose itself twixt him and you!
Had your son us'd you thus—

Gostanzo.

My son? alas
I hope to bring him up in other fashion,
Follows my husbandry, sets early foot
Into the world; he comes not at the city,
Nor knows the city arts.

Rynaldo.

But dice and wenching.

[*Aside.*

Gostanzo.

Acquaints himself with no delight but getting;
A perfect pattern of sobriety,
Temperance, and husbandry, to all my household;
And what's his company I pray? not wenches.

Rynaldo.

Wenches! I durst besworn he never sinelt a wench's breath;
Yet, but methinks 'twere fit you sought him out a wife.

Gostanzo.

A wife, Rynaldo?
He dares not look a woman in the face.

Rynaldo.

S'foot hold him to one; your son such a sheep?

Gostanzo.

'Tis strange in earnest.

Rynaldo.

Well, sir, though for my thrifless brother's sake,
I little care how my wrong'd father takes it;
Yet, for my father's quiet, if yourself
Would join hands with your wife and toward son,
I should deserve it some way.

Gostanzo.

Good Rynaldo,
I love you and your father, but this matter
Is not for me to deal in; and 'tis needless,

You say your brother is resolv'd, presuming
Your father will allow it.

Enter Marc. Antonio.

Rynaldo.

See my father, since you are resolute not to move him, fir,
In any case conceal the secret. *[Hides himself.]*
By way of an atonement let me pray you will.

Gostanzo.

Upon mine honour.

Rynaldo.

Thanks, fir.

Marc. Antonio.

God save thee, honourable knight Gostanzo.

Gostanzo.

Friend Marc. Antonio, welcome; and I think
I have good news to welcome you withal.

Rynaldo.

He cannot hold.

Marc. Antonio.

What news I pray you, fir?

Gostanzo.

You have a forward, valiant eldest son,
But wherein is his forwardness and valour?

Marc. Antonio.

I know not wherein you intend him so.

Gostanzo.

Forward before, valiant behind, his duty,
That he hath dar'd before your due consent
To take a wife.

Marc. Antonio.

A wife, fir! what is she?

Gostanzo.

One that is rich enough; her hair pure amber;
Her forehead mother of pearl; her fair eyes
Two wealthy diamonds; her lips mines of rubies;
Her teeth are orient pearl; her neck pure ivory.

Marc. Antonio.

Jest not, good fir, in an affair so serious;
I love my son, and if his youth reward me

With

With his contempt of my consent in marriage,
 'Tis to be fear'd that his presumption builds not
 Of his good choice, that will bear out itself,
 And being bad, the news is worse than bad.

Gostanzo.

What call you bad? is it bad to be poor?

Marc. Antonio.

The world accounts it so; but if my son
 Have in her birth and virtues held his choice,
 Without disparagement, the fault is less.

Gostanzo.

Sits the wind there? blows there so calm a gale
 From a contemned and deserved anger?
 Are you so easy to be disobey'd?

Marc. Antonio.

What should I do? if my enamour'd son
 Have been so forward, I assure myself
 He did it more to satisfy his love,
 Than to incense my hate, or to neglect me.

Gostanzo.

A passing kind construction; suffer this,
 You ope' him doors to any villainy,
 He'll dare to sell, to pawn, run ever riot,
 Despise your love in all, and laugh at you:
 And that knight's competency you have gotten
 With care and labour; he with lust and idleness
 Will bring into the stipend of a beggar;
 All to maintain a wanton whirly-gig,
 Worth nothing more than she brings on her back,
 Yet all your wealth too little for that back:
 By heaven I pity your declining state,
 For be assur'd your son hath set his foot
 In the right path-way to consumption:
 Up to the heart in love; and for that love,
 Nothing can be too dear his love desires:
 And how insatiate and unlimited
 Is the ambition and the beggarly pride
 Of a dame hoisted from a beggar's state,
 To a state competent and plentiful,
 You cannot be so simple not to know.

Marc.

Marc. Antonio.

I must confefs the mischief: but, alas!
Where is in me the power of remedy?

Goffanzo.

Where? in your just displeasure: cast him off,
Receive him not, let him endure the use
Of their enforced kindness that must trust him
For meat and money, for apparel, house,
And every thing belongs to that estate,
Which he must learn with want of misery,
Since pleasure and a full estate hath blinded
His dissolute desires.

Marc. Antonio.

What should I do?
If I should banish him my house and sight,
What desperate resolution might it breed!
To run into the wars, and there to live
In want of competency, and perhaps
Taste th' unrecoverable loss of his chief limbs,
Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,
May with his spirit, ransom his estate
From any loss his marriage can procure.

Goffanzo.

Is't true? ne let him run into the war,
And lose what limbs he can: better one branch
Be lopt away, than all the whole tree should perish:
And for his wants, better young want than old.
You have a younger son at Padoa.
I like his learning well, make him your heir,
And let your other walk: let him buy wit
At's own charge, not at's father's; if you lose him,
You lose no more than that was lost before;
If you recover him, you find a son.

Marc. Antonio.

I cannot part with him.

Goffanzo.

If it be so,
And that your love to him be so extream,
In needful dangers ever chuse the least:
If he should be in mind to pass the seas,
Your son Rynaldo (who told me all this)

Will tell me that, and so we shall prevent it:
 If by no stern course you will venture that,
 Let him come home to me with his fair wife:
 And if you chance to see him, shake him up,
 As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,
 That he may fear hereafter to offend
 In other dissolute courses: at my house,
 With my advice, and my son's good example,
 Who shall serve as a glass for him to see
 His faults, and mend them to his precedent;
 I make no doubt but of a dissolute son
 And disobedient, to send him home
 Both dutiful and thrifty.

Marc. Antonio.

O, Gostanzo!
 Could you do this, you should preserve yourself
 A perfect friend of me, and me a son.

Gostanzo.

Remember you your part, and fear not mine:
 Rate him, revile him, and renounce him too:
 Speak; can you do't, man?

Marc. Antonio.

I'll do all I can.

[Exit Marc. Antonio.

Gostanzo.

Alas, good man, how Nature over-weighs him!

Rynaldo comes forth.

Rynaldo.

God save you, sir.

Gostanzo.

Rynaldo, all the news
 You told me as a secret, I perceive
 Is passing common! for your father knows it,
 The first thing he related was the marriage.

Rynaldo.

And was extremely mov'd?

Gostanzo.

Beyond all measure:
 But I did all I could to quench his fury;
 Told him how easy 'twas for a young man

To run that amorous course; and though his choice
Were nothing rich, yet she was gently born,
Well qualified and beautiful; but he still
Was quite relentless, and would needs renounce him.

Rynaldo.

My brother knows it well, and is resolv'd
To trail a pike in field, rather than bide
The more fear'd push of my vex'd father's fury.

Gostanzo.

Indeed that's one way! but are no more means
Left to his fine wits, than t'incense his father
With a more violent rage, and to redeem
A great offence with greater?

Rynaldo.

So I told him:
But to a desperate mind all breath is lost.

Gostanzo.

Go to, let him be wise, and use his friends,
Amongst whom I'll be foremost to his father:
Without this desperate error he intends
Joined to the other; I'll not doubt to make him
Easy return into his father's favour,
So he submit himself, as duty binds him;
For fathers will be known to be themselves,
And often when their angers are not deep,
Will paint an outward rage upon their looks.

Rynaldo.

All this I told him, fir; but what says he?
I know my father will not be reclaim'd;
He'll think that if he wink at this offence,
'Twill open doors to any villainy:
I'll dare to sell, to pawn, and run all riot,
To laugh at all his patience; and consume
All he hath purchas'd to an honour'd purpose,
In maintenance of a wanton whirly-gig,
Worth nothing more than she wears on her back.

Gostanzo.

The very words I us'd t' incense his father;
But, good Rynaldo, let him be advis'd:

How would his father grieve, should he be maim'd,
Or quite miscarry in the ruthless war?

Rynaldo.

I told him so; but better far (said he)
One branch should utterly be lopt away,
Than the whole tree of all his race should perish:
And for his wants, better young want than old.

Gostanzo.

By heaven! the same words still I us'd t'his father.
Why comes this about? well, good Rynaldo,
If he dare not indure his father's looks,
Let him and his fair wife come home to me;
Till I have qualified his father's passion,
He shall be kindly welcome, and be sure
Of all the intercession I can use.

Rynaldo.

I thank you, sir; I'll try what I can do,
Although I fear me I shall strive in vain.

Gostanzo.

Well, try him, try him.

[*Exit Gostanzo.*]

Rynaldo.

Thanks, sir, so I will.
See, this old politic dissembling knight,
Now he perceives my father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter live
By him and his, with equal use of either,
He will put on a face of hollow friendship.
But this will prove an excellent ground to sow
The seed of mirth amongst us; I'll go seek
Valerio and my brother, and tell them
Such news of their affairs as they'll admire.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Gazettea, Bellonora, Gratiana.

Gazetta.

How happy are your fortunes above mine!
Both still being woo'd and courted; still so feeding
On the delights of love, that still you find
An appetite for more; where I am cloy'd,
And being bound to love-sports, care not for them.

Bellonora

Bellonora.

That is your fault, Gazette ; we have loves,
And wish continual company with them
In honour'd marriage rites, which you enjoy.
But seldom or never can we get a look
Of those we love ; Fortunio my dear choice
Dare not be known to love me, nor come near
My father's house ; where I as in a prison
Consume my lost days, and the tedious nights,
My father guarding me for one I hate ;
And Gratiana here, my brother's love,
Joys him by so much stealth, that vehement fear
Drinks up the sweetness of their stolen delights ;
Where you enjoy a husband, and may freely
Perform all obsequies you desire to love.

Gazetta.

Indeed I have a husband, and his love
Is more than I desire, being vainly jealous ;
Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects ;
Extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold ;
Extreme love breeds satiety as well
As extreme hatred ; and too violent rigour
Tempt's chastity as much as too much licence :
There's no man's eye fix'd on me, but doth pierce
My husband's soul ; if any ask my welfare,
He strait doubts treason practis'd to his bed ;
Fancies but to himself all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and lays all on me
For certain truths ; yet seeks he with his best
To put disguise on all his jealousy,
Fearing perhaps, lest it may teach me that
Which otherwise I should not dream upon ;
Yet lives he still abroad at great expence,
Turns merely gallant from his farmer's state,
Uses all games and recreations,
Runs races with the gallants of the court,
Feasts them at home, and entertains them costly,
And then upbraids me with their company.

Enter Cornelio.

See, see we, we shall be troubled with him now.

I 3

Cornelio.

Cornelio.

Now, ladies, what plots have we now in hand?
 They say, when only one dame is alone,
 She plots some mischief; but if three together,
 They plot three hundred: wife, the air is sharp,
 Y'ad best to take the house lest you take cold.

Gazetta.

Alas! this time of year yields no such danger.

Cornelio.

Go in, I say; a friend of yours attends you.

Gazetta.

He is of your bringing, and may stay.

Cornelio.

Nay, stand not chopping logick; in, I pray.

Gazetta.

Ye see, gentlewomen, what my happiness is,
 These humours reign in marriage; humours, humours.

*[Exit, he followeth.]**Gratiana.*

Now by my sooth I am no fortune-teller,
 And would be loth to prove so; yet pronounce
 This at adventure, that t'were indecorum
 This heifer should want horns.

Bellonora.

Fie on this love;
 I rather wish to want, than purchase so.

Gratiana.

Indeed such love is like a smoky fire
 In a cold morning; though the fire be chearful,
 Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,
 T'were better lose the fire than find the smoke;
 Such an attendant then as smoke to fire,
 Is jealousy to love; better want both,
 Than have both.

*Enter Valerio and Fortunio.**Valerio.*

Come, Fortunio, now take hold
 On this occasion, as myself on this;
 One couple more would make a ¹⁰ barley-break.

¹⁰ *barly-break*] See Note 29 to *The Bird in a Cage*, vol. VIII. p. 295.

Fortunio.

Fortunio.

I fear, Valerio, we shall break too soon,
Your father's jealousy, spy-all, will displease us.

Valerio.

Well, wench, the day will come his Argus eyes
Will shut, and thou shalt open : S'foot, I think
Dame Nature's memory begins to fail her ;
If I write but my name in mercer's books,
I am as sure to have at six months end
A rascal at my elbow with his mace,
As I am sure my father's not far hence.
My father yet hath owed dame Nature debt
'These threescore years and ten, yet calls not on him ;
But if she turn her debt-book over once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send
Her serjeant John Death to arrest his body,
Our souls shall rest, wench, then, and the free light
Shall triumph in our faces ; where now night,
In imitation of my father's frowns,
Lours at our meeting :

Enter Rynaldo.

See where the scholar comes.

Rynaldo.

Down on your knees ; poor lovers reverence learning.

Fortunio.

I pray thee why, Rynaldo ?

Rynaldo.

Mark what cause
Flows from my depth of knowledge to your loves,
To make you kneel and blefs me while you live.

Valerio.

I pray thee, good scholar, give us cause.

Rynaldo.

Mark then, erect your ears ; you know what horror
Would fly on your love from your father's frowns,
If he should know it. And your sister here
(My brother's sweet-heart) knows as well what rage
Would seize his powers for her, if he should know

My brother woo'd her, or that she lov'd him ;
Is not this true ? speak all.

Omnes.

All this is true.

Rynaldo.

It is as true that now you meet by stealth
In depth of midnight, kissing out at grates,
Climb over walls. And all this I'll reform.

Valerio.

By logick ?

Rynaldo.

Well, fir, you shall have all means
To live in one house, eat and drink together,
Meet and kiss your fills.

Valerio.

All this by learning ?

Rynaldo.

Aye, and your frowning father know all this.

Valerio.

I marry, small learning may prove that.

Rynaldo.

Nay, he shall know it, and desire it too,
Welcome my brother to him, and your wife,
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.
Is not this strange ?

Fortunio.

Aye too strange to be true.

Rynaldo.

'Tis in this head shall work it : therefore hear ;
Brother, this lady you must call your wife,
For I have told her sweet-heart's father here
That she is your wife ; and because my father
(Who now believes it) must be quieted
Before you see him, you must live awhile
As husband to her in his father's house.
Valerio, here's a simple mean for you
To lie at rack and manger with ¹¹ your wedlock
And brother, for yourself to meet as freely
With this your long desir'd and barred love.

¹¹ your wedlock] i. e. your wife.

Fortunio.

A L L F O O L S.

437

Fortunio.

You make us wonder.

Rynaldo.

Peace, be rul'd by me,
And you shall see to what a perfect shape
I'll bring this rude plot, which blind chance (the ape
Of counsel and advice) hath brought forth blind.
Valerio, can your heat of love forbear
Before your father, and allow my brother
To use some kindness to your wife before him?

Valerio.

Aye before him, I do not greatly care,
Nor any where indeed; my sister here
Shall be my spy; if she will wrong herself,
And give her right to my wife, I am pleas'd.

Fortunio.

My dearest life, I know, will never fear
Any such will or thought in all my powers:
When I court her then, think I think 'tis thee;
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine arms:
Come, let us practise 'gainst we see your father.

Valerio.

Soft, sir, I hope you need not do it yet,
Let me take this time.

Rynaldo.

Come, you must not touch her.

Valerio.

No not before my father?

Rynaldo.

No, nor now,
Because you are so soon to practise it;
For I must bring them to him presently.
Take her, Fortunio; go hence man and wife;
We will attend you rarely with fix'd faces.
Valerio keep your countenance, and conceive
Your father in your forged sheepishness,
Who thinks thou dar'st not look upon a wench,
Nor knowest at which end to begin to kiss her.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

*Enter Gostanzo and Marc. Antonio.**Gostanzo.*

IT is your own too simple lenity,
 And doting indulgence shown to him still,
 That thus hath taught your son to be no son;
 As you have us'd him, therefore so you have him;
 Durst my son thus turn rebel to his duty,
 Steal up a match unsuited his estate
 Without all knowledge of or friend or father;
 And to make that good with a worse offence,
 Adsolve to run beyond sea to the wars?
 Durst my son serve me thus? Well, I have stay'd him,
 Though much against my disposition,
 And this hour I have set for his repair,
 With his young mistress and concealed wife;
 And in my house here they shall sojourn both
 Till your black anger's storm be over-blown.

Marc. Antonio.

My anger's storm! Ah, poor Fortunio,
 One gentle word from thee would soon ¹² resolve
 The storm of my rage to a shower of tears.

Gostanzo.

In that vein still? well, Marc. Antonio,
 Our old acquaintance and long neighbourhood
 Ties my affection to you, and the good
 Of your whole house; in kind regard whereof
 I have advis'd you for your credit sake,
 And for the tender welfare of your son,
 To frown on him a little; if you do not
 But at first parley take him to your favour,
 I protest utterly to renounce all care
 Of you and yours, and all your amities.
 They say he's wretched, that out of himself
 Cannot draw counsel to his proper weal;
 But he's thrice wretched that has neither counsel

¹² resolve] See Note 24 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. p. 184.
 Within

Within himself, nor apprehension
Of counsel for his own good from another.

Marc. Antonio.

Well, I will arm myself against this weakness
The best I can ; I long to see this Hellen
That hath enchanted my young Paris thus,
And's like to set all our poor Troy on fire.

Enter Valerio with a Page; Marc. Antonio retires himself.

Gostanzo.

Here comes my son ; withdraw, take up your stand,
You shall hear odds betwixt your son and mine.

Valerio.

Tell him I cannot do't: shall I be made
A foolish novice, my purse set abroach
By every cheating ¹³ come-you-seven ? to lend
My money, and be laugh'd at ? tell him plain
I profess husbandry, and will not play
The prodigal like him 'gainst my profession.

Gostanzo.

Here's a son !

Marc. Antonio.

An admirable spark !

Page.

Well, sir, I'll tell him so.

[Exit Page.]

Valerio.

S'foot, let him lead
A better husband's life, and live not idly,
Spending his time, his coin, and self, on wenches.

Gostanzo.

Why, what's the matter, son ?

Valerio.

Cry mercy, sir ; why, there come messengers
From this and that brave gallant ; and such gallants,
As I protest I saw but through a grate.

Gostanzo.

And what's this message ?

Valerio.

Faith, sir, he's disappointed
Of payments ; and disfurnish'd of means present :

¹³ *Come-you-seven*] a gambler, a dice-player. N.

If I would do him the kind office therefore
To trust him but some seven-night with the keeping
Of forty crowns for me; he deeply swears,
As he's a gentleman, to discharge his trust,
And that I shall eternally endear him
To my wish'd service, he protests and contests.

Gostanzo.

Good words, Valerio; but thou art too wise
To be deceiv'd by breath: I'll turn thee loose
To the most cunning cheater of them all.

Valerio.

S'foot, he's not aham'd besides to charge me
With a late promise; I must yield indeed,
I did (to shift him with some contentment)
Make such a frival promise.

Gostanzo.

Aye, well done,
Promises are no fetters: with that tongue
Thy promise past, unpromise it again.
Wherefore has man a tongue of power to speak,
But to speak still to his own private purpose?
Beasts utter but one sound; but men have change
Of speech and reason, even by nature given them;
Now to say one thing, and another now,
As best may serve their profitable ends.

Marc. Antonio.

By'r lady, sound instructions to a son!

Valerio.

Nay, sir, he makes his claim by debt of friendship.

Gostanzo.

Tush, friendship's but a term, boy; the fond world
Like to a doting mother glosses over
Her children's imperfections with fine terms:
What she calls friendship and true humane kindness
Is only want of true experience;
Honesty is but a defect of wit,
Respect but mere rusticity and clownry.

Marc. Antonio.

Better and better.
Soft, here comes my son.

Enter

Enter Fortunio, Rynaldo, and Gratiana.

Rynaldo.

Fortunio, keep your countenance: see, sir, here
The poor young married couple, which you pleas'd
To send for to your house.

Gostanzo.

Fortunio, welcome,
And in that welcome I employ your wife's,
Whom I am sure you count your second self. *(He kisses her.)*

Fortunio.

Sir, your right noble favours do exceed
All power of worthy gratitude by words,
That in your care supply my father's place.

Gostanzo.

Fortunio, I cannot chuse but love you,
Being son to him who long time I have lov'd;
From whose just anger my house shall protect you,
Till I have made a calm way to your meetings.

Fortunio.

I little thought, sir, that my father's love
Would take so ill so slight a fault as this.

Gostanzo.

Call you it slight! Nay, though his spirit take it
In higher manner than for your lov'd sake,
I would have wish'd him; yet I make a doubt,
Had my son done the like, if my affection
Would not have turn'd to more spleen than your father's:
And yet I qualify him all I can,
And doubt not but that time, and my persuasion,
Will work out your excuse; since youth and love
Were th'unresisted organs to seduce you:
But you must give him leave, for fathers must
Be won by penitence and submission,
And not by force or opposition.

Fortunio.

Alas, sir! what advise you me to do?
I know my father to be highly mov'd,
And am not able to endure the breath

Of

Of his express'd displeasure, whose hot flames
I think my absence soonest would have quench'd.

Gostanzo.

True, fir, as fire with oil, or else like them
That quench the fire with pulling down the house.
You shall remain here in my house conceal'd,
Till I have won your father to conceive
Kinder opinion of your oversight.
Valerio, entertain Fortunio
And his fair wife, and give them conduct in.

Valerio.

Y'are welcome, fir.

Gostanzo.

What, firrah, is that all?
No entertainment to the gentlewoman?

Valerio.

Forsooth y'are welcome by my father's leave.

Gostanzo.

What no more compliment?
Kiss her you sheep's-head.
Why when? go, go, fir, call your sister hither. [*Exit Valerio.*
Lady, you'll pardon our gross bringing up;
We dwell far off from court you may perceive:
The sight of such a blazing star as you
Dazzles my rude son's wits.

Gratiana.

Not so, good fir,
The better husband, the more courtly ever.

Rynaldo.

Indeed a courtier makes his lips go far,
As he doth all things else.

Enter Valerio and Bellonora.

Gostanzo.

Daughter, receive
This gentlewoman home, and use her kindly. [*She kisses her.*
Bellonora.

My father bids you kindly welcome, lady,
And therefore you must needs come well to me.

Gratiana.

Gratiana.

Thank you forsooth.

Gostanzo.

Go, dame, conduct 'em in.

[*Exeunt Rynaldo, Fortunio, Bellonora, and Gratiana.*]

Ah, errant sheep's-head, hast thou liv'd thus long,
 And dar'st not look a woman in the face?
 Though I desire especially to see
 My son a husband, shall I therefore have him
 Turn absolute ¹⁴ cullion? let's see, kiss thy hand.
 Thou kiss thy hand! thou wip'st thy mouth by th' mafs.
 Fie on thee, clown; they say the world's grown finer,
 But I, for my part, never saw young men
 Worse fashion'd and brought up than now-a-days.
 S'foot, when myself was young, was not I kept
 As far from court as you? I think I was:
 And yet my father on a time invited
 The dutchess to his house; I being then
 About some five and twenty years of age,
 Was thought the only man to entertain her:
 I had my conge; plant myself of one leg,
 Draw back the other with a deep-fetch'd honour:
 Then with a belle regard advant mine eye
 With boldness on her very visnomy.
 Your dancers all were counterfeits to me:
 And for discourse in my fair mistress' presence,
 I did not as you barren gallants do,
 Fill my discourses up ¹⁵ drinking tobacco;
 But on the present furnish'd evermore
 With tales and practis'd speeches; as sometimes
 What is't o'clock? what stuff's this petticoat?
 What cost the making? what the fringe and all?
 And what she had under her petticoat?
 And such like witty compliments; and for need,
 I could have written as good prose and verse,
 As the most beggarly poet of 'em all,
 Either Acrostic, *Exordion*,

¹⁴ cullion] See Note 87 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II p. 63.

¹⁵ drinking tobacco] See Note 38 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 455.

Epithalamious,

*Epithalamions, Satires, Epigrams,
Sonnets in Dozens, or your Quatorzanies,
In any rhyme Masculine, Feminine,
Or Sdrnciolla, or couplets, blank verse,
Y'are but bench-whistlers now-a-days to them
That were in our times : well, about your husbandry,
Go, for P'faith th'art fit for nothing else.*

*[Exit Valerio. Marc. Antonio appears.
Marc. Antonio.*

By'r lady you have plaid the courtier rarely.

Goflanzo.

*But did you ever see so blank a fool,
When he should kiss a wench, as my son is ?*

Marc. Antonio.

*Alas, 'tis but a little bashfulness,
You let him keep no company, nor allow him
Money to spend at fence and dancing-schools ;
Y'are too severe i'faith.*

Goflanzo.

*And you too supple.
Well, sir, for your sake I have stay'd your son
From flying to the wars : now see you rate him,
To stay him yet from more expenceful courses,
Wherein your lenity will encourage him.*

Marc. Antonio.

Let me alone, I thank you for this kindness.

[Exeunt.

Enter Valerio and Rynaldo.

Rynaldo.

*So, are they gone ? Now tell me, brave Valerio,
Have I not won the wreath from all your wits,
Brought thee t'enjoy the most desir'd presence
Of thy dear love at home ? and with one labour
My brother t'enjoy thy sister, where
It had been her undoing t'have him seen,
And make thy father crave what he abhors :
T'entreat my brother home, t'enjoy his daughter,
Command thee kiss thy wench, chide for not kissing,
And work all this out of a Machevil ;*

A miserable

A miserable politician?
I think the like was never play'd before.

Valerio.

Indeed I must commend thy wit of force,
And yet I know not whose deserves most praise
Of thine or my wit; thine for plotting well;
Mine, that durst undertake and carry it
With such true form.

Rynaldo.

Well, th'evening crowns the day,
Persever to the end; my wit hath put
Blind fortune in a string into your hand,
Use it discreetly, keep it from your father,
Or you may bid all your good days good night.

Valerio.

Let me alone; boy.

Rynaldo.

Well, sir, now to vary.
The pleasures of our wits; thou know'st, Valerio,
Here is the new-turn'd gentleman's fair wife,
That keeps thy wife and sister company,
With whom the amorous courtier Dariotto
Is far in love, and of whom her four husband
Is passing jealous, puts on eagle's eyes
To pry into her carriage. Shall we see
If he be now from home, and visit her?

Enter Gazetta sowing, Cornelio following.

See, see, the prisoner comes.

Valerio.

But soft, sir, see
Her jailor follows at her heels:
Come, we will watch some fitter time to board her,
And in the mean time seek out our mad crew.
My spirit longs to swagger.

Rynaldo.

Go to, youth, walk not too boldly; if the serjeants meet you,
You may have swaggering-work your belly full.

VOL. IV.

K

Valerio.

Valerio.

No better ¹⁶ copesmates; [Gazetta sits and sings sewing.
 I'll go seek 'em out with this light in my hand;
 The slaves grow proud with seeking out of us, [Exeunt.

Cornelio.

A pretty work, I pray what flowers are these?

Gazetta.

The panzy this.

Cornelio.

O that's for lovers' thoughts.
 What's that, a columbine?

Gazetta.

No, that thankless flower fits not my garden.

Cornelio.

Hem! yet it may mine:
 This were a pretty present for some friend,
 Some gallant courtier, as for Dariotto,
 One that adores you in his soul I know.

Gazetta.

Me! why me more than yourself, I pray?

Cornelio.

O yes, he adores you, and adorns me:
 Y'faith deal plainly, do not his kisses relish
 Much better than such peasants as I am?

Gazetta.

Whose kisses?

Cornelio.

Dariotto's; does he not
 The thing you wot on?

Gazetta.

What thing, good lord?

Cornelio.

Why, lady, lie with you?

Gazetta.

Lie with me?

Cornelio.

Aye, with you.

Gazetta.

You with me indeed.

¹⁶ copesmates] See *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

Cornelio.

Cornelio.

Nay, I am told that he lies with you too,
And that he is the only whore-master
About the city.

Gazetta.

If he be so only,
'Tis a good hearing that there are no more.

Cornelio.

Well, mistress, well, I will not be abus'd,
Think not you dance in nets; for though you do not
Make broad profession of your love to him,
Yet do I understand your darkest language,
Your treads ath'toe, your secret jogs and wrings;
Your intercourse of glances; every tittle
Of your close amorous rites I understand;
They speak as loud to me, as if you said,
My dearest Dariotto, I am thine.

Gazetta.

Jesus, what moods are these? did ever husband
Follow his wife with jealousy so unjust?
That once I lov'd you, you yourself will swear;
And if I did, where did you lose my love?
Indeed this strange and undeserved usage
Hath power to shake a heart were ne'er so settled:
But I protest all your unkindness never
Had strength to make me wrong you, but in thought.

Cornelio.

No, not with Dariotto?

Gazetta.

No, by heaven!

Cornelio.

No letters past, nor no designs for meeting?

Gazetta.

No, by my hope of heaven,

Cornelio.

Well, no time past,
Go, go; go in and sow.

Gazetta.

Well, be it so.

[Exit Gazetta.]

K 2

Cornelio.

Cornelio.

Suspicion is (they say) the first degree
 Of deepest wisdom; and however others
 Inveigh against this mood of jealousy,
 For my part, I suppose it the best curb
 To check the ranging appetites that reign
 In this weak sex: my neighbours point at me
 For this my jealousy; but should I do
 As most of them do; let my wife fly out
 To feasts and revels, and invite home gallants,
 Play Menelaus, give them time and place,
 While I sit like a well-taught waiting-woman,
 Turning her eyes upon some work or picture,
 Read in a book, or take a feigned nap,
 While her kind lady takes one to her lap?
 No, let me still be pointed at, and thought
 A jealous ass, and not a wittally knave.
 I have a shew of courtiers haunt my house,
 In shew my friends, and for my profit too:
 But I perceive 'em, and will mock their aims,
 With looking to their mark, I warrant 'em:
 I am content to ride abroad with them,
 To revel, dice, and fit their other sports;
 But by their leaves I'll have a vigilant eye
 To the main chance still. See my brave comrades.

Enter Dariotto, Claudio, and Valerio: Valerio putting up his sword.

Dariotto.

Well, wag, well, wilt thou still deceive thy father,
 And, being so simple a poor soul before him,
 Turn swaggerer in all companies besides?

Claudio.

Hadst thou been rested, all would have come forth.

Valerio.

Soft, sir, there lies the point; I do not doubt,
 But I have my pennyworths of these rascals one day:
 I'll smoke the buzzing hornets from their nests,
 Or else I'll make their leather jerkins stay.
 The whorson hungry horse-flies; foot, a man

Cannot

Cannot so soon, for want of almanacks,
 Forget his day but three or four bare months,
 But strait he sees a sort of corporals,
 To lie in ambuscado to surprize him.

Dariotto.

Well, thou hadst happy fortune to escape 'em.

Valerio.

But they thought theirs was happier to scape me.
 I walking in the place, where men's law suits
 Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
 Of any such encounter, steps me forth
 Their valiant fore-man, with the word, I rest 'you.
 I made no more ado, but laid these paws
 Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth;
 And there sat he on his posteriors,
 Like a baboon; and turning me about,
 I strait espied the whole troop issuing on me.
 I stept me back, and drawing my old friend here,
 Made to the midst of them, and all unable
 T'endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
 And down the stairs they ran with such a fury,
 As meeting with a troop of lawyers there,
 Mann'd by their clients: some with ten, some twenty,
 Some five, some three; he that had least, had one:
 Upon the stairs they bore them down afore them;
 But such a rattling then was there amongst them
 Of ravish'd declarations, replications,
 Rejoinders and petitions; all their books
 And writings torn and trod on, and some lost,
 That the poor lawyers coming to the bar,
 Could say nought to the matter, but instead,
 Were fain to rail and talk besides their books
 Without all order.

Claudio.

Faith, that same vein of railing became
 Now most applausive; your best poet, is
 He that rails grossest.

Dariotto.

True, and your best fool
 Is your broad railing fool.

K 3

Valerio.

Valerio.

And why not, fir?
 For by the gods, to tell the naked truth,
 What objects see men in this world, but such
 As would yield matter to a railing humour;
 When he, that last year carried after one
 An empty buckram bag, now fills a coach,
 And crowds the senate with such troops of clients,
 And servile followers, as would put a mad spleen
 Into a pigeon.

Dariotto.

Come, pray leave these cross capers,
 Let's make some better use of precious time.
 See, here's Cornelio: come, lad, shall we to dice?

Cornelio.

Any thing, I.

Claudio.

Well said, how does thy wife?

Cornelio.

In health, God save her.

Valerio.

But where is she, man?

Cornelio.

Abroad about her business.

Valerio.

Why not at home?

Foot, my masters, take her to the court,
 And this rare lad her husband: and dost hear?
 Play me no more the miserable farmer,
 But be advis'd by friends, sell all i'th' country,
 Be a flat courtier, follow some great man,
 Or bring thy wife there, and she'll make thee great.

Cornelio.

What, to the court? then take me for a gull.

Valerio.

Nay, never shun it to be call'd a gull:
 For I see all the world is but a gull:
 One man gull to another in all kinds:
 A merchant to a courtier is a gull:
 A client to a lawyer is a gull:

A married

A married man to a bachelor, a gull:

A bachelor to a cuckold is a gull:

All to a poet, or a poet to himself.

Cornelio.

Hark, Dariotto, shall we gull this guller?

Dariotto.

He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull him.

Cornelio.

Let me alone. Of all meh's wits alive,
I most admire Valerio's, that hath stolen,
By his mere industry, and that by spurts,
Such qualities, as no wit else can match,
With plodding at perfection every hour;
Which, if his father knew each gift he has,
Were like enough to make him give all from him:
I mean besides his diceing and his wenching,
He has stolen languages, th' Italian, Spanish,
And some spice of the French, besides his dancing,
Singing, playing on choice instruments:
These has he got, almost against the hair.

Claudio.

But hast thou stolen all these, Valerio?

Valerio.

Toys, toys, a pox; and yet they be such toys,
As every gentleman would not be without.

Cornelio.

Vain glory makes ye judge on lite i'faith.

Dariotto.

Afore heaven I was much deceiv'd in him:
But he's the man indeed that hides his gifts,
And sets them not to sale in every presence.
I would have sworn, his soul were far from musick;
And that all his choice musick was to hear
His fat beasts bellow.

Cornelio.

Sir, your ignorance
Shall eitsoon be confuted. Pr'ythee, Val,
Take thy Theorbo for my sake a little.

Valerio.

By heaven, this month I touch'd not a Theorbo.

Cornelio.

Touch'd a Theorbo? mark the very word.
Sirrah, go fetch.

*[Exit Page.]**Valerio.*

If you will have it, I must needs confess,
I am no husband of my qualities.

*He untrusses and capers.**Cornelio.*

See what a caper there was!

Claudio.

See again.

Cornelio.

The best that ever; and how it becomes him!

Dariotto.

O that his father saw these qualities!

*Enter a Page with an instrument.**Cornelio.*

Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit,
To carry all without his father's knowledge.

Dariotto.

Why, we might tell him now.

Cornelio.

No, but we could not,
Although we think we could: his wit doth charm us.
Come, sweet Val, touch and sing.

Dariotto.

Foot, will you hear
The worst voice in Italy?

*Enter Rynaldo.**Cornelio.*

O God, fir. *[He sings.]* Courtiers, how like you this?

Dariotto.

Believe it excellent.

Cornelio.

Is it not natural?

Valerio.

If my father heard me,
Foot, he'd renounce me for his natural son.

Dariotto.

Dariotto.

By heaven, Valerio, and I were thy father,
And lov'd good qualities as I do my life,
I'd disinherit thee; for I never heard
Dog howl with worse grace.

Cornelio.

Go to, Signior Courtier,
You deal not courtly now to be so plain,
Nor nobly, to discourage a young gentleman,
In virtuous qualities, that has but stoln 'em.

Claudio.

Call you this touching a Theorbo?

Omnes.

Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt all but Valerio and Rynaldo,*
Valerio.

How now, what's here?

Rynaldo.

Zoons! a plot laid to gull thee.
Could thy wit think the voice was worth the hearing?
This was the courtier's and the cuckold's project.

Valerio.

And is't e'en so? 'tis very well, master Courtier, and Don
Cornuto; I'll cry quit with both: and, first, I'll cast a jar be-
twixt them both, with firing the poor cuckold's jealousy.
I have a tale will make him mad,
And turn his wife divorced loose amongst us.
But first let's home, and entertain my wife.
O father, pardon, I was born to gull thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Fortunio, Bellonora, Gratiana, Gostanzo, following
closely.

Fortunio.

HOW happy am I, that by this sweet means
I gain access to your most loved sighs,

And

And therewithal to utter my full love,
Which but for vent would burn my entrails up!

Gostanzo.

By th' mas they talk too softly.

Bellonora.

Little thinks

The austere mind my thrifty father bears,
That I am vow'd to you, and so am bound
From him: who for more riches he would force
On my disliking fancy.

Fortunio.

'Tis no fault

With just deeds to defraud an injury.

Gostanzo.

My daughter is persuading him to yield
In dutiful submission to his father.

Enter Valerio.

Valerio.

Do I not dream? do I behold this sight
With waking eyes? or from the ivory gate
Hath Morpheus sent a vision to delude me?
Is't possible that I, a mortal man,
Should shrine within mine arms so bright a goddess,
The fair Gratiana, beauty's little world!

Gostanzo.

What have we here?

Valerio.

My dearest mine of gold,
All this that thy white arms enfold,
Account it as thine own free-hold.

Gostanzo.

Gods! my dear soul, what sudden change is here!
I smell how this gear will fall out i'faith.

Valerio.

Fortunio, sister; come, let's to the garden.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gostanzo.

Sits the wind there i'faith? see what example
With work upon the dullest appetite.
My son last day so bashful, that he durst not

Look

Look on a wench, now courts her; and by'r lady
Will make his friend Fortunio wear his head
Of the right modern fashion. What, Rynaldo!

Enter Rynaldo.

Rynaldo.

I fear I interrupt your privacy.

Gostanzo.

Welcome, Rynaldo, would 'thad been your hap
To come a little sooner, that you might
Have seen a handsome fight: but let that pass,
The short is, that your sister Gratiana
Shall stay no longer here.

Rynaldo.

No longer, sir?
Repent you then so soon your favour to her,
And to my brother?

Gostanzo.

Not so, good Rynaldo;
But to prevent a mischief that I see
Hangs over your abused brother's head,
In brief, my son has learn'd but too much courtship.
It was my chance even now to cast mine eye
Into a place whereto your sister entered:
My metamorphos'd son: I must conceal
What I saw there: but to be plain, I saw
More than I would see: I had thought to make
My house a kind receipt for your kind brother;
But I'd be loth his wife should find more kindness
Than she had cause to like of.

Rynaldo.

What's the matter?
Perhaps a little compliment or so.

Gostanzo.

Well, sir, such compliment perhaps may cost
Married Fortunio the setting on:
Nor can I keep my knowledge; he that lately
Before my face I could not get to look
Upon your sister; by this light, now kifs'd her,
Embrace'd and courted with as good a grace,

As

As any courtier could : and I can tell you
(Not to disgrace her) I perceiv'd the dame
Was as far forward as himself, by th' mafs,

Rynaldo.

You should have school'd him for't,

Goflanzo.

No, I'll not see't :

For shame, once found, is lost ; I'll have him think
That my opinion of him is the same
That it was ever ; it will be a mean
To bridle this fresh humour bred in him.

Rynaldo.

Let me then school him ; foot, I'll rattle him up.

Goflanzo.

No, no, Rynaldo, th' only remedy
Is to remove the cause ; carry the object
From his late tempted eyes.

Rynaldo.

Alas, fir, whither ?

You know, my father is incens'd so much,
He'll not receive her.

Goflanzo.

Place her with some friend
But for a time, till I reclaim your father :
Mean time your brother shall remain with me.

Rynaldo.

[*To himself.*] The care's the less then, he has still his longing
To be with this gull's daughter.

Goflanzo.

What resolve you ?

I am resolv'd she lodges here no more :
My friend's son shall not be abus'd by mine.

Rynaldo.

Troth, fir, I'll tell you what a sudden toy
Comes in my head ; what think you if I brought her
Home to my father's house ?

Goflanzo.

I marry, fir ;
Would he receive her ?

Rynaldo.

Rynaldo.

Nay, you hear not all:
I mean, with use of some device or other.

Gostanzo.

As how, Rynaldo?

Rynaldo.

Marry, sir, to say,
She is your son's wife, married past your knowledge.

Gostanzo.

I doubt, last day he saw her, and will know her
To be Fortunio's wife.

Rynaldo.

Nay, as for that
I will pretend she was even then your son's wife,
But feign'd by me to be Fortunio's,
Only to try how he would take the matter.

Gostanzo.

'Fore heaven 'twere pretty.

Rynaldo.

Would it not do well?

Gostanzo.

Exceeding well in sadness.

Rynaldo.

Nay, good sir,
Tell me unfeignedly, do ye lik't indeed.

Gostanzo,

The best that e'er I heard.

Rynaldo.

And do you think
He'll swallow down the gudgeon?

Gostanzo.

Aye, my life,
It were a gross gob would not down with him;
An honest knight, but simple, not acquainted
With the fine slights and policies of the world
As I myself am.

Rynaldo.

I'll go fetch her strait:
And this jest thrive, 'twill make us princely sport;
But you must keep our counsel, second all,

Which

Which to make likely, you must needs sometimes
Give your son leave (as if you knew it not)
To steal and see her at my father's house.

Gostanzo.

Aye, but see you then that you keep good guard
Over his forward new-begun affections;
For by the lord, he'll teach your brother else
To sing the cuckoo's note; spirit will break out,
Though never so suppressed and pinioned.

Rynaldo.

Especially your son's; what would he be,
If you should not restrain him by good counsel?

Gostanzo.

I'll have an eye on him, I warrant thee.
I'll in and warn the gentlewoman to make ready.

Rynaldo.

Well, fir, and I'll not be long after you. [*Exit Gostanzo.*]
Heaven, heaven, I see these politicians
(Out of blind fortune's hands) are our most fools.
'Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditional devices;
But take 'em out of them to present actions,
A man may grope and tickle 'em like a trout,
And take 'em from their close dear holes as far
As a physician; and as giddy-headed
As if by miracle heaven had taken from them,
Even that which commonly belongs to fools.

Well, now let's note what black ball of debate
Valerio's wit hath cast betwixt Cornelio
And the inamoured courtier; I believe
His wife and he will part; his jealousy
Hath ever watch'd occasion of divorce,
And now Valerio's villainy will present it.
See, here comes the twin-courtier his companion.

Enter Claudio.

Claudio.

Rynaldo, well encountered.

Rynaldo.

Why? what news?

Claudio.

Claudio.

Most sudden and infortunate, Rynaldo;
Cornelio is incens'd so 'gainst his wife,
That no man can procure her quiet with him.
I have assay'd him, and made Marc. Antonio
With all his gentle rhetorick second me,
Yet all I fear me will be cast away.
See, see, they come; join thy wit, good Rynaldo,
And help to pacify his yellow fury.

Rynaldo.

With all my heart, I consecrate my wit
To the wish'd comfort of distressed ladies.

Enter Cornelio, Marc. Antonio, Valerio, and Page.

Cornelio.

Will any man assure me of her good behaviour?

Valerio.

Who can assure a jealous spirit? you may be afraid of the
shadow of your ears, and imagine them to be horns; if you
will assure yourself, appoint keepers to watch her.

Cornelio.

And who shall watch the keepers?

Marc. Antonio.

To be sure of that, be you her keeper.

Valerio.

Well said, and share the horns yourself:
For that's the keeper's fee.

Cornelio.

But say I am gone out of town, and must trust others;
how shall I know if those I trust be trusty to me?

Rynaldo.

Marry, sir, by a singular instinct, given naturally to all you
married men, that if your wives play legerdeheel, though you
be a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure instantly to find
it in your foreheads.

Cornelio.

Sound doctrine I warrant you: I am resolv'd i' faith.

Page.

Then give me leave to speak, sir, that hath all this while
been

been silent: I have heard you with extreme patience, now therefore prick up your ears, and vouchsafe me audience.

Claudio.

Good boy, a mine honour.

Cornelio.

Pray what are you, fir?

Page.

I am here, for default of better, of counsel with the fair *Gazetta*; and though herself had been best able to defend herself, if she had been here, and would have pleased to put forth the buckler, which nature hath given all women, I mean her tongue——

Valerio.

Excellent good, boy.

Page.

Yet since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your jealous accusations, I will presume to undertake the defence of that absent and honourable lady, whose sworn knight I am; and in her of all that name (for lady is grown a common name to their whole sex), which sex I have ever loved from my youth, and shall never cease to love till I want wit to admire.

Marc. Antonio.

An excellent spoken boy.

Valerio.

Give ear, *Cornelio*, here is a young *Mercurio* sent to persuade thee.

Cornelio.

Well, fir, let him say on.

Page.

It is a heavy case, to see how this light sex is troubled and tost from post to pillar, under the unflavoury breath of every humourous peasant: *Gazetta*, you said, is unchaste, disloyal, and I wot not what; alas! is it her fault? is she not a woman? did she not suck it (as others of her sex do) from her mother's breast? and will you condemn that, as her fault, which is her nature? Alas, fir, you must consider, a woman is an unfinish'd creature, delivered hastily to the world, before nature had set to that seal which should have made them perfect. Faults they have (no doubt), but are we free? Turn
your

your eye into yourself (good Signior Cornelio), and weigh your own imperfections with hers: if she be wanton abroad, are not you wanting at home? if she be amorous, are not you jealous? if she be high set, are not you taken down? if she be a courtizan, are not you a cuckold?

Cornelio.

Out, you rogue!

Rynaldo.

On with thy speech, boy.

Marc. Antonio.

You do not well, Cornelio, to discourage the bashful youth.

Claudio.

Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

Page.

But if our own imperfections will not teach us to bear with theirs; yet let their virtues persuade us; let us endure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the rose; the brack for the velvet; the paring for the cheese; and so forth: if you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to avoid idleness at home; their nature is still to be doing; keep them a doing at home; let them practise one good quality or other, either sowing, singing, playing, chiding, dancing, or so; and these will put such idle toys out of their heads into yours: but if you cannot find them variety of business within doors, yet at least imitate the antient wise citizens of this city, who used carefully to provide their wives gardens¹⁷ near the town; to plant, to graft in, as occasion served, only to keep them from idleness.

Valerio.

Everlasting good boy.

Cornelio.

I perceive your knavery, sir, and will yet have patience.

Rynaldo.

Forth, my brave Curio.

Page.

As to her unquietness (which some have rudely term'd shrewishness), though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so calm as the sea of its own nature? Art was

¹⁷ gardens near the town] See the Extract from Stubbs, quoted in Note 36 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, vol. V. p. 74.

never able to equal it: your dicing-tables, nor your bowling-allies, are not comparable to it; yet if a blast of wind do but cross it, not so turbulent and violent an element in the world: so (nature, in lieu of women's scarcity of wit, having endued them with a large portion of will) if they may (without impeach) enjoy their wills, no quieter creatures under heaven; but if the breath of their husbands' mouths once cross their wills, nothing more tempestuous. Why, then, sir, should you husbands cross your wives wills thus, considering the law allows them no wills at all at their deaths? because it intended they should have their wills while they lived.

Valerio.

Answer him but that, Cornelio.

Cornelio.

All shall not serve her turn, I am thinking of other matters.

Marc. Antonio.

Thou hast half won him, Wag; ply him yet a little further.

Page.

Now, sir, for these cuckooish songs of yours, of cuckolds, horns, grafting, and such like; what are they, but mere imaginary toys, bred out of your own heads as your own, and so by tradition delivered from man to man, like scarecrows, to terrify fools from this earthly paradise of wedlock, coin'd at first by some spent poets, superannuated batchelors, or some that were scarce men of their hands; who, like the fox having lost his tail, would persuade others to lose theirs for company? Again, for your cuckold, what is it but a mere fiction? shew me any such creature in nature; if there be, I could never see it, neither could I ever find any sensible difference betwixt a cuckold and a christian creature. To conclude, let poets coin, or fools credit, what they list; for mine own part, I am clear of this opinion, that your cuckold is a mere chimera, and that there are no cuckolds in the world but those that have wives; and so I will leave them.

Cornelio.

'Tis excellent good, sir; I do take you, sir, d'ye see? to be, as it were, bastard to the saucy courtier, that would have me father more of your fraternity, d'ye see? and so are instructed (as we hear) to second that villain with your tongue, which he has acted with his tenure-piece, d'ye see?

Page.

Page.

No such matter, a my credit, fir.

Cornelio.

Well, fir, be as be may, I scorn to set my head against yours,
d'ye see? when in the mean time I will firk your father, whe-
ther you see or no. *[Exit, drawing his rapier.]*

Rynaldo.

God's my life, Cornelio.

*[Exit]**Valerio.*

Have at your father i' faith, boy, if he can find him.

Marc. Antonio.

See, he comes here; he has misled him.

*Enter Dariotto.**Dariotto.*

How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you?
'Tis a sign y'are not in the grace of wenches,
That they will let you be thus long alone.

Valerio.

Well, Dariotto, glory not too much,
That for thy brisk attire and lips perfum'd,
Thou play'st the stallion ever where thou com'st;
And, like the husband of the flock, run'st through
The whole town herd, and no man's bed secure;
No woman's honour unattempted by thee.
Think not to be thus fortunate for ever:
But in thy amorous conquests at the last
Some wound will slice your ¹⁸ mazer; Mars himself
Fell into Vulcan's snare, and so may you.

Dariotto.

Alas, alas, faith I have but the name:
I love to court and win; and the consent,
Without the act obtain'd, is all I seek.
I love the victory that draws no blood.

Claudio.

O, 'tis a high desert in any man
To be a secret letcher; I know some,
That (like thyself) are true in nothing else.

¹⁸ mazer] See Note 61 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 329.

Marc. Antonio.

And, methinks, it is nothing, if not told;
At least the joy is never full before.

Valerio.

Well, Dariotto, th' hadst as good confess,
The sun shines broad upon your practices;
Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.

Dariotto.

Why, the more jealous knave and coxcomb he.
What, shall the shaking of his bed a little
Put him in motion? It becomes him not;
Let him be dull'd and stall'd, and then be quiet.
The way to draw my custom to his house
Is to be mad and jealous; 'tis the sauce
That whets my appetite.

Valerio.

Or any man's:

Sine periculo friget lusus.

They that are jealous, use it still of purpose
To draw you to their houses.

Dariotto.

Aye, by heaven,
I am of that opinion. Who would steal
Out of a common orchard? let me gain
My love with labour, and enjoy't with fear,
Or I am gone.

Enter Rynaldo.

Rynaldo.

What, Dariotto here?
Foot, dar'ft thou come near Cornelio's house?

Dariotto.

Why? is the bull run mad? what ails he, trow?

Rynaldo.

I know not what he ails; but I would wish you
To keep out of the reach of his sharp horns:
For by this hand he'll gore you.

Dariotto.

And why me,
More than thyself, or these two other whelps?

You

You all have basted him as well as I.
I wonder what's the cause.

Rynaldo.

Nay, that he knows,
And swears withal, that wherefoe'er he meets you,
He'll mark you for a marker of mens' wives.

Valerio.

Pray heaven he be not jealous by some tales
That have been told him lately: did you never
Attempt his wife? hath no love's harbinger,
No looks, no letters, past 'twixt you and her?

Dariotto.

For look I cannot answer; I bestow them
At large, and carelessly, much like the sun:
If any be so foolish to apply them
To any private fancy of their own
(As many do), it's not my fault, thou knowest.

Valerio.

Well, Dariotto, this set face of thine
(If thou be guilty of offence to him)
Comes out of very want of wit and feeling
What danger haunts thee: for Cornelio
Is a tall man, I tell you; and 'twere best
You shun'd his sight awhile, till we might get
His patience, or his pardon; for past doubt
Thou diest if he but see thee.

Enter Cornelio.

Rynaldo.

Foot, he comes.

Dariotto.

Is this the cockatrice that kills with sight?
How dost thou, boy? ha?

Cornelio.

Well.

Dariotto.

What, lingering still
About this paltry town? hadst thou been rul'd
By my advice, thou hadst by this time been

L 3

A gallant

A gallant courtier, and at least a knight :
I would have got thee dubb'd by this time certain.

Cornelio.

And why then did you not yourself that honour ?

Dariotto.

Tush, 'tis more honour still to make a knight,
Than 'tis to be a knight ; to make a cuckold,
Than 'tis to be a cuckold.

Cornelio.

Y'are a villain.

Dariotto.

God shield man : villain ?

Cornelio.

Aye, I'll prove thee one.

Dariotto.

What, wilt thou prove a villain ?
By this light thou deceivest me then.

Cornelio.

Well, fir, thus I prove it.

[*Draws.*

Omnes.

Hold, hold, raise the streets.

Claudio.

Cornelio.

Rynaldo.

Hold, Darioto, hold.

Valerio.

What, art thou hurt ?

Dariotto.

A scratch, a scratch.

Valerio.

Go, firrah, fetch a surgeon.

Cornelio.

You'll set a badge on the jealous fool's head, fir ;
Now set a coxcomb on your own.

Valerio.

What's the cause of these wars, Dariotto ?

Dariotto.

'Foot, I know not.

Cornelio.

Well, fir, know and spare not ; I will presently be divorc'd,
And then take her amongst ye.

Rynaldo.

Rynaldo.

Divorc'd? nay, good Cornelio.

Cornelio.

By this sword I will; the world shall not dissuade me. [*Exit.*

Valerio.

Why, this has been your fault now, Dariotto,
You youths have fashions when you have obtain'd
A lady's favour, straight your hat must wear it,
Like a jack-daw, that, when he lights upon
A dainty morsel, kaas and makes his brags,
And then some kite doth scoop it from him straight;
Where if he fed without his dawish noise,
He might fare better, and have less disturbance:
Forbear it in this case; and when you prove
Victorious over fair Gazetta's fort,
Do not for pity sound your trump for joy,
But keep your valour close, and 'tis your honour.

Enter Page and Francis Pock.

Francis Pock.

God save you, Signior Dariotto.

Dariotto.

I know you not, sir; your name, I pray?

Francis Pock.

My name is Pock, sir; a practitioner in surgery.

Dariotto.

Pock the surgeon? y'are welcome, sir; I know a doctor of
your name, master Pock.

Francis Pock.

My name has made many doctors, sir.

Rynaldo.

Indeed 'tis a worshipful name.

Valerio.

Marry is it, and of an ancient descent.

Francis Pock.

Faith, sir, I could fetch my pedigree far, if I were so dispos'd.

Rynaldo.

Out of France at least.

Francis Pock.

And if I stood on my arms as others do——

Dariotto.

No, do not, Pock; let others stand on their arms, and thou on thy legs as long as thou canst.

Francis Pock.

Though I live by my bare practice, yet I could shew good cards for my gentility.

Valerio.

Tush, thou canst not shake off thy gentry, Pock, 'tis bred i'th' bone: but to the main, Pock; what thinkest thou of this gentleman's wound, Pock? canst thou cure it, Pock?

Francis Pock.

The incision is not deep, nor the orifice exorbitant, the pericranion is not dislocated; I warrant his life for forty crowns, without perishing of any joint.

Dariotto.

Faith, Pock, 'tis a joint I would be loath to lose for the best joint of mutton in Italy.

Rynaldo.

Would such a scratch as this hazard a man's head?

Francis Pock.

Aye by'r lady, sir, I have known some have lost their heads for a less matter I can tell you; therefore, sir, you must keep good diet: if you please to come home to my house till you be perfectly cur'd, I shall have the more care on you.

Valerio.

That's your only course to have it well quickly.

Francis Pock.

By what time would he have it well, sir?

Dariotto.

A very necessary question; canst thou limit the time?

Francis Pock.

O, sir, cures are like causes in law, which may be lengthened or shortened at the discretion of the lawyer; he can either keep it green with replications or rejoinders, or sometimes skin it fair a'th' outside for fashion sake, but so he may be sure 'twill break out again by a writ of error, and then has he his suit new to begin; but I will covenant with you, that by such a time I'll make your head as sound as a bell; I will bring it to suppuration, and after I will make it coagulate and grow to a perfect

perfect *Cycatrice*, and all within these ten days, so you keep a good diet.

Dariotto.

Well, come, Pock, we'll talk farther on't within, it draws near dinner-time; what's a clock, boy?

Page.

By your clock, fir, it should be almost one; for your head rung noon some half hour ago.

Dariotto.

Is't true, fir?

Valerio.

Away, let him alone; though he came in at the window, he sets the gates of your honour open I can tell you.

Dariotto.

Come in, Pock, come apply; and for this deed
I'll give the knave a wound shall never bleed:
So, fir, I think this knock rings loud acquittance
For my ridiculous. — [Exit all but Rynaldo and Valerio,
Rynaldo.

Well, fir, to turn our heads to salve your licence;
Since you have us'd the matter so unwisely,
That now your father has discern'd your humour,
In your too careless usage in his house,
Your wife must come from his house to Antonio's;
And he, to entertain her, must be told
She is not wife to his son, but to you:
Which news will make his simple wit triumph
Over your father; and your father thinking
He still is gull'd, will still account him simple:
Come, fir, prepare your villainous wit to feign
A kind submission to your father's fury,
And we shall see what hearty policy
He will discover, in his feigned anger,
To blind Antonio's eyes, and make him think
He thinks her heartily to be your wife.

Valerio.

O I will gull him rarely with my wench,
Low kneeling at my heels before his fury,
And injury shall be salv'd with injury.

ACTUS

A C T U S I V. S C E N A I.

*Enter Marc. Antonio and Gostanzo.**Marc. Antonio.*

YOU see how too much wisdom evermore
 Out-shoots the truth : you were so forwards still
 To tax my ignorance, my green experience
 In these grey hairs, for giving such advantage
 To my son's spirit, that he durst undertake
 A secret match, so far short of his worth :
 Your son so seasoned with obedience,
 Even from his youth, that all his actions relish
 Nothing but duty, and your anger's fear ;
 What shall I say to you, if it fall out
 That this most precious son of yours has play'd
 A part as bad as this and as rebellious ;
 Nay, more has grossly gull'd your wit withal.
 What if my son has undergone the blame
 That appertain'd to yours ? and that this wench
 With which my son is charg'd may call you father ;
 Shall I then say you want experience ?
 Y'are green, y'are credulous ; easy to be blinded.

Gostanzo.

Ha, ha, ha, good Marc. Antonio,
 When't comes to that ; laugh at me, call me fool, proclaim
 me so,
 Let all the world take knowledge I am an ass.

Marc. Antonio.

O the good God of Gods,
 How blind is pride ! what eagles we are still
 In matters that belong to other men !
 What beetles in our own ! I tell you, knight,
 It is confess'd to be as I have told you ;
 And Gratiana is by young Rynaldo,
 And your white son, brought to me as his wife ;
 How think you now, sir ?

Gostanzo.

Gostanzo.

Even just as before,
And have more cause to think honest Credulity
Is a true loadstone to draw on Decrepity :
You have a heart too open, to embrace
All that your ear receives ; alas, good man,
All this is but a plot for entertainment
Within your house, for your poor son's young wife
My house without huge danger cannot hold.

Marc. Antonio.

Is't possible ! what danger, fir, I pray ?

Gostanzo.

I'll tell you, fir, 'twas time to take her thence :
My son that last day you saw could not frame
His looks to entertain her, now by'r lady
Is grown a courtier ; for myself unseen,
Saw when he courted her, embrac'd and kiss'd her,
And I can tell you left not much undone,
That was the proper office of your son.

Marc. Antonio.

What world is this !

Gostanzo.

I told this to Rynaldo,
Advising him to fetch her from my house,
And his young wit not knowing where to lodge her
Unless with you, and saw that could not be
Without some wile ; I presently suggested
This quaint devise, to say she was my son's ;
And all this plot, good Marc. Antonio,
Flow'd from this fount, only to blind your eyes.

Marc. Antonio.

Out of how sweet a dream have you awak'd me !
By heaven ! I durst have laid my part in heaven
All had been true ; it was so lively handled,
And drawn with such a seeming face of truth :
Your son had cast a perfect vail of grief
Over his face, for his so rash offence,
To seal his love with act of marriage,
Before his father had subscrib'd his choice :
My son (my circumstance lessening the fact)

Intreating

Intreating me to break the matter to you,
 And, joining my effectual persuasions
 With your son's penitent submission,
 Appease your fury; I at first assented,
 And now expect their coming to that purpose.

Goslanzo.

'Twas well, 'twas well, seem to believe it still,
 Let art end what credulity began;
 When they come, suit your words and looks to theirs,
 Second my sad son's feign'd submission,
 And see in all points how my brain will answer
 His disguised grief, with a set countenance
 Of rage and choler; now observe and learn
 To school your son by me.

Enter Rynaldo, Valerio, and Gratiana.

Marc. Antonio.

On with your mask; here come the other maskers, sir,

Rynaldo.

Come on, I say;
 Your father with submission will be calm'd;
 Come on; down on your knees.

Goslanzo.

Villain, durst thou
 Presume to gull thy father? dost thou not
 Tremble to see my bent and cloudy brows
 Ready to thunder on thy graceless head,
 And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
 The thread of all my living from thy life,
 For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?

Valerio.

Father, if that part I have in your blood,
 If tears, which so abundantly distil
 Out of my inward eyes; and for a need
 Can drown these outward (lend me thy handkerchief),
 And being indeed as many drops of blood,
 Issuing from the creator of my heart,
 Be able to beget so much compassion,
 Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,
 Whom I hold dearer—

Goslanzo.

Gostanzo.

Out upon thee, villain.

Marc. Antonio.

Nay, good Gostanzo, think you are a father.

Gostanzo.

I will not hear a word; out, out upon thee:
Wed without my advice, my love, my knowledge,
Aye, and 'a beggar too, a trul, a blowze?

Rynaldo.

You thought not so last day, when you offer'd her
A twelve months board for one night's lodging with her.

Gostanzo.

Go to, no more of that, peace, good Rynaldo,
It is a fault that only she and you know.

Rynaldo.

Well, sir, go on, I pray.

Gostanzo.

Have I, fond wretch,
With utmost care and labour brought thee up,
Ever instructing thee, omitting never
The office of a kind and careful father,
To make thee wise and virtuous like thy father?
And hast thou in one act everted all?
Proclaim'd thyself to all the world a fool?
To wed a beggar?

Valerio.

Father, say not so.

Gostanzo.

Nay, she's thy own; here, rise fool, take her to thee,
Live with her still, I know thou count'st thyself
Happy in soul, only in winning her:
Be happy still, here, take her hand, enjoy her.
Would not a son hazard his father's wrath,
His reputation in the world, his birthright,
To have but such a mess of broth as this?

Marc. Antonio.

Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo,
Take truce with passion, licence your sad son,
To speak in his excuse.

Gastanzo.

Gostanzo.

What ? what excuse ?

Can any orator in this case excuse him ?

What can he say ? what can be said of any ?

Valerio.

Alas, sir, hear me, all that I can say

In my excuse, is but to shew love's warrant.

Gostanzo.

Notable wag.

Valerio.

I know I have committed

A great impiety, not to move you first

Before the dame, I meant to make my wife.

Consider what I am, yet young. and green,

Behold what she is ; is there not in her

Aye, in her very eye, a power to conquer,

Even age itself and wisdom ? call to mind,

Sweet father, what yourself being young have been,

Think what you may be ; for I do not think

The world so far spent with you, but you may

Look back on such a beauty, and I hope

To see you young again, and to live long

With young affections ; wisdom makes a man

Live young for ever : and where is this wisdom

If not in you ? alas, I know not what

Rest in your wisdom to subdue affections ;

But I protest it wrought with me so strongly,

That I had quite been drowned in seas of tears,

Had I not taken hold in happy time

Of this sweet hand, my heart had been consum'd

T' a heap of ashes with the flames of love,

Had it not sweetly been assuag'd and cool'd

With the moist kisses of these sugar'd lips.

Gostanzo.

O puissant wag, what huge large thongs he cuts

Out of his friend Fortunio's stretching leather.

Marc. Antonio.

He knows he does it but to blind my eyes.

Gostanzo.

O excellent ! these men will put up any thing.

Valerio.

Valerio.

Had I not had her, I had lost my life;
Which life indeed I would have lost before,
I had displeased you, had I not receiv'd it
From such a kind, a wise, and honour'd father.

Gostanzo.

Notable boy.

Valerio.

Yet do I here renounce
Love, life and all, rather than one hour longer
Indure to have your love eclipsed from me.

Gratiana.

O I can hold no longer, if thy words
Be us'd in earnest, my Valerio,
Thou woundst my heart, but I know 'tis in jest.

Gostanzo.

No, I'll be sworn she has her liripoop too.

Gratiana.

Didst thou not swear to love me, spight of father and all
the world?
That nought should sever us but death itself?

Valerio.

I did; but if my father
Will have his son foresworn, upon his soul
The blood of my black perjury shall lie,
For I will seek his favour though I die.

Gostanzo.

No, no, live still my son, thou well shalt know,
I have a father's heart; come join your hands,
Still keep thy vows, and live together still,
Till cruel death set foot betwixt you both.

Valerio.

O, speak you this in earnest?

Gostanzo.

Aye, by heaven!

Valerio.

And never to recall it?

Gostanzo.

Not till death.

Rynaldo.

Rymaldo.

Excellent fir, you have done like yourself:
What would you more, Valerio?

Valerio.

Worshipful father.

Rymaldo.

Come, fir, come you in, and celebrate your joys.

[*Exeunt all save the old men.*]*Goffanzo.*

O, Marc. Antonio!

Had I not arm'd you with an expectation,
Would not this make you pawn your very soul,
The wench had been my son's wife?

Marc. Antonio.

Yes, by heaven!

A knavery thus effected might deceive
A wiser man than I; for I, alas,
Am no good politician; plain, believing;
Simple honesty, is my policy still.

Goffanzo.

The visible marks of folly, honesty, and quick credulity his
younger brother.

I tell you, Marc. Antonio, there is much
In that young boy my son.

Marc. Antonio.

Not much honesty, if I may speak without offence to his
father.

Goffanzo.

O God! you cannot please me better, fir,
H'as honesty enough to serve his turn,
The less honesty ever the more wit;
But go you home, and use your daughter kindly,
Mean time I'll school your son; and do you still
Dissemble what you know, keep off your son;
The wench at home must still be my son's wife,
Remember that, and be you blinded still.

Marc. Antonio.

You must remember too to let your son
Use his accustom'd visitations,
Only to blind my eyes.

Gostanzo.

He shall not fail :
But still take you heed, have a vigilant eye
On that sly child of mine, for, by this light,
He'll be too bold with your son's forehead else.

Marc. Antonio.

Well, fir, let me alone, I'll ¹⁹ bear a brain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valerio and Rynaldo.

Valerio.

Come, they are gone.

Rynaldo.

Gone, they were far gone here.

Valerio.

Gull'd I my father, or gull'd he himself?
Thou told'st him Gratiana was my wife;
I have confess'd it, he has pardoned it.

Rynaldo.

Nothing more true, enow can witness it.
And therefore, when he comes to learn the truth,
(As certainly, for all these sly disguises,
Time will strip truth into her nakedness),
Thou hast good plea against him to confess
The honour'd action, and to claim his pardon.

Valerio.

'Tis true, for all was done he deeply swore
Out of his heart.

Rynaldo.

He has much faith the whiles,
That swore a thing so quite against his heart.

Valerio.

Why, this is policy.

Rynaldo.

Well, see you repair
To Gratiana daily, and enjoy her
In her true kind; and now we must expect
The resolute and ridiculous divorce
Cornelio hath sued against his wedlock.

¹⁹ bear a brain] See Note 25 to *Ram-Alley*, vol. V. p. 450.
VOL. IV. M

Valerio.

Valerio.

I think it be not so ; the afs dotes on her.

Rynaldo.

It is too true, and thou shalt answer it,
For setting such debate 'twixt man and wife :
See, we shall see the solemn manner of it.

*Enter Cornelio, Dariotto, Claudio, Notary, Page, Gazette,
Bellonora, and Gratiana.*

Bellonora.

Good Signior Cornelio, let us poor gentlewomen intreat
you to forbear.

Cornelio.

Talk no more to me, I'll not be made cuckold in my own
house ; Notary, read me the divorce.

Gazetta.

My dear Cornelio, examine the cause better before you con-
demn me.

Cornelio.

Sing to me no more, syren ; for I will hear thee no more, I
will take no compassion on thee.

Page.

Good Signior Cornelio, be not too mankind against your
wife, say y'are a cuckold (as the best that is may be so at a
time) ; will you make a trumpet of your own horns ?

Cornelio.

Go to, fir, y'are a rascal, I'll give you a fee for pleading
for her one day ; Notary, do you your office.

Valerio.

Go to, signior, look better to your wife, and be better ad-
vised before you grow to this extremity.

Cornelio.

Extremity ! go to, I deal but too mercifully with her ;
if I should use extremity with her, I might hang her, and her
cofesmate my drudge here ; how say you, M. Notary, might I
not do it by law ?

Notary.

Not hang 'em ; but you may bring them both to a white
sheet.

Cornelio.

Cornelio.

Nay by the mafs they have had too much of the fheet already.

Notary.

And, befides, you may fet capital letters on their foreheads.

Cornelio.

What's that to the capital letter that's written in mine? I fay for all your law, mafter Notary, that I may hang 'em; may I not hang him that robs me of mine honour, as well as he that robs me of my horfe?

Notary.

No, fir; your horfe is a chattel.

Cornelio.

So is honour, a man may buy it with his penny, and if I may hang a man for ftealing my horfe (as I fay) much more for robbing me of my honour; for why? if my horfe be ftofen, it may be my own fault; for why? either the ftable is not ftrong enough, or the pafture not well fenced or watched; or fo forth: but for your wife that keeps the ftable of your honour; let her be lock'd in a brazen tower; let Argus himfelf keep her, yet can you never be fecure of your honour; for why? fhe can run through all with her ferpent noddle; befides, you may hang a lock upon your horfe, and fo can you not upon your wife.

Rynaldo.

But I pray you, fir, what are the prefumptions on which you would build this divorce?

Cornelio.

Presumption enough, fir; for befides their intercourse, or commerce of glances that paff betwixt this cockeril-drone and her at my table the laft Sunday night at fupper, their winks, their becks, due guard, their treads a'the toe (as by heaven I fwear fhe trod once upon my toe inftead of his): this is chiefly to be noted, the fame night fhe would needs lie alone; and the fame night her dog bark'd; did not you hear him, Valerio?

Valerio.

And underftand him too, I'll be fworn of a book.

Cornelio.

Why very good, if thefe be not manifef prefumptions now, let the world be judge; therefore, without more ceremony, mafter Notary, pluck out your instrument.

M 2

Notary.

Notary.

I will, fir, if there be no remedy.

Cornelio.

Have you made it strong in law, master Notary? have you put in words enough?

Notary.

I hope so, fir, it has taken me a whole skin of parchment, you see.

Cornelio.

Very good; and is egress and regress in?

Notary.

I'll warrant you, fir, it is *forma juris*.

Cornelio.

Is there no hole to be found in the orthography?

Notary.

None in the world, fir.

Cornelio.

You have written *sunt* with an *s*, have you not?

Notary.

Yes, that I have.

Cornelio.

You have done the better for quietness sake; and are none of the authentical dashes over the head left out? if there be, master Notary, an error will lie out.

Notary.

Not for a dash over head, fir, I warrant you, if I should oversee; I have seen that tried in Butiro and Cafeo, in Butler and Cason's case, *decimo sexto* of Duke Anonymo.

Rynaldo.

Y'ave gotten a learned Notary, signior Cornelio.

Cornelio.

He's a shrewd fellow, indeed; I had as leave have his head in a matter of felony, or treason, as any Notary's in Florence; read out, master Notary; hearken you, mistress; gentlemen, mark I beseech you.

Omnes.

We will all mark you, fir, I warrant you.

Notary.

I think it would be something tedious to read all; and therefore, gentlemen, the sum is this: That you, Signior Cornelio, gentleman,

gentleman, for divers and sundry weighty and mature considerations you especially moving, specifying all the particulars of your wife's enormities in a schedule hereunto annexed, the transcript whereof is in your own tenure, custody, occupation, and keeping; that for these the aforesaid premises, I say, you renounce, disclaim, and discharge Gazetta from being your leeful, or your lawful wife; and that you estfoons divide, disjoin, separate, remove, and finally eloign, sequester, and divorce her from your bed and your board; that you forbid her all access, repair, egress or regress, to your person or persons, mansion or mansions, dwellings, habitations, remainnances or abodes, or to any shop, cellar, follar, easements chamber, dormer, and so forth, now in the tenure, custody, occupation, or keeping of the said Cornelio; notwithstanding all former contracts, covenants, bargains, conditions, agreements, compacts, promises, vows, affiances, assurances, bonds, bills, indentures, poll-deeds, deeds of gift, defeasances, feoffments, endowments, vouchers, double vouchers, privy entries, actions, declarations, explications, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rights, interests, demands, claims, or titles whatsoever, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, past, covenanted, and agreed, from the beginning of the world, till the day of the date hereof, given the 17th of November, 1500; and so forth: here, sir, you must set to your hand.

Cornelio.

What else, master Notary, I am resolute i'faith.

Gazetta.

Sweet husband forbear.

Cornelio.

Avoid, I charge thee in name of this divorce: thou mightest have look'd to it in time, yet this I will do for thee; if thou canst spy out any other man that thou wouldest cuckold, thou shalt have my letter to him: I can do no more; more ink, master Notary, I write my name at large.

Notary.

Here is more, sir.

Cornelio.

Ah, afs, that thou couldst not know thy happiness till thou hadst lost it; how now? my nose bleed? shall I write in blood?

M 3

what

what only three drops? S'foot, this is ominous: I will not set my hand to't now, certain; master Notary, I like not this abodement; I will defer the setting to of my hand till the next court-day; keep the divorce I pray you, and the woman in your house together.

Omnes.

Burn the divorce, burn the divorce.

Cornelio.

Not so, sir, it shall not serve her turn, master Notary, keep it at your peril; and, gentlemen, you may be gone a God's name; what have you to do to flock about me thus? I am neither howlet, nor cuckoo; gentlewomen, for God's sake, meddle with your own cases; it is not fit you should haunt these publick assemblies.

Omnes.

Well, farewell Cornelio.

Valerio.

Use the gentlewoman kindly, master Notary,
As mine own wife, I assure you, sir.

[*Exeunt,*

Claudio.

Signior Cornelio, I cannot but in kindness tell you, that Bellonora, by counsel of Rynaldo, hath whispered all this jealousy in your ears, not that he knew any just cause in your wife, but only to be revenged on you, for the gull you put upon him, when you drew him with his glory to touch the Theorbo.

Cornelio.

May I believe this?

Claudio.

As I am a gentleman; and if this accident of your nose had not fallen out, I would have told you this before you set to your hand.

Cornelio.

It may well be, yet have I cause enough
To perfect my divorce, but it shall rest
Till I conclude it with a counterbuff
Given to these noble rascals; Claudio, thanks:
What comes of this? watch but my brain a little,
And ye shall see, if like two parts in me
I leave not both these gullers wits imbrier'd,

Now I perceive well where the wild wind sits,
Here's gull for gull, and wits at war with wits.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Rynaldo solus.

FORTUNE, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to advance her followers :
To some she gives honour without deserving,
To other some deserving without honour ;
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth ;
Some wealth without wit ; some nor wit nor wealth,
But good smock-faces ; or some qualities,
By nature without judgement, with the which
They live in sensual acceptation,
And make shew only, without touch of substance ;
My fortune is to win renown by gulling
Gostanzo, Dariotto, and Cornelio :
All which suppose in all their different kinds,
Their wits entire, and in themselves no piece,
All at one blow ; my helmet yet unbruised,
I have unhorsed, laid flat on earth for gulls ;
Now in what taking poor Cornelio is,
Betwixt his large divorce and no divorce,
I long to see, and what he will resolve :
I lay my life he cannot chew his meat,
And looks much like an ape had swallowed pills ;
And all this comes of bootless jealousy ;
And see where bootless jealousy appears.

Enter Cornelio.

I'll ²⁰ bound him straight ; how now, Cornelio ?
Are you resolv'd on the divorce or no ?

Cornelio.

What's that to you ? look to your own affairs,
The time requires it ; are not you engag'd
In some bonds forfeit for Valerio ?

²⁰ bound] See Note 12 to 'Tis pity She's a Whore, vol. VIII. p. 38.

Rynaldo.

Yes, what of that?

Cornelio.

Why, so am I myself,
And both our dangers great; he is arrested
On a recognizance, by a usuring slave.

Rynaldo.

Arrested! I am sorry with my heart,
It is a matter may import me much;
May not our bail suffice to free him, think you?

Cornelio.

I think it may, but I must not be seen in't,
Nor would I wish you, for we both are parties,
And liker far to bring ourselves in trouble,
Than bear him out; I have already made
Means to the officers to sequester him
In private for a time, till some in secret
Might make his father understand his state,
Who would perhaps take present order for him,
Rather than suffer him t'endure the shame
Of his imprisonment: now, would you but go
And break the matter closely to his father
(As you can wisely do't), and bring him to him;
This were the only way to save his credit,
And to keep off a shrewd blow from ourselves.

Rynaldo.

I know his father will be mov'd past measure.

Cornelio.

Nay, if you stand on such nice ceremonies,
Farewel our substance: extreme diseases
Ask extreme remedies; better he should storm
Some little time, than we be beat for ever
Under the horrid shelter of a prison.

Rynaldo.

Where is the place?

Cornelio.

'Tis at the Half-Moon Tavern;
Haste, for the matter will abide no stay.

Rynaldo.

Heaven send my speed be equal with my haste!

[Exit,
Cornelio.

Cornelio.

Go, shallow scholar, you that make all gulls,
You that can out-see clear-ey'd jealousy,
Yet make this slight a mill-stone, where your brain
Sticks in the midst amazed : this gull to him,
And to his fellow guller, shall become
More bitter than their baiting of my humour ;
Here at this tavern shall Gostanzo find
Fortunio, Dariotto, Claudio,
And amongst them the ringleader his son,
His husband, and his saint Valerio,
That knows not of what fashion dice are made,
Nor ever yet look'd towards a red lettice,
(Thinks his blind fire) at drinking and at dice,
Withal their wenches, and at full discover
His own gross folly, and his son's distempers,
And both shall know (although I be no scholar),
Yet I have thus much Latin, as to say
Jam sumus ergo pares.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Valerio, Fortunio, Claudio, Page, Gratiana, Gazettea,
Bellonora. A Drawer or two setting a table.*

Valerio.

Set me the table here, we will shift rooms,
To see if fortune will shift chances with us ;
Sit, ladies, sit ; Fortunio, place thy wench ;
And, Claudio, place you Dariotto's mistress ;
I wonder where that neat spruce slave becomes ;
I think he was some barber's son by th' mass,
'Tis such a ²¹ picked fellow, not a hair
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print ;
Each pin hath his due place, not any point
But hath his perfect tie, fashion, and grace ;
A thing whose soul is specially employ'd
In knowing where best gloves, best stockings, waistcoats,
Curiously wrought, are sold ; sacks millener's shops
For all new tires and fashions, and can tell ye
What new devices of ail sorts there are :

²¹ *picked*] i.e. spruce in dress. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *King John*,
A. I. S. 1.

And

And that there is not in the whole Ryalto,
 But one new-fashion'd waistcoat, or one night-cap,
 One pair of gloves, pretty or well perfum'd,
 And from a pair of gloves of half a crown
 To twenty crowns; will to a very ²² scute
 Smell out the price; and for these womanly parts
 He is esteem'd a witty gentleman.

Fortunio,

See where he comes.

Enter Dariotto,

Dariotto.

God save you, lovely ladies.

Valerio.

Aye, well said, lovely Paris, your wall eye
 Must ever first be gloting on men's wives;
 You think to come upon us, being half drunk,
 And so to part the freshest man amongst us;
 But you shall over-take us, I'll be sworn.

Dariotto.

Tush man, where are your dice? let's fall to them,

Claudio.

We have been at 'em; drawer, call for more.

Valerio.

First let's have wine, dice have no perfect edge,
 Without the liquid whetstone of the syrup,

Fortunio.

True, and to welcome Dariotto's lateness,
 He shall (unpledg'd) carouze one ²³ crowned cup
 To all these ladies health.

Dariotto.

I am well pleas'd.

Valerio.

Come on, let us vary our sweet time
 With sundry exercises; boy! tobacco.

²² *scute*] A *scudo* is a coin well known in Italy, and of different value in different states, but in general worth more than five shillings. They are coined in Savoy, Modena, Genoa, Lucca, Florence, Rome, and Venice. The Genoese *scudo* is worth seven shillings; that of Modena but fourteen pence; at Venice, where it is worth five shillings and sixpence, that coin is subdivided into halves, quarters, and eighths. N,

²³ *crowned cup*] i. e. a bumper.

And,

And, drawer, you must get us musick too,
Call's in a cleanly ²⁴ noise, the slaves grow lowfy.

Drawer.

You shall have such as we can get you, fir.

[*Exit.*

Dariotto.

Let's have some dice: I pray thee, they are cleanly.

Valerio.

Page, let me see that leaf.

Page.

It is not leaf, fir; 'tis pudding ²⁵ cane tobacco.

Valerio.

But I mean your linstock, fir; what leaf is that, I pray.

Page.

I pray you see, fir, for I cannot read.

Valerio.

S'foot, a rank stinking satire; this had been
Enough to have poisoned every man of us.

Dariotto.

And now you speak of that, my boy once lighted
A pipe of cane tobacco with a piece
Of a vile ballad; and I'll swear I had
A singing in my head a whole week after.

Valerio.

Well, th'old verse is, *A potibus incipe io-c-um.*

Enter Drawer with wine and four cups.

Valerio.

Drawer, fill out this gentleman's carouse,
And harden him for our society.

Dariotto.

Well, ladies, here is to your honour'd healths,

Fortunio.

What, Dariotto, without hat or knee?

²⁴ noise] i. e. a number or concert of musicians.

²⁵ cane tobacco] Cane tobacco is mentioned in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V. p. 257.

"The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuff'd

"With smoak more chargeable than cane tobacco."

Valerio.

Valerio.

Well said, Fortunio, O y'are a rare courtier;
Your knee, good signior, I beseech your knee.

Dariotto.

Nay, pray you, let's take it by degrees, Valerio; on our
feet first, for this will bring's too soon upon our knees.

Valerio.

Sir, there are no degrees of order in a tavern,
Here you must, I charg'd ye, run all a head,
Slight, courtier, down;
I hope you are no elephant, you have joints?

Dariotto.

Well, sir, here's to the ladies on my knees,

Valerio.

I'll be their pledge.

Enter Gostanzo and Rynaldo.

Fortunio.

Not yet, Valerio,
This he must drink unpledg'd.

Valerio.

He shall not, I will give him this advantage.

Gostanzo.

How now? what's here? are these the officers?

Rynaldo.

Slight, I would all were well.

Enter Cornelio.

Valerio.

Here is his pledge:
Here's to our common friend Cornelio's health.

Claudio.

Health to Gazetta! poison to her husband! [He kneels.

Cornelio.

Excellent guests: these are my daily guests.

Valerio.

Drawer, make even th' impartial scales of justice,
Give it to Claudio, and from him fill round.

Come,

A L L F O O L S.

189

Come, Dariotho, set me, let me rest,
Come in when they have ²⁶ done the ladies right.

Gostanzo.

Set me, do you know what belongs to setting?

Rynaldo.

What a dull slave was I to be thus gull'd!

Cornelio.

Why, Rynald, what meant you to intrap your friend,
And bring his father to this spectacle?
You are a friend indeed.

Rynaldo.

'Tis very good, fir,
Perhaps my friend, or I, before we part,
May make even with you.

Fortunio.

Come, let's set him round.

Valerio.

Do so: at all. A plague upon these dice.
Another health; s'foot, I shall have no luck
Till I be drunk: come on, here's to the comfort,
The cavalier my father should take in me,
If he now saw me, and would do me right.

Fortunio.

I'll pledge it, and his health, Valerio.

Gostanzo.

Here's a good husband.

Rynaldo.

I pray you have patience, fir.

Valerio.

Now have at all, an't were a thousand pound.

Gostanzo.

Hold, fir, I bar the dice.

Valerio.

What, fir, are you there?
Fill's a fresh pottle, by this light, fir knight,
You shall do right.

²⁶ done the ladies right] See Note 23 to *The Widow's Tears*, vol. VI.
p. 199.

Enter

Enter Marc. Antonio.

Gostanzo.

O thou ungracious villain !
Come, come, we shall have you now thunder forth
Some of your thrifty sentences as gravely :
Forasmuch, Valerius, as every thing has time, and a pudding
has two : yet ought not satisfaction to swerve so much from
defalcation of well-dispos'd people, as that indemnity should
prejudice what security doth insinuate : a trial yet once again.

Marc. Antonio.

Here's a good fight, y'are well encountered, sir ;
Did not I tell you you'd o'er shoot yourself
With too much wisdom.

Valerio.

Sir, your wisest do so.
Fill the old man some wine.

Gostanzo.

Here's a good infant.

Marc. Antonio.

Why, sir : alas, I'll wager with your wisdom,
His comforts drew him to it, for of himself
He is both virtuous, bashful, innocent :
Comes not at city : knows no city art,
But plies your husbandry ; dares not view a wench.

Valerio.

Father, he comes upon you.

Gostanzo.

Here's a son !

Marc. Antonio.

Whose wife is Gratiana now, I pray ?

Gostanzo.

Sing your old song no more, your brain's too short
To reach into these policies.

Marc. Antonio.

'Tis true,
Mine eyes soon blinded : and yourself would say so,
If you knew all : where lodg'd your son last night ?
Do you know that with all your policy ?

Gostanzo.

Gostanzo.

You'll say he lodg'd with you ; and did not I
Foretel you, all this must for colour sake
Be brought about, only to blind your eyes ?

Marc. Antonio.

By heaven ! I chanc'd this morn, I know not why
To pass by Gratiana's bed-chamber,
And whom saw I fast by her naked side,
But your Valerio ?

Gostanzo.

Had you not warning given ?
Did not I bid you watch my courtier well,
Or he would set a crest a your son's head ?

Marc. Antonio.

That was not all, for by them on a stool
My son sat laughing, to see you so gull'd.

Gostanzo.

'Tis too too plain.

Marc. Antonio.

Why, sir, do you suspect it the more for that ?

Gostanzo.

Suspect it ? is there any
So gross a wittal, as, if t'were his wife,
Would sit by her so tamely ?

Marc. Antonio.

Why not, sir, to blind my eyes ?

Gostanzo.

Well, sir, I was deceiv'd,
But I shall make it prove a dear deceit to the deceiver.

Rynaldo.

Nay, sir, let's not have
A new infliction set on an old fault :
He did confess his fault upon his knees ;
You pardoned it, and swore 'twas from your heart.

Gostanzo.

Swore ; a great piece of work, the wretch shall know
I have a daughter here to give my land to,
I'll give my daughter all : the prodigal
Shall not have one poor house to hide his head in.

Fortunio.

Fortunio.

I humbly thank you, fir, and vow all duty
My life can yield you.

Gostanzo.

Why are you so thankful?

Fortunio.

For giving to your daughter all your lands,
Who is my wife, and so you gave them me.

Gostanzo.

Better, and better.

Fortunio.

Pray, fir, be not mov'd,
You drew me kindly to your house, and gave me
Access to woo your daughter, whom I lov'd:
And since (by honoured marriage) made my wife.

Gostanzo.

Now all my choler fly out in your wits:
Good tricks of youth i'faith, no indecorum,
Knight's son, knight's daughter; Marc. Antonio,
Give me your hand, there is no remedy,
Marriage is ever made by Destiny.

Rynaldo.

Silence, my masters, now here all are pleas'd,
Only Cornelio: who lacks but persuasion
To reconcile himself to his fair wife:
Good fir, will you (of all men our best speaker)
Persuade him to receive her into grace?

Gostanzo.

That I will gladly, and he shall be rul'd; good Cornelio,
I have heard of your wayward jealousy, and I must tell you
plain as a friend, y'are an ass: you must pardon me; I knew
your father.

Rynaldo.

Then you must pardon him, indeed, fir.

Gostanzo.

Understand me: put case Dariotto lov'd your wife, whereby
you would seem to refuse her; would you desire to have
such a wife as no man could love but yourself?

Marc. Antonio.

Answer but that, Cornelio.

Gostanzo.

Goffanzo.

Understand me: say Dariotho hath kiss'd your wife, or perform'd other offices of that nature, whereby they did converse together at bed and at board, as friends may seem to do.

Marc. Antonio.

Mark but the now, understand me.

Goffanzo.

Yet if there come no proofs, but that her actions were cleanly, or indiscreet private, why 'twas a sign of modesty: and will you blow the horn yourself, when you may keep it to yourself? Go to, you are a fool, understand me.

Valerio.

Do understand him, Cornelio.

Goffanzo.

Nay, Cornelio, I tell you again, I knew your father; he was a wise gentleman, and so was your mother: methinks I see her yet, a lusty stout woman, bore great children, you were the very scoundrel of 'em all; but let that pass: as for your mother, she was wise, a most flippant tongue she had, and could set out her tail with as good grace as any she in Florence, ²⁷ come cut and long tail; and she was honest enough too: but yet by your leave she would tickle Dob now and then as well as the best on 'em; by Jove 'tis true, Cornelio, I speak it not to flatter you: your father knew it well enough; and would he do as you do, think you? set rascals to undermine her, or look to her water (as they say)? No, when he saw 'twas but her humour (for his own quietness sake) he made a back-door to his house for convenience, got a bell to his fore door, and had an odd fashion in ringing, by which she and her maid knew him, and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all things might be rid cleanly out of the way before he came, for the credit of his wife: this was wisdom now, for a man's own quiet.

Marc. Antonio.

Here was a man, Cornelio.

Goffanzo.

What I say, young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.

²⁷ come cut and long tail] See Note *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

Cornelio.

Why hark you, you two knights; do you think I will forsake Gazette?

Gostanzo.

And will you not?

Cornelio.

Why there's your wisdom; why did I make shew of divorce, think you?

Marc. Antonio.

Pray you why, sir?

Cornelio.

Only to bridle her stout stomach: and how did I draw on the colour for my divorce? I did train the woodcock Dariozzo into the net, drew him to my house, gave him opportunity with my wife (as you say my father dealt with his wife's friends) only to train him in, let him alone with my wife in her bed-chamber, and sometimes found him a bed with her, and went my way back again softly, only to draw him into the pit.

Gostanzo.

This was well handled indeed, Cornelio.

Marc. Antonio.

Aye, marry, sir, now I commend your wisdom.

Cornelio.

Why, if I had been so minded as you think, I could have flung his pantable down the stairs, or done him some other disgrace: but I wink'd at it, and drew on the good fool more and more, only to bring him within my compass.

Gostanzo.

Why, this was policy in grain.

Cornelio.

And now shall the world see I am as wise as my father.

Valerio.

Is't come to this? then will I make a speech in praise of this reconciliation, including therein the praise and honour of the most fashionable and authentical HORN: stand close, gentles, and be silent.

[He gets into a chair.]

Gostanzo.

Come on, let's hear his wit in this potable humour.

Valerio.

Valerio.

THE course of the world (like the life of man) is said to be divided into several ages: as we into infancy, childhood, youth, and so forward to old age; so the world into the golden age, the silver, the brass, the iron, the leaden, the wooden; and now into this present age, which we term the *Horned age*; not that but former ages have enjoy'd this benefit as well as our times, but that in ours it is more common, and nevertheless precious. It is said, that in the golden age of the world the use of gold was not then known; an argument of the simplicity of that age. Lest therefore succeeding ages should hereafter impute the same fault to us which we lay upon the first age, that we, living in the horned age of the world, should not understand the use, the virtue, the honour, and the very royalty, of the horn; I will in brief sound the praises thereof, that they who are already in possession of it may bear their heads aloft, as being proud of such lofty accoutrements, and they that are but in possibility may be ravish'd with a desire to be in possession; a trophy so honourable and unmatchably powerful, that it is able to raise any man from a beggar to an emperor's fellow, a duke's fellow, a nobleman's fellow, alderman's fellow; so glorious, that it deserves to be worn (by most opinions) in the most conspicuous place about a man; for what worthier crest can you bear than the horn? which if it might be seen with our mortal eyes, what a wonderful spectacle would there be! and how highly they would ravish the beholders! But their substance is incorporeal, not falling under sense, nor mixt of the gross concretion of elements, but a quintessence beyond them, a spiritual essence invisible and everlasting.

And this hath been the cause that many men have called their being in question, whether there be such a thing *in rerum natura*, or not? because they are not to be seen, as though nothing were that were not to be seen. Who ever saw the wind? yet what wonderful effects are seen of it! It drives the clouds, yet no man sees it; it rocks the house, bears down trees, castles, steeples, yet who sees it? In like sort does your horn: it swells the forehead, yet none sees it; it rocks the cradle, yet none sees it; so that you plainly perceive sense is no judge of essence. The moon to any man's sense seems to

be horned; yet who knows not the moon to be ever perfectly round? So likewise your heads seem ever to be round, when indeed they are oftentimes horned. For their original, it is unsearchable; natural they are not; for there is beast born with horns more than with teeth; created they were not, for *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Then will you ask me, how came they into the world? I know not; but I am sure women brought them into this part of the world, howsoever some doctors are of opinion that they came in with the devil; and not unlike, for as the devil brought sin into the world, but the woman brought it to the man; so it may very well be that the devil brought horns into the world, but the woman brought them to the man.

For their power, it is general over the world: no nation so barbarous, no country so proud, but doth equal homage to the horn. Europa, when she was carried through the sea by the Saturnian bull, was said (for fear of falling) to have held by the horn; and what is this but a plain shewing to us, that all Europe, which took name from that Europa, should likewise hold by the horn? So that I say, it is universal over the face of the world, general over the face of Europe, and common over the face of this country. What city, what town, what village, what street, nay, what house can quit itself of this prerogative? I have read that the lion once made a proclamation through all the forest, that all horned beasts should depart forthwith upon pain of death; if this proclamation should be made through our forest, Lord! what pressing, what running, what flying, would there be even from all the parts of it! he that had but a bunch of flesh in his head would away; and some, foolishly fearful, would imagine the shadow of his ears to be horns: alas, how desart would this forest be left!

To conclude: for their force, it is irrevitable; for, were they not irrevitable, then might either properness of person secure a man, or wisdom prevent 'em; or greatness exempt, or riches redeem them; but present experience hath taught us, that in this case all these stand in no stead: for we see the properest men take part of, the best wits cannot avoid them (for then should poets be no cuckolds), nor can money redeem them, for then would rich men fine for their horns, as they do for offices:

offices : but this is held for a maxim, that there are more rich cuckolds than poor. Lastly, for continuance of the horn, it is undeterminable till death : neither do they determine with the wives death (howsoever ignorant writers hold opinion they do). For as when a knight dies, his lady still retains the title of lady ; when a company is cast, yet the captain still retains the title of captain : so though the wife die, by whom this title came to her husband, yet by the courtesy of the city he shall be a cuckold during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

Gostanzo.

Notable wag ! Come, fir, shake hands with him,
In whose high honour you have made this speech.

Marc. Antonio.

And you, fir, come join hands, y'are one amongst them.

Gostanzo.

Very well done, now take your several wives,
And spread like wild geese, though you now grow tame ;
Live merrily together and agree,
Horns cannot be kept off with jealousy.

E P I L O G U E.

SINCE all our labours are as you can like,
 We all submit to you; nor dare presume
 To think there's any real worth in them:
 Sometimes feasts please the cooks, and not the guests;
 Sometimes the guests, and curious cooks contemn them;
 Our dishes we intirely dedicate
 To our kind guests; but since ye differ so,
 Some to like only mirth without taxations,
 Some to count such works trifles, and such like,
 We can but bring you meat, and set you stools,
 And to our best cheer say, you all are () welcome.

E D I T I O N.

At Fooles. A Comody: presented at the Black Fryers; and lately before his Majestie. Written by George Chapman, At London, printed for Thomas Thorpe, 1605. 4to.



EAST.

EASTWARD HOE.

N 4

EASTWARD HO

THE
P R O L O G U E.

NOT out of envy (for there's no effect,
 Where there's no cause), nor out of imitation,
 For we have evermore been imitated;
 Nor out of our contention to do better,
 Than that which is oppos'd to ours in title;
 For that was good, and better cannot be.
 And for the title, if it seem affected,
 We might as well have call'd it, God you good even!
 Only that eastward, westwards still exceeds;
 Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
 Nor is our title utterly enforc'd,
 As by the points we touch at you shall see.
 Bear with our willing pains; if dull or witty,
 We only dedicate it to the city.

DRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

M E N.

TOUCHSTONE, an honest goldsmith in the city.
 QUICKSILVER, a rake, his 'prentice.
 GOLDING, his sober 'prentice.
 SIR PETRONEL FLASH, a poor knight.
 SECURITY, an old usurer.
 BRAMBLE, a lawyer.
 SEAGUL, captain of a ship.
 SCRAPETHRIFT, } two of his passengers.
 SPENDALL, }
 SLITGUT, a butcher's 'prentice.
 POLDAVY, a French taylor.
 HOLDFAST, } two officers belonging to the Compter.
 WOLF, }

W O M E N.

Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, the goldsmith's wife.
 GIRTRED, her daughter, that affects to be a fine lady.
 MILDRED, her good daughter.
 WINIFRED, SECURITY's wife.
 SYNDEFY, a cast-mistress of QUICKSILVER's.

Mrs. FOND, Mrs. GAZER, BETTRICE, HAMLET, POTKIN,
 PAGE, FOOTMAN, CONSTABLES, PRISONERS, &c.

¹ This enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ is not in the first edition.

EAST.

EASTWARD HOE.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter master Touchstone and Quicksilver at several doors, Quicksilver with his bat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket truss'd up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter Golding; discovering a goldsmith's shop, and he walking short turns before it.

Touchstone.

AND whither with you now? what loose action are you bound for? come, what comrades are you to meet withal? where's the supper? where's the rendezvous?

Quicksilver.

Indeed, and in very good sober truth, fir—

² *Eastward Hoe.*] This play was the joint production of Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston. What part each author had in the composition cannot be known, but the consequence of writing it had like to have been very serious to them all. They were accused of reflecting on the Scots, for which they were committed to prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses. They, however, received pardons; and Jonson, on his release from prison, gave an entertainment to his friends; amongst whom were Camden and Selden. In the midst of the entertainment, his mother, more an antique Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, having first taken a portion of it herself, if the sentence for his punishment had been executed. Whatever there might be offensive in this performance at its first appearance, every part of it seems to have been removed in the printing, as nothing now remains which could possibly be liable to objection. In the year 1685, Mr. Tate brought it on the stage at Dorset Gardens, with alterations under the title of *Cuckolds Haven*; or, *An Alderman no Conjuror*. It was again revived at Drury-lane about the year 1752, and a third time at the same Theatre in the year 1777 by Mrs. Lenox, under the title of *Old City Manners*. From this play Mr. Hogarth is supposed to have taken the hint of his series of plates, describing the progress of the industrious and idle apprentices.

Touchstone.

Indeed, and in very good sober truth, fir ! Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French foot-boy, and talk more babbily than a common midwife ; and now, indeed, and in very good sober truth, fir ; but if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigg'd now ? firrah, I tell thee I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith, and thou my 'prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whither you are running. *Work upon that now.*

Quicksilver.

Why, fir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touchstone.

'Prentices' recreations are seldom with their master's profit. *Work upon that now.* You shall give up your cloak, ³ though you be no alderman. Heyday ! ruffians ! ha ! sword ! pumps ! here's a racket, indeed ! [*Touchstone uncloaks Quicksilver.*

Quicksilver.

Work upon that now.

Touchstone.

Thou shameless varlet, do'st thou jest at thy lawful master, contrary to thy indentures ?

Quicksilver.

'Sblood, fir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace, and of *quorum* ; and though I am a younger brother, and a 'prentice, yet, I hope, I am my father's son ; and, by god'slid, 'tis for your worship, and for your commodity, that I keep company. I am entertain'd among gal-lants ; true ; they call me cousin Frank ; right ; I lend them monies ; good ; they spend it ; well : but when they are spent, must not they strive to get more ? must not their land fly ? and to whom ? shall not your worship ha' the refusal ? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. How

³ *though you be no alderman*] Among the ancient city regulations concerning apparel is the following : " The lord mayor and those knights " that have borne the office of mayoralty ought to have their *cloaks* furred " with grey amis ; and those aldermen that have not been mayors are to " have their *cloaks* furred with calabre. And likewise such as have been " mayors are to have their *cloaks* lined with changeable taffaty ; and the " rest are to have them lined with green taffaty."

would

would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? how could gentlemen be unthrifts, if their humours were not fed? how should their humours be fed, but by white meat, and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now; the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, cousin Frank, some gold for silver: I change, gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, cousin Frank, lend me some silver. Why—

Touchstone.

Why? I cannot tell; seven-score pound art thou in the cash; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no: I hir'd me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt-book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good, wholesome, thrifty sentences: as, *Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. Light gains make heavy purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wife.* And when I was wiv'd, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeez'd out at the buckall: and I grew up; and, I praise providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou—Well, look to the accounts; your father's bond lies for you: seven-score pound is yet in the rear.

Quicksilver.

Why, 'flid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it, as any are in London: gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behav'd; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me kind cousin Frank! good cousin Frank! for they know my father: and, by god's 'flid, shall not I trust 'em? not trust?

Enter a Page, as enquiring for Touchstone's shop.

Golding.

What do ye lack, sir? what is't you'll buy, sir?

Touchstone.

Ay, marry, sir, there's a youth of another piece! there's thy fellow-'prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art; nay,
and

and better mean'd. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Golding.

It is his shop, and here my master walks.

[*To the Page.*

Touchstone.

With me, boy?

Page.

My master, sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touchstone.

To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy.

[*Exit Page.*

There's another affliction too. As I have two 'prentices; the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry: so have I only two daughters; the eldest, of a proud ambition, and nice wantonness; the other, of a modest humility, and comely soberness. The one must be ladified, forsooth, and be attir'd just to the court-cut, and long tail. So far is she ill-natur'd to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despight, hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has; 'twas her grandmother's gift; let her, and her sir Petronel, flash out that: but as for my substance, she that scorns me, as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry; shall never use me as men do foxes, keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee; look to the shop. As for you, master Quicksilver, think of husks; for thy course is running directly to the prodigal's hog-trough. Husks! firrah! *Work upon that now.*

[*Exit Touchstone.*

Quicksilver.

Marry, pho, goodman Flat-cap: 'sfoot, though I am a 'prentice, I can give arms: my father's a justice o' peace by descent; and, 'sblood——

Golding.

Fie, how you swear!

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

'Sfoot man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree. God's my life, firrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant; and ⁴ *let the welkin roar, and Erebus also*. Look not westward to the fall of don Phœbus; but to the east, *Eastward Hoe*;

"*Where radiant beams of lussy Sol appear,*

"*And bright Eëus makes the welkin clear.*"

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombs: let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchstone, eastward bully! this fattin belly, and canvas-back'd Touchstone—'Slife, man, his father was a maltman, and his mother sold gingerbread in Christ-church.

Golding.

What would you ha' me do?

Quicksilver.

Why, do nothing: be like a gentleman, be idle; the curse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testoons, and make ducks and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward hoe! wilt thou cry, what is't ye lack? stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman? ⁵ wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms? Be rul'd, turn gallant, Eastward hoe! *ta, ly re, ly re, ro. Who calls Jerinomo? Speak, here I am.* Gods to, how like a sheep thou look'st! A' my conscience, some cow-herd begat thee, thou Golding of Golding-hall! Ha, boy?

Golding.

Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I a cow-herd's son! because I turn not a drunken, whore-hunting rake-hell, like thyself?

[*He offers to draw, and Golding trips up his heels, and holds him.*

Quicksilver.

Rake-hell, rake-hell!

⁴ *let the welkin roar, and Erebus also*] Fragments from Pistol's phraseology. I should not hesitate to pronounce all such parts of this play as are written in ridicule of Shakespeare to be Jonson's. S.

⁵ *wilt thou bear tankards*] i. e. wilt thou continue to fetch water from the conduits. This appears to have been part of the duty of an apprentice. See *The Four Prentises of London*, vol. VI. p. 459.

Golding.

Golding.

Pish; in soft terms, you are a cowardly bragging boy. I'll ha' ye whipt.

Quicksilver.

Whipt! that's good, i' faith! Untruss me——

Golding.

No; thou wilt undo thyself. Alas! I behold thee with pity, not with anger. Thou common ⁶shot-clog, gull of all companies! methinks I see thee already walking in Moorfields without a cloak; with half a hat; without a band; a doublet with three buttons; without a girdle; a hose, with one point and no garter; with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three pence.

Quicksilver.

Nay, 'liffe, take this, and take all: as I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. [Exit.

Golding.

Go, thou most madly vain! whom nothing can recover, but that which reclaims atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious, calamity. As for my place and life, thus I have read:

*What'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base:
From trades, from arts, from valour, honour springs;
These three are founts of gentry, y. a of kings.*

Enter Girtred, Mildred, Bettrice, and Poldavy a taylor. Poldavy with a fair gown, Scotch farthingale, and a ⁷French fall in his arms. Girtred in a French head attire, and a citizen's gown; Mildred sowing; and ⁸Bettrice leading a monkey after her.

Girtred.

For the passion of patience, look if fir Petronel approach. That sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for love's sake, tell me if

⁶ *shot-clog*] Incumbrance on a reckoning. *Shot* is the ancient term for the amount of a tavern-bill. S.

⁷ *French fall*] See Note to *The Roaring Girl*, vol. VI. p. 10.

⁸ *Bettrice leading a monkey after her*] Bettrice is not characterized among the persons of the Drama, nor is the meaning of her present office very intelligible. When a younger sister married before her elder, such

if he come! Oh, sifter Mill, though my father be a low-capt tradesman, yet I must be a lady: and I praise God my mother must call me madam. Does he come? off with this gown for shame's sake, off with this gown! let not my knight take me in the city-cut, in any hand: tear't! pox on't (does he come?) tear't off! *Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake, &c.*

Mildred.

Lord, sifter, with what an immodest impatency, and disgraceful scorn, do you put off your city tire! I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Girtred.

I tell you, I cannot endure it; I must be a lady: do you wear your quoff, with a London licket? your ⁹ flamel petticoat, with two guards? the buffin gown, with the tustaffity cap, and the velvet lace? I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well: To eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet black, pretty; to line a grogram gown clean through with velvet, tolerable; their pure linen, their smocks of three pound a smock, are to be born withal: but your mincing niceries, taffity pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins—God's my life! as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it. Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis! *And ever she cry'd, shoot home—* and yet I knew one longer—*And ever she cry'd, shoot home; fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.*

Mildred.

Well, sifter, those that scorn their nest oft fly with a sick wing.

Girtred.

¹⁰ Bow-bell!

insults on the latter were formerly practised; and to lead apes is still the supposed punishment of antiquated virgins in another world. *Mildred*, however, whose marriage was not yet thought of, is the younger of these ladies: so that the *maid* and the *monkey* should seem more properly attendants on the idle and affected *Girtred* her elder sifter. S.

⁹ *flamel*] i. e. red. See Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet on *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2.

¹⁰ *Bow-bell*] i. e. the note of a cockney, one born within the sound of Bow-bell.

VOL. IV.

O

Mildred.

Mildred.

Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow fullen, and will not follow. For sure in this I would for your sake I spake not truth. *Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say, that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoked cats, and foxes, and dogs, together, to draw his plough, whiles he followed and sowed salt: but sure I judge them truly mad, that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Girtred.

Alas, poor Mill! when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet i'faith: nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee sister Mill still; for though thou art not like to be a lady, as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and may'st peradventure be sav'd as soon as I, (does he come?) *And ever and anon she doubled in her song.*

Mildred.

¹¹ Now (lady's my comfort), what a profane ape's here!

Girtred.

Taylor Poldavis, pr'ythee fit it, fit it! ¹² is this a right Scot? Does it clip close? and bear up round?

Poldavis.

Fine and stily, i'faith; it will keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small! Here was a fault in your body; but I have supplied the defect with the effect of my steel instrument; which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

¹¹ *Now (lady's my comfort), &c.]* In the 4to. the three speeches here assigned to Girtred and Mildred are given to *Girtred* only. But the alteration now made seems to be necessary, as *Girtred* cannot be supposed to censure the licentiousness of her own conversation.

¹² *is this a right Scot]* Sir David Dalrymple, in his *Notes on Bannatyne's Ancient Scottish Poems*, 12mo. 1770. p. 255. observes, "It will scarcely be belived in *this* age, that in *the last* the *City ladies* reformed "their hereditary farthingales after the *Scottish fashion*." That gentleman seems to suppose the whole of the last two speeches to belong to Mildred.

Girtred.

Girtred.

Most edifying taylor! I protest, you taylor's are most fancified members; and make many crooked thing go upright. How must I bear my hands? light? light?

Poldavy.

O ay, now you are in the lady fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light; ay, and fall so: that's the court-amble.

[She trips about the stage.]

Girtred.

Has the court ne'er a trot?

Poldavy.

No, but a false gallop, lady.

Girtred.

And if she will not go to bed—

[Singing.]

Bettrice.

The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir Petronel Flash, Mr. Touchstone, and Mrs. Touchstone.

Girtred.

Is my knight come? O the lord, my band! Sister, do my cheeks look well? give me a little box o' the ear, that I may seem to blush. Now, now! so, there! there! here he is! O my dearest delight! lord! lord! and how does my knight?

Touchstone.

Fie, with more modesty.

Girtred.

Modesty! why, I am no citizen now. Modesty! am I not to be married? y'are best to keep me modest now I am to be a lady.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Boldness is a good fashion, and court-like.

Girtred.

Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Petronel Flash.

Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one count Epernoum, a Welch knight; we had a match at baloon too with my lord Whachum, for four crowns.

Girtred.

At baboon? Jesu! you and I will play at baboon in the country.

Sir Petronel Flash.

O, sweet lady, 'tis a strong play with the arm.

Girtred.

With arm or leg, or any other member, if it be a court-sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

Sir Petronel Flash.

I come now to consummate it; and your father may call a poor knight son-in-law.

Mr. Touchstone.

Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. A hundred pounds land her grandmother left her; 'tis your's: herself (as her mother's gift) is your's. But if you expect aught from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. *Work upon that now.*

Sir Petronel Flash.

Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

Touchstone.

Sir, sir, what I know not you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is a knight, and so might you have been too, if you had been aught else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours. An I thought you would not ha' been knighted, as I am an honest woman, I would ha' dubb'd you myself. I praise God, I have wherewithal. But as for you, daughter—

Girtred.

Ay, mother, I must be a lady to-morrow: and by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother.

Mrs. Touchstone.

That you shall, lady-daughter; and have a coach as well as I too.

Girtred.

Yes, mother. But, by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touchstone.

Touchstone.

Come, come, the day grows low; 'tis supper-time. Use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing: for (I cannot feign) my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter: she has refused for you wealthy and honest matches, known¹³ good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

Girtred.

Body a truth, citizens! citizens! sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable city; presently! carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell, I beseech thee, down with me, for God's sake.

Touchstone.

Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:
The greatest rivers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first;
He that has most drank, may soonest be a thirst.
 Work upon that now.

[*Exeunt all but Touchstone, Mildred, and Golding.*
 No, no; yonder stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither, daughter: and how approve you your sister's fashion? how do you fancy her choice? what dost thou think?

Mildred.

I hope, as a sister, well.

Touchstone.

Nay but, nay, but how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? speak freely.

Mildred.

I am loath to speak ill; and yet I am sorry of this I cannot speak well.

Touchstone.

Well: very good; as I would wish: a modest answer. Golding, come hither: hither, Golding. How dost thou like the knight sir Flash? does he not look big? how lik'st thou the elephant? he says, he has a castle in the country.

Golding.

Pray heaven the elephant carry not his castle on his back!

¹³ good men] i. e. in the mercantile sense, rich men. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Shylock says, "Antonio's a good man."

Touchstone.

'Fore heaven, very well: but seriously, how doest repute him?

Golding.

The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touchstone.

Ha, Golding, I commend thee; I approve thee; and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Doest thou see my daughter here? she is not fair, well-favoured, or so; indifferent; which modest measure of beauty, shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardsly; she is modest; thou art provident; she is careful. She's now mine: give me thy hand, she's now thine. *Work upon that now.*

Golding.

Sir, as your son, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touchstone.

Say'st thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yon fellow? He is a gentleman (though my 'prentice), and has somewhat to take to; a youth of good hope: well friend-ed, ¹⁴ well parted. Are you mine? you are his. *Work you upon that now.*

Mildred.

Sir, I am all your's; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life: let your virtue still direct it; for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touchstone.

Say'st thou so? Be you two better acquainted; lip her, lip her, knave! so, shut up shop: in. We must make holiday.

[*Exeunt Golding and Mildred.*]

*This match shall on; for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the mean, or lofty love:
Whether fit wedlock, vow'd 'twixt like and like;
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's expence,
When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.
Work upon that now.*

¹⁴ *well parted*] Has sense and good parts. S. P.

ACTUS

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred, sitting on either side of the stall.

Touchstone.

QUICKSILVER! master Francis Quicksilver! master Quicksilver!

Enter Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

Here, fir—ump.

Touchstone.

So, fir; nothing but flat master Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you! Will you trufs, my points, fir?

Quicksilver.

Ay, forsooth—ump.

Touchstone.

How now, fir! the drunken hiccup so soon this morning?

Quicksilver.

'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth.

Touchstone.

What!—have you the cause natural for it? y'are a very learned drunkard. I believe I shall miss some of my silver spoons with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous wofand.

Quicksilver.

An't please you, fir, we did but drink (ump) to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touchstone.

To the coming off an him?

Quicksilver.

Ay, forsooth; we drunk to his coming on (ump) when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off: for that's the chief honour of a soldier, fir, and

therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth—ump.

Touchstone.

A very capital reason! ¹⁵ So that you go to bed late, and rise early, to commit drunkenness, you fulfill the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

Quicksilver.

The knight's men, forsooth, be still a' their knees at it—ump; and because 'tis for your credit, fir, I would be loth to flinch.

Touchstone.

I pray, fir, e'en to 'em again then: y'are one of the separated crew; one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's; with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quicksilver.

So, fir, now I will go keep my (ump) credit with them; an't please you, fir.

Touchstone.

In any case, fir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomach, I beseech you.

Quicksilver.

Yes, forsooth.

[Exit Quicksilver.]

Touchstone.

This is for my credit? Servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house, for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason! I thank time, the night is past: I ne'er wak'd to such cost: I think we have stow'd more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received: and for wine—why, my house turns giddy with it: and more noise in it than at a conduit. Ah me! even beasts condemn our gluttony! Well, 'tis our city's fault; which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully. We lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it: O that we would do so in virtue, and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can shew. I'll eaves-drop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

¹⁵ So that you go to bed late, and rise early, &c.] A profane allusion to scripture. S. P.

Enter

Enter Golding and Mildred.

Golding.

But is it possible, that you seeing your sister preferr'd to the bed of a knight should contain your affections in the arms of a 'prentice?

Mildred.

I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with fatten.

Golding.

And do the costly garments, the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment, no more inflame you, than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues?

Mildred.

I have observ'd that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldom recover'd: they bear one headlong in desire, from one novelty to another: and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs, to go to our objects; not wings, to fly to them.

Golding.

How dear an object you are to my desires, I cannot express; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so far beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it; yet thus far both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education. What increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of our trade will afford in any, I doubt not, will be aspir'd to by me. I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours: I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

Touchstone.

Work upon that now! By my hopes, he wooes honestly and orderly. He shall be the anchor of my hope. Look ye, see the ill-yoked monster, his fellow!

Enter

Enter Quicksilver unlac'd, a towel about his neck, in his flat cap, drunk.

Quicksilver.

Eastward hoe! ¹⁶ *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia.*

Touchstone.

Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Quicksilver.

(Ump) puldo, puldo! showse, quoth the Caliver.

Golding.

Fie! fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in?

Quicksilver.

Pickle! pickle in thy throat. Zounds, pickle! wa, ha, ho! Good-morrow, knight Petronel: morrow, lady Goldsmith. Come off, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Golding.

Why, how now, fir, do you know where you are?

Quicksilver.

Where I am! why, 'sblood, you jolthead, where am I?

Golding.

Go to, go to; for shame go to bed, and sleep out this immodesty: thou sham'it both my master and his house.

Quicksilver.

Shame! what shame? I thought thou would'st shew thy bringing up: an thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou would'st think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money; save my credit. I must dine with the serving-men and their wives: and their wives, firrah.

Golding.

E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee three-pence.

Quicksilver.

'Sfoot, lend me some money: ¹⁷ *Hast thou not Hyren bere?*

Touchstone.

Why, how now, firrah? what vein's this, hah?

¹⁶ *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia*] This is a line taken from Marlow's *Play of Tamberlain*, and ridiculed in the character of Pistol, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.

¹⁷ *Hast thou not Hyren bere?*] So Pistol says, *Have we not Hyren?*

Quicksilver

EASTWARD HOE.

219

Quicksilver.

Who cries on murder? Lady, was it you? How does our master? pr'ythee cry, Eastward hoe!

Touchstone.

Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccup now, I see; you're drunk.

Quicksilver.

'Tis for your credit, master.

Touchstone.

And I hear you keep a whore in town.

Quicksilver.

'Tis for your credit, master.

Touchstone.

And what you are out in cash, I know.

Quicksilver.

So do I: my father's a gentleman; *Work upon that now.* Eastward hoe!

Touchstone.

Sir, Eastward hoe¹⁸ will make you go Westward hoe. I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your licence. There, fir; there's your indenture. All your apparel (that I must know) is on your back: and from this time my door is shut to you. From me be free; but for other freedom, and the monies you have wasted, Eastward hoe shall not serve you.

Quicksilver.

Am I free o' my fetters? Rent: fly with a duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touchstone.

Good fir!

Quicksilver.

¹⁹ *When this eternal substance of my soul——*

Touchstone.

Well said; change your gold ends for your play-ends.

Quicksilver.

Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh——

¹⁸ will make you go Westward hoe] i. e. will make you go to Tyburn.

¹⁹ *When this eternal substance, &c.*] Taken from the Prologue to *The Spanish Tragedy*. See vol. III. p. 119.

Touchstone.

Touchstone.

What then, fir?

Quicksilver.

I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea was my name——

Touchstone.

Good master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quicksilver.

Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touchstone.

Not a penny.

Quicksilver.

Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance. I will piss at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign:
Work upon that now.

[Exit, staggering.]

Touchstone.

Now, firrah, you, hear you; you shall serve me no more neither: not an hour longer.

Golding.

What mean you, fir?

Touchstone.

I mean to give thee thy freedom; and with thy freedom my daughter: and with my daughter, a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make knight Petronel himself envy thee. Y'are both agreed; are ye not?

Ambo.

With all submission both of thanks and duty.

Touchstone.

Well then, the great power of heaven bless and confirm you! And, Golding, that my love to thee may not shew less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Golding.

Let me beseech you, no, fir. The superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly: nor would I wish any invitement of states or friends, only your reverend presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touchstone.

Touchstone.

Son to mine own bosom; take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, fir—— reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter; is so ravish'd with desire to hansom her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother; and while their preparation is making, ourselves with some two or three other friends will consummate the humble match we have in God's name concluded.

'Tis to my wish; for I have often read,

Fit birth, fit age, keep long a quiet bed.

'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen (well 'tis known)

Get with more ease, than gentry keeps his own.

[Exeunt.

*Enter Security.**Security.*

My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl; but with a little sleep he is much recover'd, and I think is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is as 'twere the cave, where the young out-law hoards the stolen vails of his occupation: and here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunks; and (I may say softly) his punks. He dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am security itself: my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter Quicksilver, in his 'prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himself. Security following.

Quicksilver.

Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepskin is burn'd wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose to get more children of perdition into thy usurious bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy covetousness. Thou art pander to me, for my wench: and I to thee, for thy couzenage. *K. me K. thee,* runs through court and country.

Security.

Well said, my subtle Quicksilver. Those K's ope the doors to all this world's felicity. The dullest forehead sees it. Let not Mr. Courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders.

shoulders. I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villainy in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap.

Quicksilver.

Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be us'd, 'tis but as a scrap to the net of villainy. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds.

Enter Syndefy, with Quicksilver's doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger.

Syndefy.

Here, fir, put off the other half of your 'prenticeship.

Quicksilver.

Well said, sweet Syn, bring forth my bravery.

Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks conceal'd:

I now am free; and now will justify

My trunks and punks. Avant, dull flat-cap, then!

²⁰ Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!

There lie, thou husk of my envassal'd state.

I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistine's bands:

And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila,

I'll lie; and snore out my enfranchis'd state.

When Sampson was a tall young man,

His power and strength increased then;

He sold no more, nor cup, nor can;

But did them all despise.

Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends,

For one to sell thy base gold ends;

Quicksilver, now no more attends

Thee, Touchstone.

But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding drefs'd to day?

Security.

That I have, Frank. The ostler o'th' Cock drefs'd him for a breakfast.

Quicksilver.

What did he eat him?

²⁰ Via] See Note 11 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V. p. 258.

Security.

Security.

No; but he ate his breakfast for dressing him: and so dress'd him for breakfast.

Quicksilver.

*O witty age, where age is young in wit;
And all youths words have gray beards full of it!*

Syndefy.

But, alas, Frank! how will all this be maintain'd now? your place maintain'd it before.

Quicksilver.

Why, and I maintain'd my place. I'll to the court; another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly city. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing, an old song and a true: *Thou art a she-fool, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdom.* I shall be a merchant, forsooth! trust my estate in a wooden trough, as he does! What are these ships, but tennis-balls for the wind to play withal? tost from one wave to another: now under-line, now over the house: sometimes brick-wall'd against a rock, so that the guts fly out again: sometimes struck under the wide hazard, and farewell, Mr. Merchant!

Syndefy.

Well, Frank, well; the seas you say are uncertain; but he that sails in your court-seas shall find 'em ten times fuller of hazard; wherein to see what is to be seen is torment more than a free spirit can indure: but when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you? What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord; proportion your looks to his looks; smiles to his smiles; fit your sails to the wind of his breath!

Quicksilver.

Tush! he's no journey-man in his craft that cannot do that.

Syndefy.

But he's worse than a 'prentice that does it: not only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by panderism into his chamber; he rules the roast. And when my honourable lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful rascal (the groom of his close-stool) says it shall not be thus; claps the door after him, and who dares enter? A 'prentice, quoth you?

you? 'tis but to learn to live, and does that disgrace a man? he that rises hardly, stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas! falls as easily.

Quicksilver.

A pox on you! who taught you this morality?

Security.

'Tis along of this witty age, Mr. Francis. But indeed, Mrs. Syndefy, all trades complain of inconvenience; and therefore 'tis best to have none. The merchant he complains, and says, traffick is subject to much uncertainty and loss: let 'em keep their goods on dry land with a vengeance, and not to expose other men's substances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden wall, as Mr. Francis says, and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending of money, are content with moderate profit, thirty or forty i^the hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous courses of trading as they do——

Quicksilver.

Ay, dad, thou may'st well be call'd Security, for thou takest the safest course.

Security.

Faith, the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For merchants in their courses are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a westerly wind to carry his ship forth, another for an easterly to bring his ship home; and ¹² at every shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony, to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast; and so forth. The farmer he is ever at odds with the weather: sometimes the clouds have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the season falls out too fruitful; corn will bear no price; and so forth. Th' artificer, he's all for a stirring world: if his trade be too full, or fall short of his ex-

²¹ at every shaking of a leaf, &c.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*,
A. I. S. I.

“My wind, cooling my broth,

“Would blow me to an ague, when I thought,

“What harm a wind too great might do at sea.”

pectation,

pectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we, that trade in nothing but money, are free from all this. We are pleas'd with all weathers: let it rain, or hold up; be calm or windy; let the season be whatsoever; let trade go how it will; we take all in good part; e'en what please the heavens to send us; so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns; and make up days, months, and years.

Quicksilver.

And you have good security?

Security.

Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

Quicksilver.

And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal: for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings; and a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit: he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

Security.

Witty, master Francis!

'Tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours. Do but bring knight Petronel into my parchment-toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, o' my credit. You know his wife's lands?

Quicksilver.

Even to a foot, fir; I have been often there: a pretty fine feat; good land; all intire, within itself.

Security.

Well wooded?

Quicksilver.

Two hundred pounds worth of wood, ready to fell: and a fine sweet-house, that stands just in the midst on't; like a prick in the midst of a circle. Would I were your farmer, for an hundred pounds a year.

Security.

Excellent, Mr. Francis, how I do long to do thee good! How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour to enrich thee! ay, even to die, that thou mightest inherit my living; even hunger and thirst—for o' my religion, Mr. Francis, and so tell knight Petronel, I do it to do him a pleasure.

VOL. IV.

P

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

Marry, dad, his horses are now coming up, to bear down his lady: wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'em in?

Security.

Faith, Mr. Francis, I would be loth to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quicksilver.

A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, dad, let him have money. All he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia: the fame of which voyage is so closely convey'd, that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnish'd him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away.

Security.

Now a frank gale of wind go with him, master Frank! We have too few such knight adventurers. Who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase (with any danger) excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife seal to-day, he shall have his money to-day.

Quicksilver.

To-morrow she shall, dad, before she goes into the country. To work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Synne here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friend's daughter; a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for a while to learn fashions, forsooth, and be toward some lady; and she shall buz pretty devices into her lady's ear, feeding her humours so serviceably (as the manner of such as she is, you know).

Security.

True, good master Francis.

Quicksilver.

That she shall keep her port open to any thing she commands to her.

Security.

O my religion, a most fashionable project! As good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her: for 'tis three to one of one side.—Sweet Mrs. Syndefy, how are you bound to master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

Syndefy.

Syndefy.

But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Quicksilver.

With all festination: I have broken the ice to it already: and will presently to the knight's house: whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formality to man her.

Security.

Command me, master Francis; *I do hunger and thirst to do thee service.* Come, sweet Mrs. Synne, take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet frank, master Francis, at your lady's.

*Enter Winifred above.**Winifred.*

Where is my Cu there? Cu!

Security.

Ay, Winny!

Winifred.

Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu?

Security.

Ay, Winny, presently.

*[Exeunt.]**Quicksilver.*

Ay, Winny, quoth he; that's all he can do, poor man: he may well cut off her name at Winny. O'tis an egregious pander! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O'tis a notable jew's-trump! I hope to live to see dog's meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin. And yet his skin is too thick to make parchment; 'twould make good boots for a ²² Peter-man to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum, is your puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and sleekest knaves in a country.

*Enter Sir Petronel Flash in boots, with a riding-wand.**Sir Petronel Flash.*

I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot: here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in.

²² *Peter-man*] I suppose this means of the Apostle Saint Peter's trade, a fisherman. S.

It was the common appellation of those who formerly used unlawful engines and arts in catching fish in the river Thames. N.

Taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at fall; not a feather waving, nor a spur-gingling any where: I'll away instantly.

Quicksilver.

Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight; or else your eastward castle will smother but miserably.

Sir Petronel Flash.

O, Frank! my castle: alas! all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st.

Quicksilver.

I know it, knight; and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said, I had a castle and land eastward; and eastward she will without contradiction. Her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full-but: and the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

Quicksilver.

And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

Sir Petronel Flash.

O that she would have the grace! for I shall never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

Quicksilver.

As easily as can be. Tell her she mistook your directions; and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it and then cloath but her crouper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you list: for these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still, or they will never drive orderly.

Sir Petronel Flash.

But, alas! sweet Frank, thou know'st my ability will not furnish her blood with those costly humours.

Quicksilver.

Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money, or commodity; and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Commodity! alas, what commodity?

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

Why, fir? what say you to figs and raisons?

Sir Petronel Flash.

A plague of figs and raisons, and all such ²³ frail commodities! we shall make nothing of 'em.

Quicksilver.

Why then, fir, what say you to forty pounds in roasted beef?

Sir Petronel Flash.

Out upon't! I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisons. I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine: for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid to arrest me; and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me.

Quicksilver.

God's me, knight, put 'em in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you: let 'em take their choice; either the King's-Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best; for, by the lord, I like none of 'em.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Quicksilver.

Why then, fir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the blood-hound Security will smell out ready money for you instantly.

Sir Petronel Flash.

There spake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I must fain myself extremely amorous; and, alledging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately, as she would from ²⁴ her foisting-hound.

Quicksilver.

You have the sow by the right ear, fir! I warrant there was never child long'd more to ride a cockhorse, or wear his new

²³ frail] Alluding to the sort of package they are usually put in. S. P.

²⁴ her foisting-bound] So, in *King Lear*, A. 1. S. 4. "—the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink."

See a Note on this passage in the last edition of Shakspear 1778. vol. IX. p. 391. S.

coat, than she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for every thing when she was a maid: and now she will run mad for 'em. I'll lay my life she will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with child, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog bound to his wheel more servilely than you should be to her wheel: for as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel, but when the top comes under him; so shall you never climb the top of her contentment, but when she is under you.

Sir Petronel Flasha.

Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Quicksilver.

Nay, hark you, sir: What nurses, what midwives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewitch'd, sometimes in a consumption) to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her glisters, to let her blood under the tongue, and betwixt the toes! How she will revile and kiss you; spit in your face, and lick it off again! how she will vaunt you are her creature! she made you of nothing! how she could have had a thousand marks jointure! ²⁵ she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha'married him! she could have had poynados in her bed every morning! how she set you up, and how she will pull you down! you'll never be able to stand of your legs to indure it.

²⁵ *she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight; and never ha' married him:]* In Scotland notorious cohabitation is sufficient to establish a matrimonial engagement without any formal ceremony. Sir George Mackenzie says, "It is not necessary, that marriage should be celebrated by a clergyman. The consent of parties may be declared before any magistrate, or simply before witnesses: and though no formal consent should appear, marriage is presumed from the cohabitation, or living together, at bed and board, of a man and woman who are generally reputed husband and wife. One's acknowledgment of his marriage to the midwife, whom he called to his wife, and to the minister who baptized his child, was found sufficient presumptive evidence of marriage, without the aid either of cohabitation or of *habite and repute*." *Principles of the Law of Scotland*, edit. 1764, p. 6.

Sir

Sir Petronel Flash.

Out of my fortune! What a death is my life bound face to face to! the best is, a large time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing. Marriage is but a form in the school of policy, to which scholars sit fasten'd only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the farther off with me.

Quicksilver.

Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly, with my punk Syndefy, whom, you know, your lady has promis'd me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to feed on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Sir Petronel Flash.

It falls out excellently fitly: I see, desire of gain makes jealousy venturous.

Enter Girtred.

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord, how she views thee! she knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

Girtred.

How now? who are you, I pray?

Quicksilver.

One master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship.

Girtred.

God's my dignity! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water: would I were unmarried again!

Enter Security and Syndefy.

Where's my woman, I pray?

Quicksilver.

See, madam; she now comes to attend you.

Security.

God save my honourable knight, and his worship's lady!

Girtred.

Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Security.

No, madam: till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

P 4

Girtred.

Girtred.

And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Security.

She is, madam: and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honourable lady's service; to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Girtred.

A nun! what nun? a nun substantive, or a nun adjective?

Security.

A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vow'd maid of that order.

Girtred.

I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you—and can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Syndefy.

What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Girtred.

Well said; hold up then; hold up your head, I say; come hither a little.

Syndefy.

I thank your ladyship.

Girtred.

And hark you, good man, you may put on your hat now I do not look on you.—I must have you of my faction now; not of my knight's maid.

Syndefy.

No, forsooth, madam; of yours.

Girtred.

And draw all my servants in my bow; and keep my counsel; and tell me tales; and put me riddles; and read on a book sometimes, when I am busy; and laugh at country gentlewomen; and command any thing in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Security.

I warrant your ladyship for that.

Girtred.

Girtred.

Very well: you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Security.

Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Girtred.

By my faith, but he shall not go, fir; I shall swoon an he sup from me.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Pray thee forbear; shall he lose his provision?

Girtred.

Ay, by lady, fir, rather than I lose my longing; come in, I say: as I am a lady, you shall not go.

Quicksilver.

I told him, what a bur he had gotten.

Security.

If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Girtred.

No, by my faith, fir; then we cannot be a-bed soon enough after supper.

Sir Petronel Flash.

What a medicine is this! Well, Mr. Security, you are new married, as well as I; I hope you are bound as well: we must honour our young wives, you know.

Quicksilver.

In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has seal'd.

Security.

I hope in the morning yet your knighthood will breakfast with me.

Sir Petronel Flash.

As early as you will, fir.

Security.

I thank your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, fir.

Girtred.

Come, sweet knight, come; I do hunger and thirst to be a-bed with thee.

[Exeunt.]

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Sir Petronel Flash, Quicksilver, Security, Bramble, and Winifred.

Sir Petronel Flash.

THANKS for your feast-like breakfast, good Mr. Security. I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means, by any kind amends, to shew how affectionately I take your kindness; and to confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

Security.

Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship: I am new married to this fair gentlewoman you know; and, by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you, to make you godfather (though in your absence) to the first child I am blest'd withal: and henceforth call me gossip I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Sir Petronel Flash.

In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child; wheresoever my fortune in event of my voyage shall bestow me.

Security.

How now, my coy ²⁶ wedlock! make you strange of so noble a favour? take it, I charge you, with all affection; and (by way of taking your leave) present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip.

Quicksilver.

How venturous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Sir Petronel Flash.

Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection! And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready, to which my wife should seal, let them be

²⁶ *wedlock*] i. e. wife. See Note 27 to *The Roaring Girl*, vol. VI. p. 52.

brought

brought this morning before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it.

Security.

The writings are ready, fir. My learned counsel here, Mr. Bramble the lawyer, hath perus'd them; and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Good Mr. Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then: God send you fortunate pleas, fir, and contentious clients.

Bramble.

And you foreright winds, fir, and a fortunate voyage. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you.

Sir Petronel Flash.

What are they?

Quicksilver.

They are your followers in this voyage, knight, captain Seagull, and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Let them enter, I pray you. I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter Seagul, Scrapethrift, and Spendall.

Seagul.

God save my honourable colonel.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Welcome, good captain Seagul, and worthy gentlemen! If you will meet my friend Frank here, and me, at the Blue-Anchor Tavern by Billingsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

Spendall.

Defer it no longer, I beseech you, fir: but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name; so for your own safety, and ours, let it be continued; our meeting,

ing, and speedy purpose of departing, known to as few as it is possible, lest your ship and goods should be attach'd.

Quicksilver.

Well advised, captain; our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures. Bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed; and with our skins full of vintage, we'll take occasion by the 'vantage, and away.

Spendall.

We will not fail but be there, fir.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Good-morrow, good captain, and my worthy associates! health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip. For you, fir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Security.

With writings and crowns to my honourable gossip; *I do hunger and thirst to do you good, fir.* [Exit.]

Enter a Coachman in haste in's frock, feeding.

Coachman.

Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'light, they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter Hamlet, a footman, in haste.

Hamlet.

What, coachman! my lady's coach, for shame! her ladyship's ready to come down.

Enter Potkin, a tankard bearer.

Potkin.

²⁷ 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? whither run you now? you should brush up my old mistress.

Enter Syndefy.

Syndefy.

What, Potkin? you must put off your tankard, and put on your blue coat, and wait upon Mrs. Touchstone into the country.

[Exit.]

²⁷ 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? A sneer on the madcaps of the Prince of Denmark. S.

Potkin.

Potkin.

I will, forsooth, presently.

[Exit.]

*Enter Mrs. Fond, and Mrs. Gazer.**Fond.*

Come, sweet mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my lady Flash take coach.

Gazer.

O my word, here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship launch'd last day, Mrs. Fond?

Fond.

O God, an we citizens should lose such a sight!

Gazer.

I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water.

Fond.

O! she's married to a fine castle i'th' country, they say.

Gazer.

But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fond.

O, no! they say her knight kill'd 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gazer.

Would to God her ladyship would come away!

*Enter Girtred, Mrs. Touchstone, Syndefy, Hamlet, Potkin.**Fond.*

She comes! she comes! she comes!

Gazer and Fond.

Pray heaven bless your ladyship!

Girtred.

Thank you, good people; my coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! in good truth, I shall swoon else.

Hamlet.

Coach! coach! my lady's coach!

[Exit.]

Girtred.

As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

Mrs.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that. I have teen a little prick, no bigger than a pin's head, swell bigger and bigger, till it has come to an ²⁸ ancome; and e'en so 'tis in these cases.

Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Your coach is coming, madam.

Girtred.

That's well said; now heaven! methinks, I am e'en up to the knees in preferment.

*But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher;
There, there, there lies Cupid's fire.*

Mrs. Touchstone.

But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way afoot?

Girtred.

Ay, by my faith, I warrant him; he gives no other milk, as I have another servant does.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Alas! 'tis e'en pity methinks; for God's sake, buy him a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'em; alas! we must do as we would be done to.

Girtred.

Go to, hold your peace, dame, you talk like an old fool, I tell you.

Enter Sir Petronel Flash and Quicksilver.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Wilt thou be gone, sweet honey-suckle, before I can go with thee?

Girtred.

I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st: but I marvel how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

²⁸ *ancoms*] I believe we should read an *uncome*, a provincial word which I have heard used for some kind of tumour on the hand. S.

In Littleton's *Dictionary*, an *ancoms* is explained an *ulcer*. S. P.

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

Marry, madam, she's married by this time to 'prentice Golding: your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'em in all haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might furnish their nuptial table.

Girtred.

There's a base fellow, my father, now: but he's e'en fit to father such a daughter! he must call me daughter no more now: but, *madam, and please you, madam; and please your worship, madam*, indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base 'prentice?

Mrs. Touchstone.

What should one do? is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? how shall we punish him, madam?

Girtred.

As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'd so pebble 'em with snow balls as they come from church!—but firrah, Frank Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

Ay, madam.

Girtred.

Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye call'ts in the garret?

Quicksilver.

I know not what you mean, madam.

Girtred.

²⁹ *His head as white as milk,*

All flaxen was his hair;

But now he is dead,

And lain in his bed,

And never will come again.

God be at your labour.

Enter Touchstone, Golding, Mildred ³⁰ *with rosemary.*

Sir Petronel Flash.

Was there ever such a lady?

²⁹ *His head as white as milk]* A sneer at one of Ophelia's Ditties in *Hamlet*. S.

³⁰ *with rosemary]* See Note to *The Match at Midnight*, A. 5. vol. VM.

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

See, madam, the bridegroom!

Girted.

God's my precious! God give you joy, ³¹ mistress What-lack-you. Now, out upon thee, baggage! my sister married in a taffeta hat? marry, hang you! westward, ³² with a warrion t'ye! nay, I have done we ye, minion, then i'faith; never look to have my countenance any more, nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach? or come down to my castle? lie upon thee! I charge thee, in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

Touchstone.

An't please your worship, this is not your sister; this is my daughter, and she calls me father; and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mrs. Touchstone.

No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy 'prentice thy son as well as she. Ah, thou mis' proud 'prentice, dar'st thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Golding.

It pleas'd my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour. And though I confess myself far unworthy such a worthy wife, being in part her servant as I am your 'prentice; yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman; and by the trade I have learn'd of my master (which, I trust, taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter; my hope is, heaven will so bless our humble beginning, that, in the end, I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double 'prentice.

Touchstone.

Master me no more; son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

³¹ *m'stress What lack you*] Because she was the apprentice's wife, whose phrase, when walking before his master's door, was "What lack you, Sir?" See p. 205. S. P.

³² *wit's a warrion t'ye!*] See Note 10 to *The City Night-Gap*, vol. XI. p. 324.

Girted.

Girtred.

Sun? Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you mark him! he's a gentleman!

Golding.

Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Never stand a' your gentry, Mr. Bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand on neither shortly.

Touchstone.

An't please your good worship, fir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Sir Petronel Flash.

What mean you, fir?

Touchstone.

Bold to put off my hat to your worship—

Sir Petronel Flash.

Nay pray forbear, fir; and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touchstone.

If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen: there is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural; now, though your worship be a gentleman natural—
Work upon that now.

Quicksilver.

Well said, old Touch; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith: forth, I beseech thee.

Touchstone.

Cry you mercy, fir; your worship's a gentleman I do not know: if you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, fir.

Quicksilver.

Go to, old Quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

Touchstone.

What, fir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship: and therefore, till I speak to your gallantry in deed, I will save my breath for my broth'anon. Come, my poor son and daughter! let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe: ambition consumes itself with the very show. *Work upon that now.*

[*Exeunt Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred.*]

VOL. IV.

Q

Girtred.

Girtred.

Let him go, let him go, for God's sake: let him make his
'prentice his son, for God's sake: give away his daughter, for
God's sake: and when they come a begging to us for God's
sake—Farewel, sweet knight; pray thee make haste after.

Sir Petronel Flash.

What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

Quicksilver.

Now, O now I must depart;

Parting though it absence move.

This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

What a grief 'tis to depart,

And leave the flower that has my heart!

My sweet lady, and alack for woe,

Why should we part so!

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not
your pain lie on that side?

Sir Petronel Flash.

If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quicksilver.

Excellent easily: divide yourself into two halves, just by the
girdlestead³³; send one half with your lady, and keep t'other
to yourself. Or else do as all true lovers do, part with your
heart, and leave your body behind. I have seen't done a hun-
dred times. 'Tis as easy a matter for a lover to part without
a heart from his sweet-heart, and he ne'er the worse; as for a
mouse to get from a trap, and leave his tail behind him.—
See, here come the writings.

Enter Security with a Scrivener.

Security.

Good morrow to my worshipful lady. I present your lady-
ship with this writing; to which if you please to set your
hand with your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend your
journey a'my credit.

³³ girdlestead] i. e. the part or place on which the girdle is worn. In
ancient books we often have the market *stead* for the market *place*, the
chimney *stead* for the *place* in the chimney corner; and we still call the
frame, on which the bedding is placed, the *bedstead*. S.

So, in Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 54. "—some short, scarcely
"reaching to the girdle *stead* or waste, some to the knee, &c."

Girtred.

Girtred.

What writing is it, knight?

Sir Petronel Flash.

The sale (sweet-heart) of the poor tenement I told thee of;
only to make a little money to send thee down turniture for my
castle; to which my hand shall lead thee.

Girtred.

Very well: now give me your pen, I pray.

Quicksilver.

It goes down without chewing, i'faith!

Scrivener.

Your worships deliver this as your deed?

Ambo.

We do.

Girtred.

So now, knight, farewell till I see thee.

Sir Petronel Flash.

All farewell to my sweet-heart.

Mrs. Touchstone.

34 God b'ye, son knight.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Farewel, good mother.

Girtred.

Farewel, Frank, I would fain take thee down, if I could.

Quicksilver.

I thank your good ladyship: farewell, mistress Syndefy.

[*Exeunt.*]*Sir Petronel Flash.*

O tedious voyage, whereof there is no end!
What will they think of me?

Quicksilver.

Think what they list; they long'd for a vagary into the
country, and now they are fitted; so a woman marry to ride
in a coach, she cares not if she rides to her ruin. 'Tis the
great end of many of their marriages: this is not the first time
a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think. He that
weighs men's thoughts has his hands full of nothing. A man

34 God b'ye] God be with ye, Farewel. The 4to has God boye. S.P.

Q₂

in

in the course of this world should be like a surgeon's instrument, work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. The sharper and subtler, the better.

Quicksilver.

As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need to devise excuses, or endure her out-cries, when she returns: we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Well, my kind compeer, [*To Security.*] you have now th'assurance we both can make you; let me now intreat you, the money we agree on may be brought to the Blue-Anchor, near to Billingsgate, by six o'clock, where I and my chief friends bound for this voyage will with feasts attend you.

Security.

The money, my honourable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Thanks, my dear gossip, I must now impart
To your approved love a loving secret;
As one, on whom my life doth more rely,
In friendly trust, than any man alive:
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections, for affection only:
For I protest, if God bless my return,
To make you partner in my action's gain,
As deeply as if you had ventur'd with me
Half my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have enjoyed with such divine contentment
A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; so *I thirst and hunger*
To taste the dear feast of her company.
And if the *hunger* and the *thirst* you vow
(As my sworn gossip) to my wished good
Be, as I know it is, unfeign'd and firm,
Do me an easy favour in your power.

Security.

Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do
To my best nerve is wholly at your service;
Who is the woman (first) that is your friend?

Sir

Sir Petronel Flash.

The woman is your learned council's wife;
The lawyer, master Bramble: whom would you
Bring out this even, in honest neighbourhood,
To take his leave with you of me your gossip:
I, in the mean time, will send this my friend
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd
Before his face into our company:
For love hath made her look for such a wile,
To free her from his tyrannous jealousy;
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away to make us sport,
And gull his circumspection the more grossly.
And I am sure that no man like yourself
Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy,
To so long stay abroad, as may give time
To her enlargement in such safe disguise.

Security.

A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project!
Who would not strain a point of neighbourhood,
³⁵ For such a point devise? that as the ship
Of famous Draco ³⁶ went about the world,
We'll wind about the lawyer, compassing
The world himself: he hath it in his arms;
And that's enough for him without his wife.
A lawyer is ambitious; and his head
Cannot be prais'd nor rais'd too high,
With any fork of highest knavery.
I'll go fetch her straight.

[*Exit Security.*]

Sir Petronel Flash.

So, so! now, Frank, go thou home to his house,
Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither:
Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is prison'd

³⁵ For such a point devise?] This phrase is observed by Mr. Steevens to be of French extraction *à points devisees*, and means *exactly*. I believe it was formerly used as a cant term for a strumpet, and that it is here to be so understood. In like manner Kastril, in *The Alchymist*, abusing his sister, calls her *punk devise*, meaning probably, *point devise*.

³⁶ Draco] i. e. Sir Francis Drake.

With his stern usurous jealousy ; which could never
Be over-reach'd thus, but with over-reaching.

Enter Security.

Security.

And, Mr. Francis, watch you the instant time
To enter with his exit : 'twill be rare,
To find horn'd beasts, a camel, and a lawyer.

Quicksilver.

How the old villain joys in villainy !

Security.

And hark you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your boat ready ; ship her to your ship
With utmost haste, lest Mr. Bramble stay you.
To o'er-reach that head, that out-reacheth all heads,
'Tis a trick rampant ; 'tis a very quiblin.
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers ;
Their heads will be so forked ; *this fly touch*
Will get apes to invent a number such.

[*Exit.*]

Quicksilver.

Was ever rascal honey'd so with poison !

He that delights in slavish avarice,

Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.

Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer's.

Sir Petronel Flash.

But stay, Frank, let's think how we may disguise her upon
this sudden.

Quicksilver.

God's me, there's the mischief ; but hark you, here's an
excellent device ; 'fore God, a rare one : I will carry a sailor's
gown and cap, and cover her ; and a player's beard.

Sir Petronel Flash.

And what upon her head ?

Quicksilver.

I tell you, a sailor's cap ; 'sight, God forgive me, what
kind of ³⁷figent memory have you ?

³⁷figent] I suppose this to be either a provincial or corrupted word.
A figent wit (from *figo*, Lat.) might be a striking, a piercing wit : but
what can a figent memory mean ? S.

Figentia (in chemistry) are things which serve to fix volatile substances.
Figent, therefore, as applied to memory, may be synonymous with retentive. N.

Sir

Sir Petronel Flash.

Nay then, what kind of figent wit hast thou?
A sailor's cap? how shall she put it off
When thou present'st her to our company?

Quicksilver.

Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailor.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Tush, tush; 'tis no fit sauce for such sweet mutton:
I know not what t'advise.

Enter Security, with his wife's gown.

Security.

Knight, knight, a rare device!

Sir Petronel Flash.

'Soons, yet again?

Quicksilver.

What stratagem have you now?

Security.

The best that ever. You talk'd of disguising—

Sir Petronel Flash.

Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.

Security.

Cast care away then; here's the best device
For plain Security (for I am no better)
I think that ever liv'd: here's my wife's gown,
Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons:
One is, that master Bramble may take hold
Of some suspicion that it is my wife;
And gird me so, perhaps, with his law wit:
The other (which is policy indeed)
Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,
Having no more but her old gown abroad;
And not show me a quirk, whilst I firk others.
Is not this rare?

Ambo.

The best that ever was.

Security.

Am not I born to furnish gentlemen?

Q 4

Sir

Sir Petronel Flash.

O my dear gossip!

Security.

Well, hold, master Francis; watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in; and now—I will go fetch him. *[Going.]*

Quicksilver.

O my dad!—he goes as it were the devil to fetch the lawyer; and devil shall he be, if horns will make him.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Why, how now gossip, why stay you there musing?

Security.

A toy, a toy runs in my head, i'faith.

Quicksilver.

A pox of that head, is there more toys yet?

Sir Petronel Flash.

What is it, pray thee, gossip?

Security.

Why, fir, what if you should slip away now with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it?

Quicksilver.

For that, I hope, dad, you will take our words.

Security.

Ay, by the mass, your word! that's a proper staff
For wife Security to lean upon.

But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name
On your crack'd credits; let it take no shame.
Fetch the wench, Frank.

[Exit.]

Quicksilver.

I'll wait upon you, fir,
And fetch you over, you were ne'er so fetch'd.
Go to the tavern, knight; your followers
Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain.

[Exit.]

Sir Petronel Flash.

Would I might lead them to no hotter service,
Till our Virginian gold were in our purses!

[Exit.]

Enter Seagul, Spendall, and Scrapethrift in the tavern, with a drawer.

Seagul.

Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheads, and let's have
cheer,

cheer, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our Virginian Colonel; he will be here instantly.

Drawer.

You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?

Spendall.

More wine, slave? whether we drink it or no, spill it and draw more.

Scrapetbrift.

Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of liquor, and let them wait on us here, like soldiers in their pewter coats; and though we do not employ them now, yet we will maintain 'em till we do.

Drawer.

Said like an honourable captain; you shall have all you can command, sir.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

Seagul.

Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead.

Spendibrift.

Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Seagul.

A whole country of English is there, man; bred of those that were left there in 79. They have married with the Indians, and make 'em bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with them, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

Scrapetbrift.

But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Seagul.

I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fetter'd in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays, and gather them by the sea-shore, to hang on their children's coats, and stick in
their

their childrens caps; as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt broches, and groats with holes in them.

Scrapetbrift.

And is it a pleasant country withal?

Seagul.

As ever the sun shin'd on; temperate, and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without serjeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, "only a few³⁸ industrious Scots perhaps, "who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. "But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen "and England, when they are out on't in the world, than they "are: and for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of "them were there, for we are all one countrymen now ye "know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them "there, than we do here." Then for your means to advancement, there it is simple, and not preposterously mixt. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger; you may be any other officer, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villainy, nor the less wit. Besides, there we shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either. Serve God enough, eat and drink enough; and *enough is as good as a feast.*

Spendall.

Gods me! and how far is it thither?

Seagul.

Some six weeks sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind: and if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind. Or when I come to Cape Finister, there's a foreright wind continually wafts us till we come to Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

³⁸ *only a few, &c.*] The above lines marked with commas seem to have been those which gave offence to King James. They are omitted in the former edition of this work; from whence I conjecture, that Mr. Doddsley printed from a different copy than that which I have collated the present edition with: probably they were omitted in consequence of the prosecution. The conclusion of this speech from the word *Besides* is an addition not in my copy.

Enter

Enter Sir Petronel Flash with his followers.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Well met, good captain Seagul, and my noble gentlemen! now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench presently, that will bear us company all our voyage.

Seagul.

Whosoever she be, here's to her health, noble Colonel, both with cap and knee.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Thanks, kind captain Seagul: she's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us; and so, gentlemen, here's to her health.

Ambo.

Let it come, worthy Colonel, *we do hunger and thirst for it.*

Sir Petronel Flash.

'Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch, from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it.

Spendall.

Why then we will join his forehead with her health, fir; and, captain Scrapethrift, here's to 'em both.

Enter Security and Bramble.

Security.

See, see, master Bramble! 'fore heaven their voyage can not but prosper, they are o'their knees for success to it.

Bramble.

And they pray to god Bacchus.

Security.

God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals; see, fir, my worshipful learned counsel, Mr. Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Worshipful Mr. Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness? come, captain Seagul, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

Seagul.

Seagul.

I pledge his most smooth disposition, fir: come, master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Security.

Bend yours likewise, Mr. Bramble, for it is you shall pledge me.

Seagul.

Not so, Mr. Security, he must not pledge his own health,

Security.

No, master captain?

Enter Quicksilver with Winny disguis'd.

Why then here's one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Quicksilver.

Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, fir, whom with much entreaty I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; aham'd whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went made me so importunate to entreat your presence here,

Security.

How now, Mr. Francis? have you honour'd this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

Quicksilver.

Pray, fir, take you no notice of her; for she will not be known to you.

Security.

But my learned counsel, Mr. Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Quicksilver.

No more than you, fir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Security.

Well, God pardon her for my part; and I do I'll be sworn; and so, master Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's-haven; and so to the health of master Bramble.

I

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

I pledge it, fir: hath it gone round, captains?

Seagut.

It has, sweet Frank, and the round closes with thee.

Quicksilver.

Well, fir, here's to all eastward, and toward cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's-haven, so fatally remember'd. [*He rises.*

Sir Petronel Flash.

Nay, pray thee, cuz, weep not—Gossip Security.

Security.

Ay, my brave gossip.

Sir Petronel Flash.

A word I beseech you, fir: our friend, mistress Bramble here, is so dissolv'd in tears, that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting; sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Security.

Pity of all true love, mistress Bramble, what weep you to enjoy your love? what's the cause, lady? first, because your husband is so near, and your heart yearns, to have a little abus'd him? alas! alas! the offence is too common to be respected. So great a grace hath seldom chanc'd to so unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight; that when your prickless Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish afresh in the bed of a lady.

*Enter Drawer.**Drawer.*

Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours, and that it will be dangerous going against the tide; for the sky is over-cast, and there was a porpoise even now seen at London-bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

Sir Petronel Flash.

A porpoise! what's that to the purpose? charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spite of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

Seagut.

Seagul.

What's that, good Colonel?

Sir Petronel Flash.

This, captain Seagul: we'll have our provided supper brought ³⁹ aboard sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compass'd the world, where with full cups and banquets we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirit of the waters should haunt the desert ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Seagul.

Rarely conceited! one health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, may he never be sober!

[They compass in Winifred, dance the drunken round, and drink carouses.]

Bramble.

Sir Petronel, and his honourable captains, in these young services we old servitors may be spared: we only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of sir Petronel and all his captains.

Security.

You must bend then, master Bramble; so, now I am for you; I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are incompass'd there, and are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth (my learned counsel, master Bramble), my mind runs so of Cuckold's-haven to-night, that my head turns round with admiration.

³⁹ aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship,] After Sir Francis Drake returned from his voyage round the world, Queen Elizabeth went to Deptford; dined on board his ship, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon him. She likewise gave directions for the preservation of this ship, which was laid up in the River Thames at Deptford, where it was contemplated for many years with just admiration. The use to which it was put at this period is plain from the above passage. It was at length broke up, and a chair made out of the planks for John Davis, Esq; was presented to the University of Oxford. In the works of Abraham Cowley, is an Epigram on this chair.

Bramble.

Bramble.

But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Security.

No, by my troth, master Bramble; ha, ha, ha! a pox of all Cuckholds-havens, I say.

Bramble.

I' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Security.

Cucullus non facit Monachum, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's ship to-night. Adieu, my noble gossip.

Bramble.

Good fortune, brave captains; fair skies God send ye.

Omnes.

Farewel, my hearts, farewel.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's-haven, gossip.

Security.

I have done, I have done, sir. Will you lead, master Bramble? ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Captain Seagull, charge a boat.

Omnes.

A boat, a boat, a boat!

[Exit.

Drawer.

Y'are in a proper taking indeed to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest; they say that *drunken men never take harm*; this night will try the truth of that proverb. [Exit.

Enter Security.

Security.

What, Winny? wife, I say? out of doors at this time! where should I seek the Gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight; woe be to thee, Billingsgate. A boat, a boat, a boat! a full hundred marks for a boat! [Exit.

ACTUS

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Slitgut, with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckold's-haven above.

Slitgut.

ALL hail, fair haven of married men only! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap); who sends me to set up (⁴⁰ in honour of Saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage; and up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then; heaven and Saint Luke blefs me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb with this furious tempest. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns: hark, how he roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! she bears some unjust burden, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it: heaven blefs all honest passengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth I see, and she will run away with 'em.—So, so; I think I have made it look the right way; it runs against London-bridge (as it were) even full-but. And now let me discover, from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy.—O me, here's a boat has been cast away hard by! Alas, alas, see one of her passengers labouring for his life to land at this haven here; pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me; hold out a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. It is a man: take a man's heart to thee, yet a little farther: get up o'thy legs, man; now it is shallow enough. So, so, so, alas, he's down again! Hold thy wind, father; it is a man in his night-cap. So, now he's got up again; now he's past the worst. Thanks be to heaven, he comes towards me pretty and strongly.

⁴⁰ in honour of Saint Luke] Because of his emblem the ox. S. P.

Enter

Enter Security, without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, &c.

Security.

Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee? where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me see! O I am scarce able to look about me; where is there any sea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

Slitgut.

Look up, father, are you acquainted with this mark?

Security,

What! landed at Cuckold's-haven? Hell and damnation! I will run back and drown myself. *[He falls down.]*

Slitgut.

Poor man, how weak he is! the weak water has wash'd away his strength.

Security.

Landed at Cuckold's-haven! if it had not been to die twenty times alive, I should never have 'scap'd death. I will never arise more; I will grovel here, and eat dirt till I be choak'd; I will make the gentle earth do that the cruel water has denied me.

Slitgut.

Alas, good father, be not so desperate! Rise, man; if you will, I'll come presently, and lead you home.

Security.

Home? shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad? how low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more. *[Exit creeping.]*

Slitgut.

What young planet reigns now, that old men are so foolish? what desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such weather as this upon the water? Ah me, see another remnant of this unfortunate shipwreck, or some other!—A woman, i'faith! a woman! though it be almost at St. Katharine's, I discern it to be a woman; for all her body is above the water, and her cloaths swim about her most handsomely.—O they bear her up most bravely! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her cloaths the better while she lives, for this? alas! how busy the rude Thames is about her! a pox o'that

VOL. IV.

R

wave;

wave; it will drown her, i'faith it will drown her! cry God mercy! she has 'scap'd it; I thank heaven she has 'scap'd it.—O, how she swims like a mermaid! some vigilant body look out, and save her. That's well said; just *where the priest fell in*, there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up. God's blessing o'thy heart, boy! now take her up in thy arms, and to bed with her—She's up, she's up! she's a beautiful woman, I warrant her, the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the Drawer in the tavern before, with Winifred.

Drawer.

How fare you now, lady?

Winifred.

Much better, my good friend, than I wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserv'd.

Drawer.

Comfort yourself; that power that preserv'd you from death can likewise defend you from infamy; howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night, with a knight, and other gentlemen, at Billingsgate?

Winifred.

Unhappy that I am, I was.

Drawer.

I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you to a house of my friend's here in St. Katharine's; since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue from the ruthless tempest; which (when you took boat) was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I fear'd long ere this I should hear of your shipwreck; and therefore (with little other reason) made thus far this way: and this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter (hir'd by the young gentleman that brought you) a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which, if they be yours, and you please to shift you (taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend), I will presently go fetch 'em you.

Winifred.

Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if
you

you please to fetch as you have promis'd, I will boldly receive the kind favour you have offer'd till your return; intreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you do me; or where such a one as I am bestow'd, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame, than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Drawer.

Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be us'd in your discovery.

Winifred.

Thank you, good friend; the time may come I shall requite you. [*Exeunt.*

Slitgut.

See, see, see! I hold my life there's some other a-taking up at Wapping now! Look what ³⁹ a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth it is so.—O me! a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows? heaven grant he be not one day taken down there. O my life it is ominous: well, he is delivered for the time; I see the people have all left him, yet will I keep my prospect a while, to see if any more have been shipwreck'd.

Enter Quicksilver bareheaded.

Quicksilver.

Accurs'd that ever I was fav'd or born!
How fatal is my sad arrival here!
As if the stars and providence spake to me,
And said, the drift of all unlawful courses
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves
In frame of their licentious policies),
In the firm order of just destiny,
They are the ready highways to our ruins.
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steps,
In which unsufferable shame and misery

³⁹ a sort] A number of people. See Notes to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 7. and to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 396.

Will not attend them! I will walk this bank,
 And see if I can meet the other relics
 Of our poor shipwreck'd crew, or hear of them.
 The knight, alas! was so far gone with wine,
 And the other three, that I refus'd their boat,
 And took the hapless woman in another,
 Who cannot but be sunk, whatever fortune
 Hath wrought upon the others desperate lives.

[Exit.

Enter Sir Petronel Flash and Seagul bareheaded.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Zounds, captain! I tell thee we are cast up o'the coast of France. 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope. Do'st remember where we were last night?

Seagul.

No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water, and in the water.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Ah me, we are undone for ever! hast any money about thee?

Seagul.

Not a penny, by heaven!

Sir Petronel Flash.

Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Seagul.

Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains, nor mine eyes, are not mine own yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Sir Petronel Flash.

'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? I know by the elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate.—See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England when he sees 'em? What shall we do? we must e'en to 'em, and intreat some relief of 'em: life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities.

Seagul.

Seagul.

Pray you, do you beg on 'em then; you can speak French.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Monseur, plaist il d'avoir pity de nôtre grand infortunes: je suis un pauvre Chevalier d'Angleterre, qui a juffri l'infortune de naufrage.

First Gentleman.

Un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre?

Sir Petronel Flash.

Ouy, monseur, i'l est trop vray; mais vous sçavez bien, nous sommes tous sujet à fortune.

Second Gentleman.

A poor knight of England? a poor knight of Windsor are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? on what coast are you, think you?

First Gentleman.

On the coast of dogs, sir. Y'are i'th' Isle o' Dogs, I tell you. I see y'have been wash'd in the Thames here; and I believe ye were drown'd in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewel, farewel; we will not know you for shaming of you.—I ken the man well; he's ⁴⁰ one of my thirty pound knights.

Second Gentleman.

Now this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day, for four pounds given to a page, all the money in's purse I wot well.

[*Exeunt.*]

Seagul.

Death, colonel, I knew you were overshot!

Sir Petronel Flash.

Sure I think now indeed, captain Seagul, we were something overshot.

Enter Quicksilver.

What! my sweet Frank Quicksilver! dost thou survive to re-

⁴⁰ one of my thirty pound] This and other passages ridiculing the persons on whom King James conferred the honour of knighthood, might also be amongst those which gave offence to his Majesty. Arthur Wilson, in his *History of Great Britain*, 1653, p. 5. observes, that "at this time *Knights* swarmed in every corner; the sword ranged about, and men bowed in obedience to it more in peace than in war: this airy title blew up many "a fair estate."

joice me? But, what! nobody at thy heels, Frank? ah me, what is become of poor mistress Security?

Quicksilver.

Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Seagul.

Let her go, let her go; let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Nay, by my troth, let our cloaths rot upon us, and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is attach'd by this time. If we set her not under sail this last tide, I never look'd for any other. Woe! woe is me! what shall become of us? the last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured; and if our ship be attach'd, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quicksilver.

'Sfoot, knight, what an unknighly faintness transports thee? let our ship sink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this brain of mine shall not let us perish.

Seagul.

Well said, Frank, i'faith. O my nimble-spirited Quick-silver! 'Fore God, would thou had'st been our colonel!

Sir Petronel Flash.

I like his spirit rarely: but I see no means he has to support that spirit.

Quicksilver.

Go to, knight, I have more means than thou art aware of; I have not liv'd amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with them. And not to let thee sink where thou stand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some of my skill presently.

Seagul.

Do, good Frank, I beseech thee.

Quicksilver.

† I will blanch copper so cunningly, that it shall endure all proofs, but the test: it shall endure malleation, it shall have

† I will blanch copper so cunningly, &c.] I should suppose the following passages relative to changes produced in the external appearance of metals

have the ponderosity of Luna, and the tenacity of Luna, by no means friable.

Sir Petronel Flash.

'Slight, where learn'st thou these terms trow?

Quicksilver.

Tush, knight, the terms of this art every ignorant quack-falver is perfect in; but I'll tell you how yourself shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsnick, otherwise called realga (which indeed is plain ratsbane), sublime them three or four times; then take the sublimate of this realga, and put them into a glass, into chymia, and let them have a convenient decoction natural four and twenty hours, and he will become perfectly fix'd: then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well-purg'd copper, *et habebis magisterium.*

Ambo.

Excellent Frank, let us hug thee.

Quicksilver.

Nay this I will do besides; I'll take you off twelve pence from every angel, with a kind of aqua fortis, and never deface any part of the image.

Sir Petronel Flash.

But then it will want weight.

Quicksilver.

You shall restore that thus: take your *sal achime* prepar'd, and your distill'd urine; and let your angels lie in it but four and twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on now, I hold this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll untruss more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare ⁴² sconces, now will I have you to a wench's house of mine at London; there make shift to shift us; and after take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us.

Ambo.

Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee.

[*Exeunt.*

metals were the work of Jonson, who has displayed much learning on the same subject in his *Alchymist*, where indeed he uses some of the very terms of art which we meet with here. S.

⁴² sconces,] heads.

R 4

Enter

Enter Drawer with Winifred, new attir'd.

Winifred.

Now, sweet friend, you have brought me nigh enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some colour be seen near, enquiring for my husband; who, I must tell you, stole thither the last night, with my wet gown we have left at your friend's, which, to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any; and so with all vows of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Drawer.

All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you. *[Exit Drawer.]*

Enter Security,

Security.

I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers: I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

Winifred.

O my dear husband! where have you been to-night? all night abroad at a tavern? rob me of my garments? and fare as one run away from me? alas! is this seemly for a man of your credit? of your age, and affection to your wife?

Security.

What should I say? how miraculously sorts this? was not I at home, and call'd thee last night?

Winifred.

Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke, and my answer to you would have witness'd it, if you had had the patience to have staid and answered me; but your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Mr. Bramble's; and so I rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbelieved absence brought me abroad, with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Security.

Villain and monster that I was, how have I abus'd thee! I was suddenly gone indeed! for my sudden jealousy transferred me: I will say no more but this, dear wife, I suspected thee.

Winifred.

Winifred.

Did you suspect me?

Security.

Talk not of it, I beseech thee: I am ashamed to imagine it; I will home, I will home, and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness. [Exeunt.

Slitgut.

Now will I descend my honourable prospect; the farthest-seeing sea-mark of the world: no marvel then if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now overblown; which sure, I think, heaven sent as a punishment for ⁴² profaning holy St. Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom. Thou dishonest satire, farewell to honest married men! farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee. Farewell thou horn of hunger, that call'st the inns o' court to their manger. Farewell thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the commonwealth. Farewell thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn. Farewell thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman. Farewell thou horn of destiny, the ensign of the married man. Farewell thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit, [Exit.

*Enter Touchstone.**Touchstone.*

Ha, firrah! thinks my knight adventurer that we ken no point of our compass? do we not know north north-east? north-east and by east? east and by north? nor plain eastward? ha! have we never heard of Virginia? nor the Cavallaria? nor the Colonia? can we discover no discoveries? well, mine errant sir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps, or so, in sea-ceremony to your bon voyage: but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral, and vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnacle, and under sail, as well as a ⁴³ re-

⁴² *profaning holy St. Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom*] Horn Fair, at Charlton, is held on St. Luke's Day. N.

⁴³ *repara,*] See Note 28 to *The City Match*, vol. IX. p. 325.

mora,

mora, doubt it not; and from this sconce, without either powder or shot. *Work upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew tricks, we'll ⁴⁴ vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land to a castle of his i'the air, (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach: she, and her two waiting women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a top of 'em, I think. Since they have all found the way back again, by weeping croses. But I'll not see 'em. And for two of 'em, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o'the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'em; or else to graze o'the common: so should my dame Touchstone too; but she has been my crosse these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprights, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding: he was sent for to the Guild-hall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come ⁴⁵ i' my thought!—How now, son, what news at the court of aldermen?

Enter Golding.

Golding.

Troth, sir, an accident somewhat strange; else it hath little in it worth the reporting.

Touchstone.

What? it is not borrowing of money then?

Golding.

No, sir, it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me one i'their number at presentation of the inquest.

Touchstone.

Ha!

Golding.

And the alderman of the ward, wherein I dwell, to appoint me his deputy.

Touchstone.

How!

⁴⁴ *vie*] A term at the Game of Glee.

⁴⁵ *i' my thought!*] At the instant. S. P.

Golding.

Golding.

In which place, I have had an oath ministered to me since I went.

Touchstone.

Now, my dear and happy son! let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition which a whole city so conspires to second! ta'en into the livery of his company the first day of his freedom! now (not a week married) chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a day! nought but the reward of a thrifty course; the wonder of his time! Well, I will honour Mr. alderman for this act, as becomes me; and shall think the better of the common council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting or but coming after me in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient son; and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Golding.

Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this, or any other office, should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

Touchstone.

Excellently spoken: this modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet shortly. Worshipful son, I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one of the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies, to be remembered the same day with the ⁴⁶ lady Ramsay, and ⁴⁷ grave Gresham; when ⁴⁸ the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts

⁴⁶ lady Ramsay,] This was lady Mary Ramsay, wife of Sir Thomas Ramsay, alderman and lord-mayor of London in 1577. Her benefactions are mentioned in Stow's *Survey*. See Strype's edition 1722, b. I. p. 278.

⁴⁷ grave Gresham;] Sir Thomas Gresham, builder of the Royal Exchange.

⁴⁸ the famous fable of Whittington and his puss] See Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. I. p. 292.

become

become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds play'd i'thy lifetime by the best company of actors, and be called their Get-penny. This I divine and prophesy.

Golding.

Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer: I, that know my own strength, fear 'em; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

Touchstone.

None more welcome, I am sure.

Golding.

They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The colonel, and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billingsgate, had like to have been cast away on this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to town like so many masterless men, i' their doublets and hose, without hat or cloak, or any other—

Touchstone.

A miracle! the justice of heaven! where are they? let's go presently and lay for 'em.

Golding.

I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'em at their old anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion than if yourself were seen in't, under colour of a great press, that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touchstone.

Prudent and politick son! disgrace 'em all that ever thou canst: their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon them! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou may'st punish it. Be severe i'thy place, like a new officer of the first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train, from the invisible castle?

Golding.

No; where is she?

Touchstone.

Touchstone.

Within, but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother: who now begins to wish her daughter undubb'd, they say; and that she had walked a foot-pace with her filter.—Here they come, stand back.

Enter Mrs. Touchstone, Girtred, Mildred, Syndefy.

God save your ladyship: save your good ladyship: your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travell'd on strange adventures: surely, in my mind, *your ladyship bath fish'd fair, and caught a frog*, as the saying is.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

Girtred.

Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet: though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touchstone.

Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter, and a greater decorum, that I should courtesy to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought o' your knees to me, who am ⁴⁹ a poor cullion, and your father.

Girtred.

Law! my father knows his duty.

Mrs. Touchstone.

O child!

Touchstone.

And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage; and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, *however at present concealed to mortal eyes*. And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me; and not go abroad, nor put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse, or three wheels; but take part with the Touchstone: if we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damsel

⁴⁹ a poor cullion,] Coglione Ital. a booby. S.

See Note 87 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 63.

here,

here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage; for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Girtred.

Marry, ^{so} fyft o' your kindness.—I thought as much.—Come away, Sinne! we shall as soon get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing out of courtesy here.

Mildred.

O, good sister!

Girtred.

Sister, irreverence.—Come away, I say; hunger drops out at his nose.

Golding.

O madam, fair words never hurt the tongue.

Girtred.

How say you by that? you come out with your gold ends now!

Mrs. Touchstone.

Stay, lady-daughter: good husband.

Touchstone.

Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle. As she has brew'd, so let her drink, o' God's name: she went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a begging. It is but honey-moon yet with her ladyship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or any body: when those are pawn'd or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Girtred.

I scorn it, i'faith.—Come, Sinne!

[*Exit Girtred.*]

Mrs. Touchstone.

O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Touchstone.

Nay, nay, e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why do'st thou weep now? thou art

^{so} fyft o' your kindness.] Fyft is a corruption of *foyst*, the participle of which has been already applied to a lady's dog in this comedy. S.

not the first good cow has had an ill calf, I trust.—What's the news with that fellow?

Enter Constable.

Golding.

Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without, will you have 'em brought in?

Touchstone.

O, by any means. And, son, here's a chair, appear terrible unto 'em on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Golding.

Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'em, except you charge 'em with somewhat.

Touchstone.

I will charge 'em and recharge 'em, rather than authority should want foil to set it off.

Golding.

No, good sir, I will not.

Touchstone.

Son, it is your place; by any means.

Golding.

Believe it, I will not, sir.

Enter Sir Petronel Flash, Quicksilver, Constable, Officers.

Sir Petronel Flash.

How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quicksilver.

Would it had been my fortune to have been trust up at Wapping, rather than ever ha' come here!

Sir Petronel Flash.

Or mine, to have famish'd ⁵¹ in the island.

Quicksilver.

Must Golding sit upon us?

Constable.

You might carry an M under your girdle, to Mr. deputy's worship.

⁵¹ in the island.] i. e. the island of Dogs. S. P.

Golding.

Golding.

What are those, Mr. Constable?

Constable.

An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I prest for the Low-Countries, fir.

Golding.

Why don't you carry them to Bridewell, according to your order, that they may be shipp'd away?

Constable.

An't please your worship, one of 'em says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him your worship, for our discharge.

Golding.

Which is he?

Constable.

This, fir.

Golding.

And what's the other?

Constable.

A knight's fellow, fir, an't please you.

Golding.

What, a knight and his fellow thus accoutred! where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and cloaks?

Quicksilver.

O, they mock us.

Constable.

Nay, truly, fir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too before we did see 'em. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say, knights are now to be known without feathers, like cockrels by their spurs, fir.

Golding.

What are their names, say they?

Touchstone.

Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'em in his place, indeed.

Constable.

This is fir Petronel Flash.

Touchstone.

How!

Constable.

Constable.

And this Francis Quicksilver.

Touchstone.

Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems; and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be cover'd, sir. How did your biscuit hold out, sir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore: good Mr. Quicksilver! how a degree to the southward has chang'd you!

Golding.

Do you know 'em, father? Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touchstone.

Yes, Mr. Deputy: I had a small venture with them in the voyage; a thing call'd a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone; they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'em was my 'prentice, Mr. Quicksilver here; and when he had two years to serve kept his whore and his hunting nag; would play his hundred pounds at Gresco, or Primero, as familiarly (and all o'my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'em all; had his changeable trunks of apparel, standing at livery with his mare; his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing tubs; which when I told him of, why he, he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pounds dispersed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, sir Flash: one that married a daughter of mine; ladified her; turn'd two thousand pounds worth of good land of her's into cash within the first week; bought her a new gown and a coach; sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate for his own diet to serve him the whole voyage, the wife of a certain usurer call'd Security, who hath been the broker for 'em in all this business: please Mr. Deputy, *Work upon that now.*

Golding.

If my worshipful father have ended—

VOL. IV.

S

Touchstone.

Touchstone.

I have, it shall please Mr. Deputy.

Golding.

Well then, under correction—

Touchstone.

Now, son, come over 'em with some fine gird; as thus, *Knight, you shall be encounter'd*, that is, had to the Counter; or, *Quicksilver, I will put you in a crucible*; or so.

Golding.

Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them; but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him aside; I will hear you anon, sir.

Touchstone.

I like this well yet: there's some grace i'the knight left, he cries.

Golding.

Francis Quicksilver, would God thou had'st turn'd Quacksilver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses. It is great pity; thou art a proper young man; of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one, (God hath done his part to thee;) but thou hast made too much and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and garish attire, only to be looked upon by some light housewives, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate: and being by him gently admonish'd, at several times, hast turn'd thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers; thundering out uncivil comparisons; requiting all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and ⁵² *outrecuidance* with scorn

⁵² *outrecuidance*] i. e. overweening, overpresumption. So, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 2. "It is strange *outrecuidance*! your humour too much redoundeth."

Brome's *Mad Couple well match'd*, A. 1. S. 1. "I speak not this in the be-
" halie

scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withal? From the press I will free 'em, Mr. Constable.

Constable.

Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Golding.

No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'em.

Touchstone.

Sir, I do charge this gallant, Mr. Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight, as being accessory in the receipt of my goods.

Quicksilver.

O, good sir!

Touchstone.

Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace! with what forehead or face do'st thou offer to *chop logick* with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Do'st not observe this? which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver! He was a free boon companion, when he had money, says one; hang him, fool, says another, he could not keep it when he had it. A pox o'th' cullion his master, says a third, he has brought him to this. When their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventur'd for 'em with the best; and, by the clue of thy knavery, brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quicksilver.

Worshipful master!

Touchstone.

Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learn'd to whine at the play yonder.

"halfe of any dignity in me; but that you should overween that I had
"ability to wrastle any more with your overgratefull unkle in your
"behalf. Therein was your *outrecuidance*."

Mr. Deputy, pray you commit 'em both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'em.

Quicksilver

O me, what an unfortunate thing am I!

Sir Petronel Flash.

Will you not take security, sir?

Touchstone.

Yes, marry will I, sir Flash, if I can find him; and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this: he is your engineer, I hear. Mr. Deputy, you'll dispose of these? In the mean time, I'll to my lord-mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into my hands; and seal up both house and goods to the king's use, or my satisfaction.

Golding.

Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

Quicksilver and Sir Petronel Flash.

Oh God!

Touchstone.

Nay, on, on: you see the issue of your sloth: of sloth cometh pleasure; of pleasure cometh riot; of riot comes whoring; of whoring comes spending; of spending comes want; of want comes theft; of theft comes hanging: and there is my Quicksilver fix'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Girtred and Syndefy.

Girtred.

AH, Synne! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Synne?

Syndefy.

Not I truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

53 Will you not take Security, sir? Sir Petronel means, will you not take bail? but Touchstone wilfully misunderstands him of Mr. Security the usurer. S. P.

Girtred.

Girtred.

Why, good faith, Syn, I could dine with a lamentable story now ; *O bone bone, O no nera, &c.* Can'st thou tell ne'er a one, Syn ?

Syndefy.

None but mine own, madam ; which is lamentable enough : first, to be stolen from my friends, which were worshipful, and of good account, by a *prentice in the habit and disguise of a gentleman ; and here brought up to London, and promised marriage ; and now likely to be forsaken ; for he is in a possibility to be hang'd.

Girtred.

Nay, weep not, good Synne. My Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Synne. I was more than promised marriage, Synne ; I had it, Synne ; and was made a lady ; and by a knight, Syn ; which is now as good as no knight, Syn. And I was born in London ; which is more than brought up, Syn ; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Syn ; and, instead of land i'the country, all my knight's living lies i'the Counter, Syn ; there's his castle now.

Syndefy.

Which he cannot be forc'd out of, madam.

Girtred.

Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two ; *Hunger, they say, breaks stone walls.* But he is e'en well enough serv'd, Syn, that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, ran away from me, as I had been his punk, God bless us ! Would the knight of the Sun, or Palmerine of England, have used their ladies so, Synne ? or sir Lancelot ! or sir Tristram ?

Syndefy.

I do not know, madam.

Girtred.

Then thou knowest nothing, Syn. Thou art a fool, Syn. The knighthood now-a-days are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a horseback ; ours go afoot. They were attended by their 'quires : ours by their ladies. They went buckled in their armour ; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travel'd

travel'd wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still ⁵⁴ prest to engage their honour; ours ready to pawn their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

Syndesfy.

Ay, madam; they were ⁵⁵ knights of the Round-table at Winchester, that fought adventures; but these of the Square-table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

Girtred.

True, Syn; let them vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Syndesfy.

Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman!) has sworn ⁵⁶ by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal.

⁵⁴ prest] ready. See Note to *The Four P's*, vol. I.

⁵⁵ knights of the Round-table at Winchester] In the Sessions-hall at Winchester, a large circular table containing the portraits of Arthur's knights is fastened up against the wall. S.

A very learned Antiquarian, and polite scholar, speaks of this round table in the following manner: "At the end hangs what is commonly called *King Arthur's Round Table*, which is 18 feet in diameter. It would be needless to multiply authorities for a proof that this table is of modern date. However, it is of higher antiquity than it is commonly supposed to be: for Paulus Jovius, who wrote above two hundred years ago, relates, that it was shewn to the Emperor Charles V. and that at that time many marks of its antiquity had been destroyed, the names of the knights having been then just written afresh, and the whole table, with its ornaments, newly repaired. Turnaments being often held at Winchester before the Court and Parliament, this table might probably have been used on those occasions for entertaining the combatants; which, on that account, was properly inscribed with the names of Arthur's twenty-four Knights; either in commemoration of that prince, who was the reputed founder and patron of tilts and turnaments; or because he was supposed to have established these martial sports at Winchester. In later times these exercises were called *Mensa Rotunda*. The names of the knights inscribed on the table are much the same as those we find in an old Romance concerning King Arthur, viz. Sir Lancelot du Lake, Sir Tristram, Sir Pelleas, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, &c." *Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester*, p. 9.

⁵⁶ by bread and salt] See Notes to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 31. and to *The House of Woe*, vol. III. p. 350.

Girtred,

Girtred.

Let it stink in her hand then; I'll not be beholden to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gown; and my red velvet petticoat, that I was married in; and my wedding silk stockings; and all thy best apparel, poor Syn. Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, ⁵⁷ I'll lay my ladyship in lavender, if I knew where.

Syndefy.

Alas, madam, your ladyship!

Girtred,

Ay, why? you do not scorn my ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's me life, you are ⁵⁸ a peat indeed! do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

Syndefy.

No, madam; but I make question, who will lend any thing upon it.

Girtred.

Who? marry, enow, I warrant you; if you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' given a thousand pounds (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle born o' the city have the same longing I trust. And, for my part, I would afford 'em a penn'orth: my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing; and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pounds in hand, Syn, that would apparel us, and ten

⁵⁷ I'll lay my ladyship in lavender] To lay any thing in lavender was a cant phrase for *pawning*. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 3. "— who can serve in the nature of a gentleman usher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a black sattin suit of his own, to go before her in; " which suit (for the more sweetening) now lies in lavender, &c."

Maffinger's *New way to pay old Debts*, A. 5. S. 1.

" — Put me in good security,

" And suddenly, by mortgage, or by statute,

" Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you

" Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol, &c."

In Braithwait's *Strappado for the Devil*, 8vo. 1615. p. 154. is an Epigram, " Upon a Poet's Palfrey lying in lavender for the discharge of his " Provender."

⁵⁸ a peat indeed!] i. e. a fondled, and consequently a spoilt thing. S.

pounds a year, that would keep me and you, Syn, (with our needels)! and we should never need to be beholden to our scurvy parents. Good lord, that there are no fairies now-a-days, Syn.

Syndefy.

Why, madam?

Girtred.

To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Synne? I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o'the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Synne? or there may be a pot of gold hid o'the backside, if we had tools to dig for't. Why may not we two rise early i'the morning, Synne, afore any body is up, and find a jewel i'the streets worth a hundred pounds? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach, as 'tis running, and lose such a jewel; and we find it? ha!

Syndefy.

They are pretty waking dreams, these.

Girtred.

Or may not some old usurer be drunk over night, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God's sake, Syn, let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'th' streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my song o'the Golden-shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

*Fond fables tell of old
How Jove in Danae's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clap;
Oh had it been my hap!
Howe'er the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Touchstone.

Girtred.

O, here's my mother! good luck, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep!

Mrs. Touchstone.

God bless you: I would I were in my grave.

Girtred.

Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? dry your eyes and comfort me. Alas! it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Simply? 'tis better than thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. *Thou should'st have look'd before thou had'st leap'd.* Thou wert afire to be a lady; and now your ladyship, and you, may both *blow at the coal*, for aught I know. *Self do, self have: the hasty person never wants woe*, they say.

Girtred.

Nay then, mother, you should ha' look'd to it: a body would think you were the older. ⁵⁹ I did but my kind, I? he was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself, and a citinier in this, i'faith. You shew what husband you come on, I wis? you smell o' the Touchstone. He that will do more for his daughter, that has married a scurvy gold-end man, and his 'prentice, than he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight, and his customer; by this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

Syndefy.

O, good madam, do not take up your mother so.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Nay, nay, let her e'en alone. Let her ladyship grieve me still with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case, I? without her velvet gowns; without ribbands; without jewels; without French-wires; or ⁶⁰ cheat-bread, or quails; or a little dog; or a gentleman-usher; or any thing indeed that's fit for a lady—

⁵⁹ I did but my kind, I] I only followed the impulse of my nature. S.

⁶⁰ cheat-bread] i. e. the finest sort of white bread, manchet. S.

Syndefy.

Sydney.

Except her tongue.

Mrs. Touchstone.

And I not able to relieve her neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knows my heart, I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Girtred.

Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me. I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I? *The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite.*

Mrs. Touchstone.

I know that. But——

Girtred.

What, sweet mother, what?

Mrs. Touchstone.

It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the claw.

Girtred.

That's true, mother; ah me!

Mrs. Touchstone.

Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not; child, madam. Why do you weep thus? be of good cheer. I shall die, if you cry, and mar your complexion thus.

Girtred.

Alas, mother, what should I do?

Mrs. Touchstone.

Go to thy sister, child: she'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight; and redeem thy gowns, and thy coach, and thy horses; and set thee up again.

Girtred.

But will she get him to set my knight up, too?

Mrs. Touchstone.

That she will, or any thing else thou'lt ask her.

Girtred.

I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Try her, good chuck; I warrant thee.

Girtred.

Do'st thou think she'll do't?

Sydney.

Syndefy.

Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mrs. Touchstone.

That's a good maiden: she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i'the ale-house.

Girtred.

Go, Syn, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Touchstone, Golding, and Wolf.

Touchstone.

I will receive no letters, Mr. Wolf; you shall pardon me.

Golding.

Good father, let me entreat you.

Touchstone.

Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-penn'd subtle letter may work upon it: there may be tricks packing, do you see; return with your packet, fir.

Wolf.

Believe it, fir, you need fear no packing here. These are but letters of submission, all.

Touchstone.

Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like *blind justice*. *Work upon that now*. When the sessions come they shall hear from me.

Golding.

From whom come your letters, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf.

An't please you, fir, one from fir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and another from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship; one from Mr. Francis, fir, another from the knight.

Touchstone.

I do wonder, Mr. Wolf, why you should ⁶¹travel thus in a business so contrary to the kind or nature o' your place! that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners! whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you, to be ranging about for more, and not let

⁶¹ travel] The old word for work, labour.

these 'scape you have already under the tooth. But they say, you wolves when you ha' suck'd the blood once that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf.

Sir, your worship may descant as you please o'my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i'the kingdom under my keys; and almost of all religions i'the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, ⁶² Millenary, ⁶³ Family o'Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, &c.

Golding.

And which of all these (thinks Mr. Wolf) was the best religion?

Wolf.

Troth, Mr. Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farther.

Golding.

I believe you, Mr. Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i'these letters.

Wolf.

Humility, sir? ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will be i'the knight's-ward, do what we can, sir; and Mr. Quicksilver would be i'the hole, if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison. Oply Security sings a note too high sometimes; because he lies i'the twopenny-ward, far off, and cannot take his tune. The

⁶² *Millenary*] The Millenaries were a sect who held that Jesus Christ would come and reign upon earth for a thousand years; during which time the faithful were to enjoy all manner of temporal blessings, and that at the expiration of this term the day of judgment would take place.

⁶³ *Family o'Love*] The founder of this sect was one David George of Delph. He died August 2, 1556, and his tenets are supposed to have been first received in England about 1580. His followers were called *Familists*, or of the *Family of Love*, from the affection they bore to all people however wicked, and their obedience to all magistrates however tyrannical. See an account of their doctrines in Ross's *View of all Religions*, 6th edition, p. 256.

neighbours

neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask, what godly prisoners we have.

Touchstone.

Which on 'em is't is so devout, the knight, or t'other?

Wolf.

Both, sir; but the young man especially: I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too; he is so well given, and has such good gifts! he can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs; and speak you all ⁶⁴ the Sickman's Salve, without book.

Touchstone.

Ay, if he had had grace, he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Mr. Wolf.

Wolf.

And he has converted one Fangs, a serjeant; a fellow could neither write, nor read. He was call'd the Bando o'the Counter: and he has brought him already to pare his nails, and say his prayers; and 'tis hop'd he will tell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

Touchstone.

No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farther ear, I were taken. Adieu, good Mr. Wolf. Son, I do feel mine own weakness; do not importune me, pity is a rheum that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Mr. Wolf, *fish is cast away, that is cast in dry pools*: tell hypocrisy it will not do. I have touch'd and tried too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so: when the sessions come, they shall hear from me. In the mean time, to all suits, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle; ⁶⁵ lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand, against all temptations. [Exit.

⁶⁴ *the Sickman's Salve*] This Book I have never seen. It is, however, often mentioned or alluded to; as in Ben Jonson's *Epitaph*, A. 4. S. 4. "— one of them (I know not which) was cured with *the Sickman's Salve*, and the other with *Green's Groatfworth of Wit*."

Philaster, A. 4. S. 1. "Is't possible this fellow should repent? me thinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member; as if he had a *sick man's salve* in his mouth."

It seems to have been a Book of the devotional cast.

⁶⁵ *lay mine ear to the ground*] Alluding to the adder, which does so, it is said, with one ear, and stops the other with her tail. S. P.

Golding.

Golding.

You see, master Wolf, how inexorable he is; there is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'em with this small token of my love; tell 'em I wish I could do 'em any worthier office; but in this it is desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'em. And, fir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'em want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wolf.

Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Holdfast and Bramble.**Holdfast.*

Who would you speak with, fir?

Bramble.

I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Holdfast.

Y'are welcome, fir. Stay there, I'll call him to you—
Mr. Security!

*Enter Security.**Security.*

Who calls?

Holdfast.

Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Security.

What is he? is it one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

Holdfast.

You must pardon him, fir; the old man is a little craz'd with his imprisonment.

Security.

What say you to me, fir? my learned counsel Mr. Bramble! cry you mercy, fir; when saw you my wife?

Bramble.

EASTWARD HOE.

287

Bramble.

She is now at my house, fir; and desired me that I would come to visit you; and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Security.

My case, Mr. Bramble, is stone walls, and iron grates; you see it; this is the weakest part on't. And for getting me forth, no means but hanging myself, and so be carried forth; from which they have here bound me in intolerable bands.

Bramble.

Why, but what is't you are in for, fir?

Security.

For my sins, for my sins, fir; whereof marriage is the greatest. O, had I never married, I had never known this purgatory! to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect. My wife's confederacy, fir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her Jubilee, and the feast of her ⁶⁶ new-moon. Do you understand me, fir?

Enter Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

Good fir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm; and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, father Security, that you'll be still so profane! will nothing humble you? *[Exit.]*

Enter two Prisoners, with a Friend.

Friend.

What's he?

1 Prisoner.

O he is a rare young man! do you not know him?

Friend.

Not I; I never saw him, that I can remember.

2 Prisoner.

Why, it is he that was the gallant 'prentice of London, Mr. Touchstone's man.

Friend.

Who, Quicksilver?

1 Prisoner.

Ay, this is he.

⁶⁶ new-moon] Alluding to the horned appearance of the new-moon.

Friend.

Friend.

Is this he? they say he has been a gallant indeed.

2 Prisoner.

O, the royallest fellow that ever was bred up i'the city. He would play you his thousand pound a night at dice, keep knights and lords company, go with them to bawdy-houses, had his six men in livery, kept a stable of hunting-horses, and his wench in her velvet gown and her cloth of silver. Here's a knight with him here in prison.

Friend.

And how miserably he is chang'd!

1 Prisoner.

O, that's voluntary in him; he gave away all his rich cloaths as soon as ever he came in here among the prisoners, and will eat ⁶⁷ o'the basket, for humility.

Friend.

Why will he do so?

2 Prisoner.

Alas, he has no hope of life. He mortifies himself; he does but linger on till the sessions.

1 Prisoner.

O, he has penn'd the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance*, or his *Last Farewel*, that ever you heard: he is a pretty poet; and for prose—You would wonder how many prisoners he has help'd out, with penning petitions for 'em, and will not take a penny. Look, this is the knight, in the rug-gown.—Stand by.

Enter Sir Petronel Flash, Bramble, Quicksilver,

Bramble.

Sir, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted, or whipt for a bawd, or so; why I'll lay an execution on him o'two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

Sir Petronel Flash.

But can we not be bail'd, Mr. Bramble?

⁶⁷ o' the basket,] In which scraps used to be collected for the prisoners. See *The City Gallant*, vol. VII.

Bramble.

Bramble.

Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself, in spite of him, with a Habeas Corpus: but if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o'the town, that he may have feeling of it (do you see), you may be bail'd; for, as I understand the case, it is only done *in terrorem*; and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pounds costs.

Enter Mr. Wolf.

Quicksilver.

How now, Mr. Wolf? what news? what return?

Wolf.

Faith, bad all; yonder will be no letters received. He says the sessions shall determine it; only Mr. Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could do you other good.

Quicksilver.

I thank him. Good Mr. Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices: pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succour me; let God work his will. Mr. Wolf, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners; and desire 'em to pray for us.

Wolf.

It shall be done, Mr. Francis.

First Prisoner.

An excellent temper!

Second Prisoner.

Now God send him good luck!

Sir Petronel Flash.

But what said my father-in-law, Mr. Wolf?

Enter Holdfast.

Holdfast.

Here's one would speak with you, sir.

Wolf.

I'll tell you anon, sir Petronel. Who is't?

Vol. IV.

T

Holdfast.

[*Exeunt.*]

Holdfast.

A gentleman, sir, that will not be seen.

*Enter Golding.**Wolf.*

Where is he?—Master Deputy! your worship is welcome.

Golding.

Peace!

Wolf.

Away, firrah!

Golding.

Good faith, Mr. Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a suitor, doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, and find there is no means to make my father relent so likely, as to bring him to be a spectator of their misery; I have ventur'd on a device, which is to make myself your prisoner, intreating you will presently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at suit of some third person) pray him by this token, that he will presently, and with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train (if any) I know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

Wolf.

Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

Golding.

Yes; and let me rest conceal'd, I pray you.

Wolf.

See here a benefit, truly done; when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Touchstone, Wife, Daughters, Syndefy, Winifred.**Touchstone.*

I will sail by you, and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mildred.

Dear father!

Mrs. Touchstone.

Husband!

Girtred.

Girtred.

Father!

Winifred and Syndefy.

Mr. Touchstone!

Touchstone.

Away, fyrens! I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to your lamentations.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Gentle husband, hear me!

Girtred.

Father, it is I, father; my lady Flash! my sister and I are friends.

Mildred.

Good father!

Winifred.

Be not harden'd, good Mr. Touchstone.

Syndefy.

I pray you, fir, be merciful.

Touchstone.

I am deaf, I do not hear you; I have stoppt mine ears with shoemaker's wax; and drank Lethe and ⁶⁶ Mandragora, to forget you; all you speak to me, I commit to the air.

*Enter Wolf.**Mildred.*

How now, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf.

Where's Mr. Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mildred.

What's the matter, fir? pray all be well.

Wolf.

Master Deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

⁶⁶ *Mandragora*] "*Mandragora* of two sorts, black and white, bearing "apples low upon the ground, having no such roote as is fondly ymaged, "but of vertue to cast one into so heavie a sleepe that being launced or "burned he shall not fele the grieve." Note on *Wylson's* Translation of *Demosthenes*, 4to, 1570, p. 84. See also *C. Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. xxv. c. 13.*; *Dr. Percy's* Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 1. S. 5.; and *Mr. Steevens's* to *Othello*, A. 3. S. 3.

Mildred.

Ah me! do you hear, father?

Touchstone.

Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'em in my nose, I scent 'em.

Wolf.

Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mrs. Touchstone

Why, it is Mr. Wolf himself.—Husband!

Mildred.

Father!

Touchstone.

I am deaf still, I say: I will neither yield to the song of the fyren, nor the voice of the hyena; the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling o'the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters.

Wolf.

Why, you are not mad, fir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, fir.

Touchstone.

Ha! what token is it?

Wolf.

Do you know it, fir?

Touchstone.

My son Golding's ring! Are you in earnest, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf.

Ay, by my faith, fir. He is in prison; and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touchstone.

My cloak there! (pray you be patient) I am plagu'd for my austerity; my cloak!—At whose suit, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf.

I'll tell you as we go, fir.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Friend. Prisoners.**Friend.*

Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope for life?

First Prisoner.

Troth, it should seem so; and it is great pity; for he is exceeding penitent.

Friend.

They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of felony, yet.

Second Prisoner.

Ay, but his master is a shrewd fellow: he'll prove great matter against him.

Friend.

I'd as ⁶⁷ live as any thing I could see his Farewel.

First Prisoner.

O, 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you, ⁶⁸ he's not curious to any body.

Second Prisoner.

O no: he would that all the world should take knowledge of his *Repentance*; and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

First Prisoner.

Pray thee try what thou canst do.

Second Prisoner.

I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it. [Exit.

First Prisoner.

You never saw a more courteous creature than he is; and the knight too; the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'em. You shall hear a thing admirably penn'd.

Friend.

Is the knight any scholar too?

First Prisoner.

No; but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses, and White Friars, and against bauds, and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

*Enter Wolf and Touchstone.**Wolf.*

Please you stay here, sir; I'll call his worship down to you.

⁶⁷ live] i. e. lief. S. P.

⁶⁸ he's not curious to any body] i. e. scrupulous. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 4. S. 5.

"For curious I cannot be with you."

See Note on this passage. S.

Again, in *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p. 7. "—at the choyce
"I made no great curiositie, but snatchinge the golde, let goe the writ-
"ings, &c"

T 3

Enter

EASTWARD HOE.

*Enter Quicksilver and Sir Petronel Flash.**First Prisoner.*

See, he has brought him and the knight too. Salute him I pray.—Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your *Repentance*.

Quicksilver.

Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told Mr. Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned.

Touchstone.

Who is this? My man Francis, and my son-in-law!

Quicksilver.

Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master, that I have so offended.

Friend.

Good, sir.

Quicksilver.

I writ it when my spirits were oppress'd.

Sir Petronel Flash.

Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

Quicksilver.

It is in imitation of Mannington's; he that was hang'd at Cambridge, that cut off the horie's head at a blow.

Friend.

So, sir.

Quicksilver.

To the tune of, ⁶⁹ *I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.*

Sir Petronel Flash.

An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quicksilver.

In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,

Quicksilver I did dwell of late:

I had a master good and kind,

That would have wrought me to his mind.

He bade me still, work upon that;

But, alas, I wrought I know not what!

⁶⁹ *I wail in woe, &c.] This tune is mentioned in The Match at Midnight, vol. VII.*

*He was a Touchstone, black but true ;
And told me still what would ensue.
Yet, woe is me, I would not learn ;
I saw, alas ! but could not discern
Friend.*

Excellent, excellent well !

Enter Golding.

Golding.

O, let him alone ; he is taken already.

Quicksilver.

*I cast my coat and cap away ;
I went in silk and sattins gay ;
False metal of good manners, I
Did daily coin unlawfully.
I scorn'd my master, being drunk ;
I kept my gelding and my punk !
And with a knight, sir Flash by name,
(Who now is sorry for the same).*

Sir Petronel Flash.

I thank you, Francis !

*I thought by sea to run away ;
But Thames and tempest did me stay.*

Touchstone.

This cannot be feigned sure. Heaven pardon my severity !
The ragged colt may prove a good horse.

Golding.

How he listens, and is transported ! he has forgot me.

Quicksilver.

*Still Eastward-hoe was all my word ;
But Westward I had no regard :
Nor ever thought what would come after :
As did, alas, his youngest daughter.
At last the black ox trod o' my foot,
And I saw then what 'long'd unto't :
Now cry I, Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill !*

Touchstone.

And I will do it, Francis !

T 4

Wolf.

Wolf.

Stay him, Mr. Deputy, now is the time: we shall lose the song else.

Friend.

I protest, it is the best that ever I heard.

Quicksilver.

How like you it, gentlemen?

All.

O admirable, fir!

Quicksilver.

This stanza now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

Friend.

Pray you go on, fir.

Quicksilver.

O Mannington, thy stories show,
Thou cutt'st a horse-head off at a blow;
But I confess I have not the force,
For to cut off th' head of a horse;
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of sin:
And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's high way, and bogs of lust;
Whereby I may take virtue's purse,
And live with her, for better, for worse.

Friend.

Admirable, fir, and excellently conceited.

Quicksilver.

Alas, fir!

Touchstone.

Son Golding and Mr. Wolf, I thank you; the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shewn a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen! I am ravished with his *Repentance*, and could stand here a whole prenticeship to hear him.

Friend.

7^o Forth, good fir.

7^o Forth] i. e. proceed. S. P.

Quicksilver.

*Quicksilver.***This is the last, and the Farewel.***Farewel, Cheapside! farewel, sweet trade
Of goldsmiths all, that ne'er shall fade.**Farewel, dear fellow-prentices all!**And be you warned by my fall;**Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs,**Avoid them as you would French scabs.**Seek not to go beyond your tether,**But cut your thongs unto your leather;**So shall you thrive by little and little,***Scape Tyburn, Compters, and the Spittle.**Touchstone.***And 'scape them shalt thou, my penitent and dear Francis!***Quicksilver.***Master!***Sir Petronel Flash.***Father!***Touchstone.*

I can no longer forbear to do your humility right: arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. *Quicksilver!* thou hast eat into my breast, *Quicksilver*, with the drops of thy sorrow; and kill'd the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaim.

*Quicksilver.***O, sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipful face.***Sir Petronel Flash.***Forgive me, father!***Touchstone.*

Speak no more; all former passages are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thank this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis——*Mr. Wolf*, I am their bail.

*[A shout in the prison.]**Security.***Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!***Touchstone.***Who's that?***Wolf.***Security, sir.***Security.*

Security.

Pray you, fir, if you'll be won with a song, hear my lamentable tune too.

S O N G.

O Master Touchstone,
 My heart is full of woe:
 Alas, I am a cuckold!
 And why should it be so?
 Because I was an usurer,
 And bawd, as all you know,
 For which again, I tell you,
 My heart is full of woe.

Touchstone.

Bring him forth, Mr. Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy, and the mirth of this encounter in the compter.—See, we are encountered with more suitors.

Enter Mrs. Touchstone, Girtred, Mildred, Syndefy, Winifred, &c.

Save your breath, save your breath: all things have succeeded to your wishes, and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Girtred.

Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done all this while?

Sir Petronel Flash.

Dear lady wife, forgive me.

Girtred.

As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha'been proud and lascivious, father; and a fool, father; and being rais'd to the state of a wanton coy thing, call'd a lady, father, have scorn'd you father, and my sister; and my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at the city as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell; I have said your beard was a base one, father, and that you look'd like Twierpipe the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mrs. Touchstone.

Now God forgi' you, child madam.

Touchstone.

Touchstone.

No more repetitions. What else is wanting to make our harmony full?

Golding.

Only this, fir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Syndely with marriage.

Quicksilver.

With all my heart.

Golding.

And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touchstone.

Excellently devised! a good motion! What says Mr. Security?

Security.

I say any thing, fir; what you'll ha'me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Winifred.

Cuckold, husband? why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touchstone.

Why, Mr. Security, that should rather be a comfort to you than a corrosive. If you be a cuckold, it is an argument you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o'your wedlock pain, others will take it for you: besides, you being an usurer (and likely to go to hell), the devils will never torment you: they'll take you for one of their own race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an ⁷¹ *Innocent*; if you know and endure it, a true *Martyr*.

Security.

I am resolved, fir.—Come hither, Winny.

Touchstone.

Well then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry methinks: have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

⁷¹ *Innocent*] i. e. an idiot. See Note 8 to 'Tis pity She's a Whore, vol. VIII. p. 24.

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver.

No, fir, nor I desire none ; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these ; as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

Touchstone.

Thou hast thy wish.

Now, London, look about,

And in this moral see thy glafs run out.

Behold the careful father, thrifty son,

The solemn deeds which each of us have done ;

The usurer punish'd, and, from fall so steep,

The prodigal child reclaim'd, and the lost sheep.

[*Exeunt.*

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by QUICKSILVER.

STAY, fir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together, to view our coming out at the Compter. See if the streets and the fronts of the houses be not stuck with people, and the windows fill'd with ladies, as on ⁷² the solemn day of the pageant!

*O may you find in this our pageant here
The same contentment which you came to seek ;
And, as that shew but draws you once a year,
May this attract you hither once a week !*

⁷² the solemn day of the pageant] i. e. on the day of the Lord Mayor's election, when pageants used to be exhibited.

E D I T I O N.

" Eastward Hoe⁷³. As it was play'd in the Black Friars.
 " By the Children of her Majesties Revels. Made by Geo.
 " Chapman, Ben Jonson, John Marston. At London.
 " Printed for William Aspley. 1605, 4to."

⁷³ Since Note 38, p. 250, was written, I have seen two copies of this Play, in neither of which are to be found the lines marked with commas. The Editions in every other respect appear to be the same. I therefore conclude, that after the publication a sheet was cancelled in order to leave out the passage which offended King James the First.



THE

THE
REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

CYRIL TOURNEUR is known only as an Author, none of the Dramatick Biographers giving any account of him. Winstanley quotes the following distich from a contemporary Poet, by which it appears that he was not held in much estimation for his writings :

His fame unto that pitch was only rais'd,
As not to be despis'd, nor over-prais'd.

He was the Author of

(1.) *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Acted by the King's Servants. 4to, 1607 ; 4to, 1608,

(2.) *The Atheist's Tragedy: or, Honest Man's Revenge*. 4to, 1612.

A Tragi-Comedy, called *THE NOBLEMAN*, never printed, and which Oldys says was destroyed by ignorance.

"A Funerall Poeme upon the Death of the most worthie
"and true Souldier Sir Francis Vere, Knight, Captaine of
"Portsmouth, Lord Governour of his Majestie's cautionarie
"Towne of Briell in Holland, &c." 4to, 1609.

"A Griefe on the Death of Prince Henrie. Expressed in a
"broken Elegie, according to the nature of such a sorrow." 4to, 1613.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE.

DUTCHESS.

VINDICI,

HIPPOLITO,

} Brothers to CASTIZA.

LUSURIOSO, the Duke's Son.

SPURIO, a bastard.

AMBITIOSO, the Dutcheſs's eldeſt Son.

SUPERVACUO, ſecond Son to the Dutcheſs.

A third Son to the Dutcheſs.

ANTONIO.

DONDOLO.

CASTIZA.

GRATIANA, Mother of CASTIZA.

THE

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter Vindici. The Duke, Dutchess, Lufurioso the Duke's son, Spurio the bastard, with a train, pass over the stage with torch-light.

Vindici.

DUKE! royal lecher! go, grey-hair'd adultery!
 And thou his son, as impious steep'd as he:
 And thou his bastard, true begot in evil:
 And thou his dutchess, that will do with devil:
 Four exc'lent characters.—O that marrowless age
 Should stuff the hollow bones with damn'd desires!
 And, 'stead of heat, kindle infernal fires
 Within the spendthrift veins of a dry duke,
 ' A parch'd and juiceless luxur. O God! one
 That has scarce blood enough to live upon;
 And he to riot it, like a son and heir!
 O, the thought of that
 Turns my abused heart-strings into fret.
 Thou fallow picture of my poison'd love,
 My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
 Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
 When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
 These ragged imperfections;
 When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
 In those unsightly rings,—then 'twas a face
 So far beyond the artificial shine

¹ *A parch'd and juiceless luxur.*] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence*. Hence this wanton old Duke is called a *luxur*. See Mr. Collins's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, edit. 1778, vol. IX. p. 166. S.

308 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Of any woman's bought complexion,
 That the uprightest man, (if such there be,
 That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
 And made up eight with looking after her.
 Oh, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
 Melt all his patrimony in a kifs;
 And what his father fifty years told,
 To have consum'd, and yet his suit been cold.
 But oh, accursed palace!
 Thee, when thou wert apparel'd in thy flesh,
 The old duke poison'd,
 Because thy purer part would not consent
 Unto his palsy lust; for old men lustful
 Do shew like young men angry; eager, violent,
 Out-bid, like their limited performances.
 O 'ware an old man hot and vicious!
 "Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous."
 Vengeance, thou murder'st quit-rent, and whereby
 Thou shew'st thyself tenant to tragedy;
 Oh keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
 For those thou hast determin'd. Hum—who e'er knew
 Murder unpaid? faith, give revenge her due,
 Sh'as kept touch hitherto:—be merry, merry,
 Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks!
 To have their costly three-pil'd flesh worn off
 As bare as this—for banquets, ease, and laughter,
 Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay;
 But wise men little, are more great than they.

Enter Hippolito.

Hippolito.

Still fighting o'er death's vizard?

Vindici.

Brother, welcome!

What comfort bring'st thou? how go things at court?

Hippolito.

In silk and silver, brother: never braver.

Vindici.

Puh!

Thou play'st upon my meaning. Pr'ythee say,

Has

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 309

Has that bald madam, opportunity,
Yet thought upon's? speak, are we happy yet?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.

Hippolito.

It may prove happiness.

Vindici.

What is't may prove?
Give me to taste.

Hippolito.

Give me your hearing then.
You know my place at court?

Vindici.

Ay, the duke's chamber:
But 'tis a marvel thou'rt not turn'd out yet!

Hippolito.

Faith, I have been shov'd at; but 'twas still my hap
To hold by th' dutchess' skirt: you guess at that:
Whom such a coat keeps up, can ne'er fall flat.
But to the purpose:
Last evening, predecessor unto this,
The duke's son warily enquir'd for me,
Whose pleasure I attended: he began
By policy to open and unhusk me,
About the time and common rumour:
But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts
Up in their built houses; yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction without danger.
But the whole aim and scope of his intent
Ended in this; conjuring me in private
To seek some strange digested fellow forth,
Of ill-contented nature, either disgrac'd
In former times, or by new grooms displac'd,
Since his step-mother's nuptials; such a blood,
A man that were for evil only good;
To give you the true word, some base-coin'd pander.

Vindici.

I reach you; for I know his heat is such,
Were there as many concubines as ladies,
He would not be contain'd; he must fly out.
I wonder how ill-featur'd, vile-proportion'd,

U 3

That

310 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

That one should be, if she were made for woman,
Whom, at the insurrection of his lust,
He would refuse for once. Heart, I think none:
Next to a skull, tho' more unsound than one,
Each face he meets he strongly doats upon.

Hippolito.

Brother, y'ave truly spoke him.
He knows not you, but I'll swear you know him.

Vindici.

And therefore I'll put on that knave for once,
And be a right man then, a man o'th' time;
For to be honest is not to be i'th' world,
Brother, I'll be that strange-composed fellow.

Hippolito.

And I'll prefer you, brother.

Vindici.

Go to, then:

The small'st advantage fattens wronged men:
It may point out occasion; if I meet her,
I'll hold her by the fore-top fast enough;
Or, ² like the French Mole, heave up hair and all.
I have a habit that will fit it quaintly.
Here comes our mother.

Hippolito.

And sister.

Vindici.

We must coin:

Women are apt, you know, to take false money;
But I dare stake my soul for these two creatures,
Only excuse excepted, that they'll swallow,
Because their sex is easy in belief.

Enter Gratiana and Castiza.

Gratiana.

What news from court, son Carlo!

² like the French Mole,] This is not a name of the *Lues Venerea*, but a comparison only of it to a *mole*, on account of the effects it sometimes produces in occasioning the loss of hair. S. P.

Hippolito.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 318

Hippolito.

Faith, mother,
'Tis whisper'd there the dutchess' youngest son
Has play'd a rape on lord Antonio's wife.

Gratiana.

On that religious lady!

Castiza.

Royal blood! monster, he deserves to die,
If Italy had no more hopes but he.

Vindici.

Sister, y'ave sentenc'd most direct and true,
The law's a woman, and would she were you.
Mother, I must take leave of you.

Gratiana.

Leave! for what?

Vindici.

I intend speedy travel.

Hippolito.

That he does, madam.

Gratiana.

Speedy indeed!

Vindici.

For since my worthy father's funeral,
My life's unnatural to me, e'en compell'd;
As if I liv'd now, when I should be dead.

Gratiana.

Indeed, he was a worthy gentleman,
Had his estate been fellow to his mind.

Vindici.

The duke did much deject him.

Gratiana.

Much?

Vindici.

Too much:
And tho' disgrace oft smother'd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I think he died
Of discontent, the noble man's consumption.

Gratiana.

Most sure he did.

U 4

Vindici

112 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Vindici.

Did he? lack!—you know all;
You were his midnight secretary.

Gratiana.

No,
He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.

Vindici.

'Yfaith, then, father, thou wast wise indeed;
"Wives are but made to go to bed and feed."
Come, mother, sister: you'll³ bring me onward, brother.

Hippolito.

I will.

Vindici.

I'll quickly turn into another.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Duke, Lufurioso, the Dutchess: the Bastard, the Dutchess' two sons Ambitioso and Supervacuo, the third her youngest brought out with Officers for the rape. Two Judges.

Duke.

Dutchess, it is your youngest son, we're sorry,
His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour,
And stain'd our honours;
Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state;
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot us in our tombs:
For that which would seem treason in our lives
Is laughter when we're dead. Who dares now whisper,
That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim,
With loud words and broad pens, our closest shame?

Judge.

Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years,
Full of confirmed gravity;—for what is it to have
A flattering false inscription on a tomb,
And in mens hearts reproach? the bowel'd corps
May be fear'd in, but (with free tongue I speak)
The faults of great men through their fear-cloths break.

³ *bring me onward,*] A phrase in common use, signifying to accompany one.

Duke.

Duke.

They do ; we're sorry for't, 't is our fate
To live in fear, and die to live in hate.
I leave him to your sentence, doom him, lords,
The fact is great ; whilst I sit by and sigh.

Dutchess.

My gracious lord, I pray be merciful :
Although his trespasss far exceed his years,
Think him to be your own, as I am yours ;
Call him not son-in-law : the law, I fear,
Will fall too soon upon his name and him :
Temper his fault with pity.

Lusurioso.

Good my lord,
Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant
Upon the judge's palate ; for offences,
Gilt o'er with mercy, shew like fairest women,
Good only for their beauties, which wash'd off,
No sin is uglier.

Ambitioso.

I beseech your grace,
Be soft and mild, let not relentless law
Look with an iron forehead on our brother.

Spurio.

He yields small comfort yet : hope he shall die ;
And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turn'd into a corse !

Dutchess.

No pity yet ? must I rise fruitless then ?
A wonder in a woman ! are my knees
Of such low metal—that without respect—

First Judge.

Let the offender stand forth :
'Tis the duke's pleasure, that impartial doom
Shall take fast hold of his unclean attempt.
A rape ! why 'tis the very core of lust,
Double adultery.

Junior.

So, sir.

Second

314 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Second Judge.

And, which was worse,
Committed on the lord Antonio's wife,
That general honest lady. Confess, my lord;
What mov'd you to't?

Junior.

Why flesh and blood, my lord;
What should move men unto a woman else!

Lusurioso.

O do not jest thy doom! trust not an ax
Or sword too far: the law is a wise serpent,
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life.
Tho' marriage only has made thee my brother,
I love thee so far, play not with thy death.

Junior.

I thank you, troth; good admonitions, faith,
If I'd the grace now to make use of them.

First Judge.

That lady's name has spread such a fair wing
Over all Italy, that if our tongues
Were sparing toward the fact, judgment itself
Would be condemn'd, and suffer in men's thoughts.

Junior.

Well then, 'tis done; and it would please me well,
Were it to do again: sure she's a goddess,
For I'd no power to see her, and to live.
It falls out true in this, for I must die;
Her beauty was ordain'd to be my scaffold.
And yet, methinks, I might be easier 'sefs'd,
My fault being sport, let me but die in jest.

First Judge.

This be the sentence—

Dutcheff.

Oh keep't upon your tongue; let it not slip;
Death too soon steals out of a lawyer's lip.
Be not so cruel-wise!

First Judge.

Your grace must pardon us;
'Tis but the justice of the law.

Dutcheff.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 315

Dutchess.

The law
Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.

Spurio.

Now, now he dies! rid 'em away.

Dutchess.

O, what it is to have an old cool duke,
To be as slack in tongue as in performance!

First Judge.

Confirm'd, this be the doom irrevocable.

Dutchess.

Oh!

First Judge.

To-morrow early—

Dutchess.

Pray be a-bed, my lord.

First Judge.

Your grace much wrongs yourself.

Ambitioso.

No, 'tis that tongue,
Your too much right, does do us too much wrong.

First Judge.

Let that offender——

Dutchess.

Live, and be in health.

First Judge.

Be on a scaffold——

Duke.

Hold, hold, my lord.

Spurio.

Pox on't,
What makes my dad speak now?

Duke.

We will defer the judgment till next sitting:
In the mean time, let him be kept close prisoner.
Guard, bear him hence.

Ambitioso.

Brother, this makes for thee;
Fear not, we'll have a trick to set thee free.

Junior.

316 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Junior.

Brother, I will expect it from you both ;
And in that hope I rest.

Supervacuo.

Farewel, be merry.

[*Exit with a guard.*

Spurio.

Delay'd ! deferr'd ! nay then, if judgment have cold blood,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.

Duke.

About it, then, my lords, with your best powers :
More serious business calls upon our hours.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Dutchess.

Dutchess.

Was it ever known step-dutchess was so mild
And calm as I ? some now would plot his death
With easy doctors, those loose-living men,
And make his wither'd grace fall to his grave,
And keep church better.
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch
Her double-loathed lord at meat or sleep.
Indeed, 'tis true, an old man's twice a child ;
Mine cannot speak ; one of his single words
Would quite have freed my youngest dearest son
From death or durance ; and have made him walk
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,
Whose prickles should bow under him ; but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock-faith shall be forgot :
I'll kill him in his forehead ; hate, there feed ;
That wound is deepest, tho' it never bleed.
And here comes he, whom my heart points unto,
His bastard son, but my love's true begot ;
Many a wealthy letter have I sent him,
Swell'd up with jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kind.
That jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,
Mocking his master's chilness and vain fear.
H'as spy'd me now.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 317

Enter Spurio.

Spurio.

Madam, your grace so private?
My duty on your hand.

Dutchess.

Upon my hand, sir! troth, I think you'd fear
To kiss my hand too, if my lip stood there.

Spurio.

Witness I would not, madam.

Dutchess.

'Tis a wonder,
For ceremony has made many fools!
It is as easy way ⁴ unto a dutchess,
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:
But that by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves—What have you thought of me?

Spurio.

Madam, I ever think of you in duty,
Regard, and——

Dutchess.

Puh! upon my love I mean.

Spurio.

I would 'twere love; but 'tis a fouler name
Than lust: you are my father's wife—your grace may guess
now
What I could call it.

Dutchess.

Why, th'art his son but falsely;
'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

Spurio.

'Faith, 'tis true: I'm an uncertain man,
Of more uncertain woman. May be his groom o'th' stable
begot me; you know I know not; he could ride a horse well,
a shrewd suspicion, marry!—he was wond'rous tall: he had

⁴ ——— unto a dutchess,

As to a hatted dame,] She means from the highest to the lowest of
her sex. At this time women of the inferior order wore hats. See Hol-
lar's *Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus*, 1640.

318 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

his length, i'faith; for peeping over half-shut holy-day windows, men would desire him light, when he was a-foot. He made a goodly show under a pent-house; And, when he rid, his hat would check the signs, And clatter barbers basons.

Dutchess.

' Nay, set you a horse-back once, You'll ne'er light off.

Spurio.

Indeed, I am a beggar.

Dutchess.

That's more the sign thou'rt great.—But to our love : Let it stand firm both in thy thought and mind, That the duke was thy father, as no doubt He bid fair for't, thy injury is the more ; For had he cut thee a right diamond, Thou had'st been next set in the dukedom's ring, When his worn self, like age's easy slave, Had dropt out of the ⁶ collet into th' grave. What wrong can equal this ? canst thou be tame, And think upon't ?

Spurio.

No ; mad, and think upon't.

Dutchess.

Who would not be reveng'd of such a father, E'en in the worst way ? I would thank that sin That could most injure him, and be in league with it. Oh, what a grief 'tis, that a man should live But once i'th' world, and then to live a bastard ! The curse o'the womb, the thief of nature, Begot against the seventh commandment,

⁵ *Nay, set you a horseback once,*] “ Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride a gallop. *Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.* Claudian. “ *Il n'est orgueil qui de pauvre enrichi.* Gall. There is no pride to the enriched beggar's. *Il villan nobilitado non conosce il parentado.* Ital. The “ villain ennobled will not own his kindred or parentage.” Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 77.

⁶ *collet*] That part of a ring in which the stone is set. Johnson's *Dictionary*.

Half

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 319

Half damn'd in the conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.

Spurio.

Oh, I'd a hot-back'd devil to my father.

Dutchess.

Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood rough?
Who but an eunuch would not sin? his bed,
By one false minute, disinherited.

Spurio.

Ay, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in!
I'll be reveng'd for all: now, hate, begin;
I'll call foul incest but a venial sin.

Dutchess.

Cold still! in vain then must a dutchess woo?

Spurio.

Madam, I blush to say what I will do.

Dutchess.

Thence flew sweet comfort. Earnest, and farewell.

Spurio.

Oh, one incestuous kiss picks open hell.

Dutchess.

Faith now, old duke, my vengeance shall reach high,
I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry.

[*Exit.*

Spurio.

Duke, thou didst do me wrong; and, by thy act,
Adultery is my nature.

Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner; some stirring dish
Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies cheeks were painted red with wine,
Their tongues, as short and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rose,
Were merrily dispos'd to fall again.

In such a whisp'ring and withdrawing hour,
When base male-bauds kept centinel at stair-head,
Was I stol'n softly: oh—damnation met,
The sin of feasts, drunken adultery,
I feel it swell me; my revenge is just!
I was begot in impudent wine and lust.
Step-mother, I consent to thy desires;

110 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee,
 And those three cubs thy sons, wishing confusion,
 Death, and disgrace, may be their epitaphs.
 As for my brother, the duke's only son,
 Whose birth is more beholding to report
 Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown
 (Women must not be trusted with their own),
 I'll loose my days upon him, hate all I,
 Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my bastardy:
 For, indeed, a bastard by nature should make cuckolds,
 Because he is the son of a cuckold-maker.

[Exit.

*Enter Vindici and Hippolito. Vindici in disguise, to attend
 Lufurioso, the Duke's son.*

Vindici.

What, brother, am I far enough from myself?

Hippolito.

As if another man had been sent whole
 Into the world, and none wist how he came.

Vindici.

It will confirm me bold; the child o'th' court;
 Let blushes dwell i'th' country. Impudence!
 Thou goddess of the palace, mistress of mistresses,
 To whom the costly perfum'd people pray,
 Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble,
 Mine eyes to steady sapphires. Turn my visage;
 And, if I must needs glow, let me blush inward,
 That this immodest season may not spy
 That scholar in my cheeks, fool bashfulness;
 That maid in the old time, whose flush of grace
 Would never suffer her to get good cloaths.
 Our maids are wiser, and are less ashamed;
 Save Grace the bawd, I seldom hear grace nam'd!

Hippolito.

Nay, brother, you reach out o'th' verge now——
 'Sfoot, the duke's son! settle your looks.

Vindici.

Pray, let me not be doubted.

Hippolito.

My lord——

Enter

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 321

Enter Lufurioso.

Lufurioso.

Hippoltio!—be absent, leave us.

Hippolito.

My lord, after long search, wary enquiries,
And politick siftings, I made choice of yon fellow,
Whom I guess rare for many deep employments:
This our age swims within him; and if Time
Had so much hair, I should take him for Time,
He is so near kin to this present minute.

Lufurioso.

'Tis enough;
We thank thee: yet words are but great men's blanks;
Gold, tho' it be dumb, does utter the best thanks.

Hippolito.

Your plenteous honour—An excellent fellow, my lord.

Lufurioso.

So, give us leave—[*Exit Hippolito.*] welcome, be not far
off; we must be better acquainted: pish, be bold with us—thy
hand.

Vindici.

With all my heart, i'faith: how dost, sweet musk-cat?
When shall we lie together?

Lufurioso.

Wondrous knave!
Gather him into boldness! s'foot, the slave's
Already as familiar as an ague,
And shakes me at his pleasure.—Friend, I can
Forget myself in private; but elsewhere,
I pray do you remember me.

Vindici.

Oh! very well, sir—I construe myself saucy.

Lufurioso.

What hast been?
Of what profession?

Vindici.

A bone-fetter.

Lufurioso.

A bone-fetter!
VOL. IV.

X

Vindici.

322 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Vindici.

A bawd, my lord,
One that sets bones together.

Lusurioso.

Notable bluntness!
Fit, fit for me; e'en train'd up to my hand:
Thou hast been scrivener to much knavery then?

Vindici.

Fool to abundance, fir: I have been witness
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins;
And not so little.
I have seen patrimonies wash'd a-pieces,
Fruit-fields turn'd into bastards,
And in a world of acres
Not so much dust due to the heir 'twas left to
As would well gravel a petition.

Lusurioso.

Fine villain! troth I like him wondrously:
He's e'en shap'd for my purpose.—Then thou know'st
T' th' world strange lust?

Vindici.

O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!
Drunken procreation! which begets so many drunkards:
Some fathers dread not (gone to bed in wine) to slide from
the mother,
And cling the daughter-in-law;
Some uncles are adulterous with their nieces:
Brothers with brothers wives. O hour of incest!
Any kin now, next to the rim o' th' sister,
Is man's meat in these days; and in the morning,
When they are up and drest, and their mask on,
Who can perceive this, save that eternal eye
That sees thro' flesh and all? Well, if any thing be damn'd,
It will be twelve o'clock at night; that twelve

⁷ *As would well gravel a petition*] i. e. sand it, to prevent it from blotting while the ink was wet. S.

⁸ *and cling the daughter-in-law*] i. e. gripe, compress, embrace her. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 5.

⁹ *next to the rim of the sister*] That is, no degree of relationship is sufficient to restrain the appetite of lust, scarce that of sister; they even approach to the rim or verge of what is the most prohibited.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 323

Will never 'scape ;
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betray'd to fin.

Lusurioso.

In troth, it is true: but let this talk glide.
It is our blood to err, tho' hell gape ^{to} wide.
Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.
Now, fir, wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtle,
And deeply fathom'd into all estates,
I would embrace thee for a near employment ;
And thou should'st swell in money, and be able
To make lame beggars crouch to thee.

Vindici.

My lord,
Secret! I ne'er had that disease o'th' mother,
I praise my father: why are men made close,
But to keep thoughts in best? I grant you this,
Tell but some woman a secret over night,
Your doctor may find it in the urinal i'th' morning.
But, my lord——

Lusurioso.

So, thou'rt confirm'd in me,
And thus I enter thee.

Vindici.

This Indian devil
Will quickly enter any man, but a usurer ;
He prevents that, by entering the devil first.

Lusurioso.

Attend me. I am past my depth in lust,
And I must swim or drown. All my desires
Are level'd at a virgin not far from court,
To whom I have convey'd by messenger
Many wax'd lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels, that were able to ravish her
Without the help of man ; all which and more
She, foolish chaste, sent back ; the messengers
Receiving frowns for answers.

Vindici.

Possible !
'Tis a rare Phoenix, whoe'er she be.

^{to wide]} The quarto reads, *lowde.*

X 2

IF

324 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth, my lord, I'd be reveng'd and marry her.

Lusurioso.

Pish! the dowry of her blood, and of her fortunes,
Are both too mean—good enough to be bad withal.
I'm one of that number can defend
Marriage ¹¹ as good; yet rather keep a friend.
Give me my bed by stealth—there's true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night?

Vindici.

A very fine religion!

Lusurioso.

Therefore, thus
I'll trust thee in the business of my heart;
Because I see thee well experienc'd
In this luxurious day wherein we breathe:
Go thou, and with a smooth enchanting tongue
Bewitch her ears, and cozen her of all grace:
Enter upon the portion of her soul,
Her honour, which she calls her chastity,
And bring it into expence; for honesty
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,
Which, ne'er so little broke, does never keep.

Vindici.

You have gi'n't the tang, i'faith, my lord:
Make known the lady to me, and my brain
Shall swell with strange invention: I will move it,
Till I expire with speaking, and drop down
Without a word to save me—but I'll work—

Lusurioso.

We thank thee, and will raise thee—Receive her name; it
is the only daughter to madam Gratiana, the late widow.

Vindici.

Oh, my sister, my sister!—

Lusurioso.

Why dost walk aside?

Vindici.

My lord, I was thinking how I might begin:

¹¹ as good] The quarto reads, *is good*. S.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 325

As thus, Oh lady—or twenty hundred devices;
Her very bodkin will put a man in.

Lusurioso.

Ay, or the wagging of her hair.

Vindici.

No, that shall put you in, my lord.

Lusurioso.

Shall't? why, content—Do'st know the daughter, then?

Vindici.

O excellent well, by fight.

Lusurioso.

That was her brother
That did prefer thee to us.

Vindici.

My lord, I think so;
I knew I had seen him somewhere—

Lusurioso.

And therefore, pr'ythee, let thy heart to him
Be as a virgin, close.

Vindici.

Oh, my good lord.

Lusurioso.

We may laugh at that simple age within him.

Vindici.

Ha, ha, ha!

Lusurioso.

Himself being made the subtle instrument,
To wind up a good fellow.

Vindici.

That's I, my lord.

Lusurioso.

That's thou,
To entice and work his sister.

Vindici.

A pure novice!

Lusurioso.

'Twas finely manag'd.

Vindici.

Gallantly carried!
A pretty perfum'd villain!

X 3

Lusurioso.

326 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY,

Lusurioso.

I've bethought me,
If she prove chaste still, and immoveable,
Venture upon the mother; and with gifts,
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.

Vindici.

Oh, fie, fie, that's the wrong end, my lord. 'Tis mere impossible, that a mother, by any gifts, should become a baud to her own daughter!

Lusurioso.

Nay, then, I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtle mystery of a woman.—Why 'tis held now no dainty dish: the name is so in league with age, that now-a-days it does eclipse three quarters of a mother.

Vindici.

Does it so, my lord?
Let me alone, then, to eclipse the fourth.

Lusurioso.

Why, well said—come, I'll furnish thee; but first swear to be true in all.

Vindici.

True!

Lusurioso.

Nay, but swear.

Vindici.

Swear!—I hope your honour little doubts my faith.

Lusurioso.

Yet, for my humour's sake, 'cause I love swearing.

Vindici.

'Cause you love swearing, 'slud, I will.

Lusurioso.

Why enough!
Ere long look to be made of better stuff.

Vindici.

That will do well indeed, my lord.

Lusurioso.

Attend me.

Vindici.

Oh!
Now let me burst. I've eaten noble poison;

[Exit.

We

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 327

We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent villains !
 Wilt not be angry when thou hear'st on't, think'st thou ?
 I'faith thou shalt : swear me to foul my sister !
 Sword, I durst make a promise of him to thee ;
 Thou shalt disheir him ; it shall be thine honour.
 And yet, now angry froth is down in me,
 It would not prove the meanest policy,
 In this disguise, to try the faith of both.
 Another might have had the self-same office ;
 Some slave, that would have wrought effectually,
 Ay, and perhaps o'er-wrought 'em ; therefore I,
 Being thought travel'd, will apply myself
 Unto the self-same form, forget my nature,
 As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
 So touch 'em ;—tho' I durst almost for good
 Venture my lands in heaven upon their blood. [Exit.

Enter the discontented Antonio, whose wife the Dutchess's youngest son ravish'd ; he discovering the body of her dead to certain lords, and Hippolito.

Antonio.

Draw nearer, lords, and be sad witnesses
 Of a fair comely building newly fall'n,
 Being falsely undermin'd. Violent rape
 Has play'd a glorious act : behold, my lords,
 A sight that strikes man out of me.

Piero,

That virtuous lady !

Antonio.

Precedent for wives !

Hippolito.

The blush of many women, whose chaste presence
 Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks,
 And make pale wanton sinners have good colours—

Antonio.

Dead !

Her honour first drank poison, and her life,
 Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour.

Piero.

O grief of many !

X 4

Antonio.

328 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Antonio.

I mark'd not this before :
 A prayer-book, the pillow to her cheek ;
 This was her rich confection ; and another
 Plac'd in her right hand, with a leaf tuck'd up,
 Pointing to these words ;
Melius virtute mori, quam per dedecus vivere :
 True, and effectual it is indeed.

Hippolito.

My lord, since you invite us to your sorrows,
 Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort,
 As to ourselves, we may relieve your wrongs :
 We have grief too, that yet walks without tongue ;
Curæ leves loquuntur, majores stupent.

Antonio.

You deal with truth, my lord.
 Lend me but your attentions, and I'll cut
 Long grief into short words. Last revelling night,
 When torch-light made an artificial noon
 About the court, some courtiers in the mask,
 Putting on better faces than their own,
 Being full of fraud and flattery ; amongst whom
 The dutchess' youngest son (that moth to honour)
 Fill'd up a room, and with long lust to eat
 Into my wearing, amongst all the ladies
 Singled out that dear form, who ever liv'd
 As cold in lust as she is now in death,
 (Which that step-dutchess monster knew too well ;)
 And therefore, in the height of all the revels,
 When musick was heard loudest, courtiers busiest,
 And ladies great with laughter—O vicious minute !
 Unfit but for relation to be spoke of :
 Then, with a face more impudent than his vizard,
 He harry'd her amidst a throng of panders,
 That live upon damnation of both kinds,
 And fed the ravenous vulture of his lust.
 (O death to think on't !) she, her honour forc'd,

¹¹ *He harry'd her*] To harry, Mr. Steevens observes, is to use roughly.
 See Note to *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 3.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 329

Deem'd it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poison, than to live with shame.

Hippolito.

A wondrous lady! of rare fire compact;
Sh'as made her name an empress by that act.

Piero.

My lord, what judgment follows the offender?

Antonio.

Faith none, my lord; it cools, and is deferr'd.

Piero.

Delay the doom for rape!

Antonio.

O, you must note who 'tis should die,
The dutchess' son; she'll look to be a saver!
"Judgment, in this age, is near kin to favour."

Hippolito.

Nay, then, step forth thou bribeless officer:
I'll bind you all in steel, to bind you surely;
Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,
Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade;
Strengthen my vow, that if, at the next sitting,
Judgment speak all in gold, and spare the blood
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats
To let his soul out, which long since was found
Guilty in heaven—

All.

We swear it, and will act it.

Antonio.

Kind gentlemen, I thank you in mine ire.

Hippolito.

'Twere pity
The ruins of so fair a monument
Should not be dipt in the defacer's blood.

Piero.

Her funeral shall be wealthy; for her name
Merits a tomb of pearl. My lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your lady from your eyes;
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with revenge.

Antonio.

330 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Antonio.

That is my comfort, gentlemen, and I joy
In this one happiness above the rest,
Which will be call'd a miracle at last,
That, being an old man, I'd a wife so chaste.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Castiza.

Castiza.

HOW hardly shall that maiden be beset,
Whose only fortunes are her constant thoughts!
That has no other child's part but her honour,
That keeps her low and empty in estate;
Maids and their honours are like poor beginners;
Were not sin rich, there would be fewer finners:
Why had not virtue a revenue? Well,
I know the cause, 'twould have impoverish'd hell.

Enter Dondolo.

How now, Dondolo?

Dondolo.

Madona, there is one, as they say, a thing of flesh and blood,
a man I take him by his beard, that would very desirously
mouth to mouth with you.

Castiza.

What's that?

Dondolo.

Show his teeth in your company.

Castiza.

I understand thee not.

Dondolo.

Why speak with you, Madona.

Castiza.

Why, say so, madman, and 'cut off a great deal of dirty
way: had it not been better spoke in ordinary words, that one
would speak with me?

Dondolo.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 331

Dondolo.

Ha, ha, that's as ordinary as two shillings. I would strive a little to show myself in my place; a gentleman-usher scorns to use the phrase and fancy of a serving-man.

Castiza.

Yours be your own, sir; go, direct him hither;
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,
That lately travell'd, whom my soul affects.
Here he comes.

Enter Vindici disguised.

Vindici.

Lady, the best of wishes to your sex.
Fair skins and new gowns.

Castiza.

Oh they shall thank you, sir.
Whence this?

Vindici.

Oh, from a dear and worthy friend.

Castiza.

From whom?

Vindici.

The duke's son!

Castiza.

Receive that.

[A box o' the ear to her brother.]

I swore I would put anger in my hand,
And pass the virgin limits of myself,
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for't;
Tell him, my honour shall have a rich name,
When several harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewel; commend me to him in my hate.

[Exit.]

Vindici.

It is the sweetest box,
That e'er my nose came nigh;
The finest drawn-work cuff that e'er was worn;
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still henceforward take the wall of this.

Oh,

332 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Oh, I'm above my tongue: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honourable shown;
Many are call'd by their honour, that have none;
Thou art approv'd for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point, I will lay
Hard siege unto my mother, tho' I know,
A syren's tongue could not bewitch her so.
Mafs, fitly here she comes! thanks, my disguise——
Madam, good afternoon.

Enter Gratiana.

Gratiana.

Y'are welcome, fir.

Vindici.

The next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's son.

Gratiana.

I think myself much honour'd, that he pleases
To rank me in his thoughts.

Vindici.

So may you, lady:
One that is like to be our sudden duke;
The crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him,
E'en with any thing almost!

Gratiana.

Ay, save their honour.

Vindici.

Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be seen in't: ne'er be seen in't, mark you,
I'd wink, and let it go—

Gratiana.

Marry but I would not.

Vindici.

Marry but I would, I hope; I know you would too,
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about;

That

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 333

That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning,
(For his white father does but mould away)
Has long desir'd your daughter.

Gratiana.

Desir'd?

Vindici.

Nay, but hear me,
He desires now, that will command hereafter:
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; madam, I know you're poor,
And (lack the day!) there are too many poor ladies already;
Why should you wax the number? 'tis despis'd.
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, chastity.

Gratiana.

O fie, fie! the riches of the world cannot hire a mother to
such a most unnatural task.

Vindici.

No, but a thousand angels can;
Men have no power, angels must work you to't:
The world descends into such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still I perceive—still fool?
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others daughters
Spring with the dew o'the court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd—by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast;
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.
You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho' it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.

Gratiana.

O heavens! this o'ercomes me!

Vindici.

Not I hope already?

[*Aside.*
Gratiana.

334 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Gratiana.

It is too strong for me ; men know that know us, [Aside,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us :
He touch'd me nearly, made my virtues bate,
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.

Vindici.

I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge,
I fear me she's unmother'd, yet I'll venture.
"That woman is all male, whom none can enter." [Aside,
What think you now, lady ? speak, are you wiser ?
What said advancement to you ? thus it said,
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head :
Did it not, madam ? but I'll swear it does
In many places : tut, this age fears no man,
" 'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common."

Gratiana.

Ay, that's the comfort on't.

Vindici.

The comfort on't !
I keep the best for last, can these persuade you
To forget heaven—and—

Gratiana.

Ay, these are they—

Vindici.

Oh !

Gratiana.

That enchant our sex :
These are the means that govern our affections,—that woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you :
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do.

Vindici.

O suffering heaven ! with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see myself. [Aside,

Gratiana.

Look you, sir.

Vindici.

Hollo.

Gratiana.

Let this thank your pains.

Vindici.

Vindici.

O, you're a kind madam.

Gratiana.

I'll see how I can move.

Vindici.

Your words will sting.

Gratiana.

If she be still chaste, I'll ne'er call her mine.

Vindici.

Spoke truer than you meant it.

Gratiana.

Daughter Castiza.

Enter Castiza.

Castiza.

Madam.

Vindici.

O, she's yonder ;
Meet her : troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart,
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.

Castiza.

Madam, what makes yon evil-offic'd man
In presence of you ?

Gratiana.

Why ?

Castiza.

He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonourable act.

Gratiana.

Dishonourable act !—good honourable fool,
That would'it be honest, cause thou would'it be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom ? poor people ; ignorant people ;
The better sort, I'm sure, cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives,
But by our betters' actions ? Oh, if thou knew'it
What t'were to lose it, thou would never keep it !

But

336 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
 Whilst others ¹² clip the sun, they clasp the shades.
 Virginitie is paradise lock'd up.
 You cannot come by yourselves without fee;
 And 'twas decreed, that man should keep the key!
 Deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!

Castiza.

I cry you mercy! lady, I mistook you,
 Pray did you see my mother, which way went you?
 Pray God I have not lost her.

Vindici.

Prettily put by!

Gratiana.

Are you as proud to me, as coy to him?
 Do you not know me now?

Castiza.

Why, are you she?
 The world's so chang'd, one shape into another,
 It is a wise child now that knows her mother.

Vindici.

Most right, i'faith.

Gratiana.

I owe your cheek my hand
 For that presumption now, but I'll forget it;
 Come, you shall leave those childish haviours,
 And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you;
 What will you be a girl?
 If all fear'd drowning that spy waves ashore,
 Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.

Castiza.

It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but methinks now
 It does not show so well out of your mouth;
 Better in his.

Vindici.

Faith, bad enough in both,
 Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less.

[*Aside.*

¹² clip the sun] i. e. embrace it. So again in this play:
 Here in this lodge they meet for damned clips.
 i. e. cursed embraces. S.

I wonder,

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 337

I wonder, lady, your own mother's words
 Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
 'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?
 'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is
 So foolish to keep honesty,
 And be not able to keep herself? No,
 Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.
 A maid that has small portion now intends
 To break up house, and live upon her friends;
 How blest are you! you have happiness alone;
 Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
 Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
 Dazzle the world with jewels; and petitionary people
 Start at your presence.

Gratiana.

Oh, if I were young, I should be ravish'd.

Castiza.

Ay, to lose your honour!

Vindici.

'Slid, how can you lose your honour,
 To deal with my lord's grace?
 He'll add more honour to it by his title;
 Your mother will tell you how.

Gratiana.

That I will.

Vindici.

O think upon the pleasure of the palace!
 Secured ease and state! the stirring meats,
 Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now
 Quickened when they're eaten!
 Banquets abroad by torch-light! musick! sports!
 Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
 To keep on their own hats, but ¹³ let horns wear 'em!
 Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry—

Castiza.

Ay, to the devil.

Vindici.

Ay, to the devil! to th' duke, by my faith.

¹³ but let horns wear 'em! Alluding to the custom of hanging hats in ancient halls upon flags horns. S.

338 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Gratiana.

Ay, to the duke : daughter, you'd scorn to think o' the devil,
and you were there once.

Vindici.

True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart,
i'faith. [*Afide.*

Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as useleſs as old men, when thoſe
Poorer in face and fortune than herſelf
¹⁴ Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts ?—oh !
It was the greateſt bleſſing ever happen'd to women,
When farmers ſons agreed, and met again,
To waſh their hands, and come up gentlemen !
The commonwealth has flouriſh'd ever ſince :
Lands that were ¹⁵ mete by the rod, that labour's ſpar'd,
Taylors ride down, and meaſure 'em by the yard ;
Fair trees, thoſe comely fore-tops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold—
All thrives but chaſtity, ſhe lies acold.
Nay, ſhall I come nearer to you ? mark but this :
Why are there ſo few honeſt women, but becauſe 'tis the
poorer profeſſion ? that's accounted beſt, that's beſt follow'd ;
leaſt in trade, leaſt in faſhion ; and that's not honeſty, be-
lieve it ; and do but note the love and dejected price of it :

Loſe but a pearl, we ſearch and cannot brook it :

But that once gone, who is ſo mad to look it ?

Gratiana.

Troth, he ſays true.

Caſtiza.

False ! I defy you both :
I have endur'd you with an ear of fire ;

¹⁴ *Walk with a hundred acres on their backs*] So, in Lodge's *Wit's Miſerie*, p. 24. “— what think you to a tender faire young, nay a weakling
“ of womankind to weare whole Lordſhips and Manor-houſes on her backe
“ without ſweating ?”

See alſo Note 18 to *The Miſeries of Inforced Marriage*, vol. V. p. 26.

¹⁵ *mete by the rod*] i. e. meaſured. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, calls the Taylor's meaſuring yard his *mete* yard. S.

Your

[THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 339

Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Gratiana.

Where?

Castiza.

Do you not see her? she's too ¹⁶ inward then:
Slave, perish in thy office! you heavens, please
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me; yet I've outgone you.

[*Exit.*

Vindici.

O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities!

Gratiana.

Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own,
Women with women can work best alone.

[*Exit.*

Vindici.

Indeed I'll tell him so.

O more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward;
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world?—why does not earth start up,
And strike the sins that tread upon't?—oh,
Wer't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation.
Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen, without fire in't.
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch at man.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lufurioso with Hippolito.

Lufurioso.

I much applaud thy judgment, thou art well read in a
fellow,
And 'tis the deepest art to study man.
I know this, which I never learnt in schools,
The world's divided into knaves and fools.

Hippolito.

Knave in you face; my lord behind your back.

Aside.

^{16 inward}] i. e. intimate. See Note 308 to *The Spanish Tragedy*,
vol. III. p. 232.

Y 2

Lufurioso.

340 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Lusurioso.

And I much thank thee, that thou hast preferr'd,
A fellow of discourse—well mingled,
And whose brain time hath season'd.

Hippolito.

True, my lord,
We shall find season once, I hope—O villain!
To make such an unnatural slave of me!—but—

[*Aside.*

Lusurioso.

Mafs, here he comes.

Hippolito.

And now shall I have free leave to depart.

[*Aside.*

Lusurioso.

Your absence, leave us.

Hippolito.

Are not my thoughts true?

[*Aside.*

I must remove; but, brother, you may stay.

Heart, we are both made bauds a new-found way!

[*Exit.*

Enter Vindici.

Lusurioso.

Now we're an even number, a third man's dangerous,
Especially her brother;—say, be free,
Have I a pleasure toward—

Vindici.

Oh, my lord!

Lusurioso.

Ravish me in thine answer; art thou rare?
Hast thou beguil'd her of salvation,
And rubb'd hell o'er with honey? is she a woman?

Vindici.

In all but in desire.

Lusurioso.

Then she's in nothing—¹⁷ I bate in courage now.

Vindici.

The words I brought
Might well have made indifferent honest, naught.

¹⁷ I bate in courage now] I decline, or lessen in courage. So Falstaff says, Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? &c.

A right

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 341

A right good woman, in these days, is chang'd
 Into white money with less labour far :
 Many a maid has turn'd to Mahomet
 With easier working ; I durst undertake
 Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life,
 With half those words to flat a Puritan's wife.
 But she is close and good ;—yet 'tis a doubt by this time.
 Oh the mother, the mother !

Lusurioso.

I never thought their sex had been a wonder,
 Until this minute. What fruit from the mother ?

Vindici.

Now must I blister my soul, be forsworn,
 Or shame the woman that receiv'd me first.
 I will be true, thou liv'st not to proclaim,
 Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame.
 My lord.

[*Aside.*

Lusurioso.

Who's that ?

Vindici.

Here's none but I, my lord.

Lusurioso.

What would thy haste utter ?

Vindici.

Comfort.

Lusurioso.

Welcome.

Vindici.

The maid being dull, having no mind to travel
 Into unknown lands, what did me I straight,
 But set spurs to the mother ; golden spurs
 Will put her to a false gallop in a trice.

Lusurioso.

Is't possible that in this
 The mother shou'd be damn'd before the daughter ?

Vindici.

Oh, that's good manners, my lord ; the mother for her age
 must go foremost, you know.

Lusurioso.

Thou'lt spoke that true ! but where comes in this comfort ?

Y 3

Vindici.

342 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Vindici.

In a fine place, my lord,—the unnatural mother
Did with her tongue so hard beset her honour,
That the poor fool was struck to silent wonder;
Yet still the maid, like an unlighted taper,
Was cold and chaste, save that her mother's breath
Did blow fire on her cheeks: the girl departed,
But the good antient madam, half mad, threw me
These promising words, which I took deeply note of;
My lord shall be most welcome.

Lusurioso.

Faith, I thank her.

Vindici.

When his pleasure conducts him this way.

Lusurioso.

That shall be soon, i'faith.

Vindici.

I will sway mine own——

Lusurioso.

She does the wiser, I commend her for't,

Vindici.

Women with women can work best alone.

Lusurioso.

By this light, and so they can; give 'em their due, men are
not comparable to 'em.

Vindici.

No, that's true, for you shall have one woman knit more in
an hour, than any man can ravel again in seven and twenty year.

Lusurioso.

Now my desires are happy, I'll make 'em freemen now.
Thou art a precious fellow, faith I love thee;
Be wise and make it thy revenue; beg, beg;
What office could'st thou be ambitious for?

Vindici.

Office, my lord! marry if I might have my wish, I would
have one that was never begg'd yet.

Lusurioso.

Nay, then thou canst have none.

Vindici.

Yes, my lord, I could pick out another office yet, nay and
keep a horse and drab upon't.

Lusurioso.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 343

Lusurioso.

Pr'ythee, good bluntness, tell me.

Vindici.

Why, I would desire but this, my lord, to have all the fees behind the arras; and all the farthingales that fall plump about twelve o'clock at night upon the rushes.

Lusurioso.

Thou'rt a mad, ¹⁸ apprehensive knave; dost think to make any great purchase of that?

Vindici.

Oh 'tis an unknown thing, my lord; I wonder t'has been mis'd so long.

Lusurioso.

Well, this night I'll visit her, and 'tis till then
A year in my desires—farewel, attend,
Trust me with thy preferment.

[*Exit.*

Vindici.

My lov'd lord!

Oh shall I kill him o'th' wrong side now? no!
Sword, thou wast never a back-biter yet;
I'll pierce him to his face, he shall die looking upon me;
Thy veins are swell'd with lust, this shall unfill 'em.
Great men were gods, if beggars could not kill 'em.
Forgive, me heaven, to call my mother wicked!
¹⁹ Oh lessen not my days upon the earth,
I cannot honour her. By this, I fear me,
Her tongue has turn'd my sister into use.
I was a villain not to be forsworn
To this our lecherous hope, the duke's son;
For lawyers, merchants, some divines, and all,
Count beneficial perjury a sin small.
It shall go hard yet, but I'll guard her honour,
And keep the ports sure.

Enter Hippolito.

Hippolito.

Brother, how goes the world? I would know news of you.
But I have news to tell you.

¹⁸ apprehensive] i. e. quick to understand. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 3.

¹⁹ *Oh lessen not, &c.*] Alluding to the promise in the fifth Commandment.

244 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Vindici.

What, in the name of knavery?

Hippolito.

Knavery, faith;

This vicious old duke's worthily abused,

The pen of his bastard writes him cuckold!

Vindici.

His bastard?

Hippolito.

Pray believe it; he and the dutchess

By night meet in their linen; they have been seen

By stair-foot panders.

Vindici.

Oh sin foul and deep!

Great faults are wink'd at when the duke's asleep.

See, see, here comes the Spurio.

Hippolito.

Monstrous luxur!

Vindici.

Unbrac'd! two of his valiant bauds with him!

O there's a wicked whisper; hell is in his ear.

Stay, let's observe his passage—

Enter Spurio and Servants.

Spurio.

Oh, but are you sure on't?

Servant.

My lord, most sure on't; for 'twas spoke by one,

That is most inward with the duke's son's lust,

That he intends within this hour to steal

Unto Hippolito's sister, whose chaste life

The mother has corrupted for his use.

Spurio.

Sweet word! sweet occasion! faith then, brother,

I'll disinheret you in as short time,

As I was when I was begot in haste.

I'll damn you at your pleasure: precious deed!

After your lust, oh 'twill be fine to bleed.

Come, let our passing out be lost and wary.

[*Exeunt.*

Vindici.

Vindici.

Mark, there, there, that step; now to the dutchess;
This their second meeting writes the duke cuckold,
With new additions, his horns newly reviv'd.
Night! thou that look'st like funeral heralds fees,
Torn down betimes i'th' morning, thou hang'st fitly
To grace those sins that have no grace at all.
Now 'tis full sea abed over the world,
There's juggling of all sides; some that were maids
E'en at sun-set, are now perhaps ²⁰ i'th' toll-book.
This woman in immodest thin apparel
Lets in her friend by water; here a dame,
Cunning, nails leather hinges to a door,
To avoid proclamation,
Now cuckolds are coining, apace, apace, apace, apace!
And careful sisters spin that thread i'th' night,
That does maintain them and their bauds i'th' day.

Hippolito.

You flow well, brother.

Vindici.

Puh, I'm shallow yet;
Too sparing and too modest; shall I tell thee?
If every trick were told that's dealt by night,
There are few here that would not blush outright.

Hippolito.

I am of that belief too.

Vindici.

Who's this comes?

Hippolito.

The duke's son up so late!—brother, fall back,
And you shall learn some mischief—My good lord!

Enter Lufuriofo.

Lufuriofo.

Piato! why the man I with'd for. Come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To taste of that young lady.

²⁰ i'th' toll-book] Alluding to the custom of entering horses sold at
fairs in a book called the toll-book. See Note to *All's well that ends*
well, edit. 1778, of Shakspeare, vol. IV. p. 141. S.

Vindici.

346 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Heart and hell ! *Vindici.*

Damn'd villain ! *Hippolito.*

I have no way now to cross it, but to kill him,
Vindici.
Lusurioso,

Come only thou and I. *Vindici,*

My lord ! my lord !
Lusurioso,
Why dost thou start us ?

Vindici.
I'd almost forgot—the bastard !
Lusurioso.

What of him ? *Vindici.*

This night, this hour—this minute, now——
Lusurioso.

What ? what ? *Vindici.*

Shadows the dutchess——
Lusurioso.

Horrible word ! *Vindici.*

And, like strong poison, eats
Into the duke your father's forehead.
Lusurioso.

Oh ! *Vindici.*

He makes horn royal.
Lusurioso.

Most ignoble slave ! *Vindici.*

This is the fruit of two beds.
Lusurioso.

I am mad. *Vindici.*

That passage he trod warily.
Lusurioso.

He did ! *Vindici,*

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 347

Vindici.

And hush'd his villains every step he took.

Lusurioso.

His villains? I'll confound them.

Vindici.

Take 'em finely, finely, now.

Lusurioso.

The dutchefs' chamber-door shall not control me. [*Exeunt.*

Hippolito.

Good, happy, swift: there's gunpowder i'th' court,
Wild-fire at midnight. In this heedless fury
He may show violence to cross himself.
I'll follow the event.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Lusurioso and Vindici.

Lusurioso.

Where is that villain?

Vindici.

Softly, my lord, and you may take 'em twisted.

Lusurioso.

I care not how.

Vindici.

Oh! 'twill be glorious
To kill 'em doubled, when they're heap'd. Be soft, my lord.

Lusurioso.

Away! my spleen is not so lazy: thus, and thus
I'll shake their eyelids ope, and with my sword
Shut 'em again for ever.—Villain! strumpet!—

Duke.

You upper guard, defend us.

Dutchefs.

Treason! treason!

Duke.

Oh, take me not in sleep! I have great sins; I must have
days,

Nay months, dear son, with penitential heaves
To lift 'em out, and not to die unclear.

O, thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.

Lusurioso.

I am amaz'd to death.

L

Duke.

348 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Duke.

Nay, villain, traitor,
Worse than the foulest epithet; now I'll gripe thee
E'en with the nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the lawyer's guard.

Enter Nobles and Sons.

First Noble.

How comes the quiet of your grace disturb'd?

Duke.

This boy, that should be myself after me,
Would be myself before me; and in heat
Of that ambition bloodily rush'd in,
Intending to depose me in my bed.

Second Noble.

Duty and natural loyalty forfend!

Dutchess.

He call'd his father villain, and me strumpet,
A word that I abhor to ¹⁹ file my lips with.

Ambitioso.

That was not so well done, brother.

Lusurioso.

I am abus'd—I know there's no excuse can do me good,

Vindici.

'Tis now good policy to be from fight;
His vicious purpose to our sister's honour,
Is cross'd beyond our thought.

Hippolito.

You little dreamt his father slept here.

Vindici.

Oh, 'twas far beyond me:
But since it fell so—without frightful words,
Would he had kill'd him, 'twould have eas'd our swords.

Duke.

Be comforted our dutchess, he shall die. [*Dissemble a* ²⁰ *fright.*

¹⁹ *file*] i. e. defile. See Note 46 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*,
vol. V. p. 100.

²⁰ *fright.*] The quarto reads, *fright*.

Lusurioso.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 349

Lusurioſo.

Where's this ſlave-pander now ? out of mine eye,
Guilty of this abuſe.

Enter Spurio, with his villains.

Spurio.

Y'are villains ! fablers !
You have knaves chins and harlots tongues ; you lye ;
And I will damn you with one meal a day.

Fiſt Servant.

O, good my lord !

Spurio.

'Sblood, you ſhall never ſup.

Second Servant.

O, I beſeech you, ſir !

Spurio.

To let my ſword catch cold ſo long, and miſs him !

Fiſt Servant.

Troth, my lord, 'twas his intent to meet there.

Spurio.

'Heart, he's yonder !

Ha, what news here ? is the day out o'th' ſocket,
That it is noon at midnight ? the court up !
How comes the guard ſo ſaucy with his elbows ?

Lusurioſo.

The baſtard here ?

Nay, then the truth of my intent ſhall out ;
My lord and father, hear me.

Duke.

Bear him hence.

Lusurioſo.

I can with loyalty excuſe.

Duke.

Excuse ? to priſon with the villain !
Death ſhall not long lag after him.

Spurio.

Good, i'faith, then 'tis not much amiſs.

Lusurioſo.

Brothers, my beſt releaſe lies on your tongues ;
I pray perſuade for me.

Ambitioſo.

350 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Ambitioso.

It is our duties; make yourself sure of us.

Supervacuo.

We'll sweat in pleading.

Lusurioso.

And I may live to thank you.

Ambitioso.

No, thy death shall thank me better.

Spurio.

He's gone; I'll after him,

And know his trespass; seem to bear a part

In all his ills, but with a puritan heart.

Ambitioso.

Now, brother, let our hate and love be woven
So subtly together, that in speaking one word for his life;
We may make three for his death:

The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.

Supervacuo.

Set on, I'll not be far behind you, brother:

Duke.

Is't possible a son should be disobedient as far as the sword?
it is the highest, he can go no farther.

Ambitioso.

My gracious lord, take pity—

Duke.

Pity, boys!

Ambitioso.

Nay, we'd be loth to move your grace too much;
We know the trespass is unpardonable,
Black, wicked, and unnatural.

Supervacuo.

In a son, oh monstrous!

Ambitioso.

Yet, my lord,
A duke's soft hand strokes the rough head of law;
And makes it lie smooth.

Duke.

But my hand shall ne'er do't.

Ambitioso.

That as you please, my lord.

Supervacuo.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 351

Supervacuo.

We must needs confess,
Some fathers would have entered into hate
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes
He would ha' seen the execution sound,
Without corrupted favour.

Ambitioso.

But, my lord,
Your grace may live the wonder of all times,
In pard'ning that offence, which never yet
Had face to beg a pardon.

Duke.

How's this?

Ambitioso.

Forgive him, good my lord, he's your own son;
And I must needs say 'twas the viler done.

Supervacuo.

He's the next heir: yet this true reason gathers,
None can possess that dispossess their fathers.
Be merciful!—

Duke.

Here's no stepmother's wit;
I'll try them both upon their love and hate.

Ambitioso.

Be merciful—altho'—

Duke.

You have prevailed;
My wrath, like flaming wax, hath spent itself;
I know 'twas but some ²¹ peevish moon in him;
Go, let him be releas'd.

Supervacuo.

'Sfoot, how now, brother?

Ambitioso.

Your grace doth please to speak beside your spleen;
I would it were so happy.

Duke.

Why go, release him.

²¹ peevish moon] Some sudden fit of frenzy. Cotgrave translates,
Avoir un quartier de la lune en la teste, to be half frantick, or have a
spice of lunacy. In the former Edition moon was altered to mood.

Supervacuo.

352 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Supervacuo.

O my good lord ! I know the fault's too weighty,
And full of general loathing ; too inhuman,
Rather by all men's voices worthy death.

Duke.

'Tis true too ; here then, receive this signet,
Doom shall pass ;
Direct it to the judges ; he shall die
Ere many days. Make haste.

Ambitioso.

All speed that may be.
We could have wish'd his burden not so sore :
We knew your grace did but delay before.

[*Exeunt.*

Duke.

Here's ²² envy with a poor thin cover on't,
Like scarlet hid in lawn, easily spied through.
This their ambition by the mother's side
Is dangerous, and for safety must be purg'd.
I will prevent their envies ; sure it was
But some mistaken fury in our son,
Which these aspiring boys would climb upon.
He shall be releas'd suddenly.

Enter Nobles.

First Noble.

Good morning to your grace.

Duke.

Welcome, my lords.

Second Noble.

Our knees shall take
Away the office of our feet for ever,
Unless your grace bestow a father's eye
Upon the clouded fortunes of your son,
And in compassionate virtue grant him that
Which makes e'en mean men happy, liberty.

Duke.

How seriously their loves and honours wooe
For that which I am about to pay them do !

²² envy] See Note 17 to *Edward the Second*, vol. II. p. 319.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 353

Arise, my lords, your knees sign his release;
We freely pardon him.

First Noble.

We owe your grace much thanks, and he much duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

Duke.

It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself, and lives.
I may forgive a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery;
And in my old days am a youth in lust.
Many a beauty have I turn'd to poison
In the denial, covetous of all.
Age hot is like a monster to be seen;
My hairs are white, and yet my fins are green.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Ambitioso and Supervacuo.

Supervacuo.

BROTHER, let my opinion sway you once;
I speak it for the best, to have him die:
Surest and soonest, if the signet come
Unto the judges hand, why then his doom
Will be deferr'd till sittings and court-days,
Juries, and farther.—Faiths are bought and sold;
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.

Ambitioso.

In troth 'tis true too.

Supervacuo.

Then let's fet by the judges,
And fall to the officers; 'tis but mistaking
The duke our father's meaning; and where he nam'd
Ere many days, 'tis but forgetting that,
And have him die i'th' morning.

VOL. IV.

Z

Ambitioso.

354 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Ambitioso.

Excellent!

Then am I heir——Duke in a minute.

Supervacuo.

Nay,

And he were once puff'd out, here is a pin
Should quickly prick your bladder.

Ambitioso.

Blest occasion!

He being pack'd, we'll have some trick and wile,
To wind our younger brother out of prison,
That lies in for the rape. The lady's dead,
And peoples thoughts will soon be buried.

Supervacuo.

We may with safety do't, and live and feed,
The dutchefs' sons are too proud to bleed.

Ambitioso.

We are i'faith, to say true——come let's not linger:
I'll to the officers; go you before,
And set an edge upon the executioner.

Supervacuo.

Let me alone to grind him.

[Exit]

Ambitioso.

Farewel;

I am next now, I rise just in that place
Where thou'rt cut off; upon thy neck, kind brother;
The falling of one head lifts up another.

[Exit]

Enter, with the Nobles, Lufurioso from prison.

Lufurioso.

My lords, I am so much indebted to your loves
For this, O this delivery——

First Noble.

But our duties, my lord, unto the hopes that grow in you

Lufurioso.

If e'er I live to be myself, I'll thank you.
O liberty! thou sweet and heavenly dame:
But hell for prison is too mild a name.

[Exeunt]

Enter

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 355

Enter Ambitioso and Supervacuo, with Officers.

Ambitioso.

Officers, here's the duke's signet, your firm warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the duke's son; we are sorry
That we are so unnaturally employ'd
In such an unkind office, fitter far
For enemies than brothers.

Supervacuo.

But, you know,
The duke's command must be obey'd.

First Officer.

It must and shall, my lord—this morning then
So suddenly?

Ambitioso.

Ay, alas, poor, good soul!
He must breakfast betimes; the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

Second Officer.

Already?

Supervacuo.

Already, i'faith.—O sir, destruction hies,
And that is least impudent, soonest dies.

First Officer.

Troth, you say true. My lord, we take our leaves:
Our office shall be found, we'll not delay
The third part of a minute.

Ambitioso.

Therein you show
Yourselfes good men, and upright officers.
Pray let him die as private as he may;
Do him that favour; for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far kind?

First Officer.

It shall be done, my lord.

Ambitioso.

Why, we do thank you; if we live to be,
You shall have a better office.

Z 2

Second

356 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Second Officer.

Your good lordship—

Supervacuo.

Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

First Officer.

We'll weep, and do your commendations.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ambitioso.

Fine fools in office!

Supervacuo.

Things fall out so fit!

Ambitioso.

So happily! come, brother, ere next clock,
His head will be made serve a bigger ²³ block.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter in prison junior Brother, and Keeper.

Junior.

Keeper!

Keeper.

My lord.

Junior.

No news lately from our brothers?
Are they unmindful of us?

Keeper.

My lord, a messenger came newly in,
And brought this from 'em.

Junior.

Nothing but paper-comforts?
I look'd for my delivery before this,
Had they been worth their oaths.—Pr'ythee be from us.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Now what say you, forsooth? speak out I pray.

Letter.] Brother, be of good cheer;

'Slud, it begins like a whore with good cheer.

Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.

Not five and thirty years, like a bankrupt—I think so.

We have thought upon a device to get thee out by a trick.

By a trick! pox o' your trick, an' it be so long a playing.

And so rest comforted, be merry, and expect it suddenly!

²³ block] i. e. hat.

Be

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 357

Be merry! hang merry, draw and quarter merry; I'll be mad.
Is't not strange, that a man should lie-in a whole month for a
woman? well, we shall see how sudden our brothers will be
in their promise. I must expect still a trick: I shall not be
long a prisoner. How now, what news?

Enter Keeper.

Keeper.

Bad news, my lord, I am discharg'd of you.

Junior.

Slave! call'it thou that bad news? I thank you, brothers.

Keeper.

My lord, 'twill prove so:—Here come the officers,
Into whose hands I must commit you,

Junior.

Ha, officers! what? why?

Enter Officers.

First Officer.

You must pardon us, my lord;
Our office must be found: here is our warrant,
The signet from the duke; you must strait suffer,

Junior.

Suffer! I'll suffer you to be gone; I'll suffer you
To come no more: what would you have me suffer?

Second Officer.

My lord, those words were better chang'd to prayers,
The time's but brief with you: prepare to die.

Junior.

Sure 'tis not so!

Third Officer.

It is too true, my lord.

Junior.

I tell you 'tis not; for the duke, my father,
Deferr'd me till next sitting; and I look
E'en every minute, threescore times an hour,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.

First Officer.

A trick, my lord! if you expect such comfort,
Your hope's as fruitless as a barren woman:

Z 3

Your

358 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Your brothers were the unhappy messengers,
That brought this powerful token for your death.

Junior.

My brothers! no, no.

Second Officer.

'Tis most true, my lord.

Junior.

My brothers to bring a warrant for my death!
How strange this shows!

Third Officer.

There's no delaying time.

Junior.

Desire 'em hither: call 'em up—my brothers!
They shall deny it to your faces.

First Officer.

My lord,

They're far enough by this, at least at court;
And this most strict command they left behind 'em,
When grief swam in their eyes, they show'd like brothers,
Brimful of heavy sorrow; but the duke
Must have his pleasure.

Junior.

His pleasure!

First Officer.

These were their last words, which my memory bears,
Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

Junior.

Pox dry their tears! what should I do with tears?
I hate 'em worse than any citizen's son
Can hate salt-water.—Here came a letter now,
New bleeding from their pens scarce ²⁴stinted yet:
Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it:
Look, you officious whoresons, words of comfort,
Not long a prisoner.

First Officer.

It says true in that, sir; for you must suffer presently.

²⁴ *stinted*? Stopped. See several instances of the use of this word in Mr. Steevens's Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 3.

Junior.

Junior.

²⁵ A villainous Duns upon the letter, knavish exposition!
Look you then here, sir: *we'll get thee out by a trick*, says he.

Second Officer.

That may hold too, sir; for you know a trick is commonly
four cards, which was meant by us four officers.

Junior.

Worse and worse dealing.

First Officer.

The hour beckons us;
The headsmen waits, lift up your eyes to heaven.

Junior.

I thank you, faith; good pretty wholesome counsel!
I should look up to heaven, as you said,
Whilst he behind me cozens me of my head.
Ay, that's the trick.

Third Officer.

You delay too long, my lord.

Junior.

Stay, good authority's bastards; since I must,
Thro' brothers perjury, die, O let me venom
Their souls with curses.

Third Officer.

Come, 'tis no time to curse.

Junior.

Must I bleed then, without respect of sign? well——
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approves,
I die for that which every woman loves. [Exeunt.]

²⁵ *A villainous Duns on the letter,*] Alluding I think to Duns Scotus,
who commented upon the *Master of the Sentences*. S. P.

Duns Scotus was an English Franciscan Friar, who, differing from
Thomas Aquinas, occasioned a famous scholastic division, known by the
titles of Thomists and Scotists. He died at Paris in 1308. Erasmus, who
had a very low opinion of this writer, in his *Praise of Folie*, 1549,
Sign. N 3, says, "Lykewise not longe agoone I was present at the
"sermon of an other famous doctour being almost 80 yeres old, and
"thereto so doctour lyke, as if Duns were new arisen in him, who en-
"tending to disclose the mistry of the name of Jesu, with great subtiltie
"shewed, how evin in the verie letters was muche pithe included, and might
"be gathered thereof."

360 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY,

Enter Vindici and Hippolito.

Vindici.

O sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing!

Hippolito.

Why, what's the matter, brother?

Vindici.

O 'tis able to make a man spring up and knock his forehead
Against yon' silver cieling.

Hippolito.

Pr'ythee tell me;

Why may not I partake with you? you vow'd once
To give me share to every tragick thought.

Vindici.

By th' mass, I think I did too;
Then I'll divide it to thee.—The old duke,
Thinking my outward shape and inward heart
Are cut out of one piece (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart stands o'th' outside), hires me by price
To greet him with a lady,
In some fit place, veil'd from the eyes o'th' court,
Some darken'd blushless angel, that is guilty
Of his fore-father's lust, and great folk's riots;
To which I easily (to maintain my shape)
Consented, and did with his impudent grace
To meet her here in this unsunned lodge,
Wherein 'tis night at noon: and here the rather,
Because unto the torturing of his soul,
The bastard and the dutchess have appointed.
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle;
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the rest of him.

Hippolito.

'Twill, i'faith! most dreadfully digested!
I see not how you could have miss'd me, brother.

Vindici.

True; but the violence of my joy forgot it.

Hippolito.

Ay, but where's that lady now?

Vindici.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 361

Vindici.

Oh! at that word
I'm lost again; you cannot find me yet,
I'm in a throng of happy apprehensions.
He's suited for a lady; I have took care
For a delicious lip, a sparkling eye;
You shall be witness, brother:
Be ready; stand with your hat off.

[*Exit.*

Hippolito.

Troth, I wonder what lady it should be!
Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,
To have a lady stoop to a duke, that stoops unto his men.
'Tis common to be common through the world:
And there's more private common shadowing vices,
Than those who are known, both by their names and prices.
'Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare
To the duke's concubine—and here she comes.

Enter Vindici, with the skull of his love dress'd up in tires.

Vindici.

Madam, his grace will not be absent long.
Secret! ne'er doubt us, madam; 'twill be worth
Three velvet gowns to your ladyship—known!
Few ladies respect that disgrace: a poor thin shell:
'Tis the best grace you have to do it well.
I'll save your hand that labour, I'll unmask you!

Hippolito.

Why, brother, brother!

Vindici.

Art thou beguil'd now? tut, a lady can,
As thus all hid, beguile a wiser man.
Have I not fitted the old surfeiter
With a quaint piece of beauty? Age and bare bone
Are e'er ally'd in action. Here's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man—to serve God:
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble,
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whistle:

Spout

362 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Spout rain, we fear thee not : be hot or cold,
All's one with us ; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet ?

Hippolito.

Brother, you've spoke that right :
Is this the form that living shone so bright ?

Vindici.

The very same.

And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
For doating on her beauty, tho' her death
Shall be reveng'd after no common action.
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee ? For thee does she undo herself ?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute ?
Why does yon' fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips ;
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her ?
Surely we're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not : we mistake those ;
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in cloaths.

Hippolito.

Faith, and in cloaths too we, give us our due.

Vindici.

Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this ? and grieve her maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,
For her superfluous out-side, all for this ?
Who now bids twenty pounds a night ? prepares
Musick, perfumes, and sweet meats ? All are hush'd.
Thou may'st lie chaste now ! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels : sure 'twould fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward : put a reveller
Out of his antick amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 363

Look through and through herself.—See, ladies, with false forms

You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.
Now to my tragick business. Look you, brother,
I have not fashion'd this only for shew
And useles property; no, it shall bear a part
E'en in its own revenge. This very skull,
Whose mistress the duke poison'd with this drug,
The mortal curse of the earth shall be reveng'd
In the like strain, and kiss his lips to death.
As much as the dumb thing can, he shall feel:
What fails in poison, we'll supply in steel.

Hippolito.

Brother, I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintness of thy malice, above thought.

Vindici.

So, 'tis laid on: now come and welcome, duke,
I have her for thee. I protest it, brother,
Methinks she makes almost as fair a sin,
As some old gentlewoman in a perriwig.
Hide thy face now for shame; thou had'st need have a mask
now:

'Tis vain when beauty flows, but when it fleets,
This would become graves better than the streets.

Hippolito.

You have my voice in that—hark, the duke's come.

Vindici.

Peace, let's observe what company he brings,
And how he does absent 'em; for you know
He'll wish all private.—Brother, fall you back a little,
With the bony lady.

Hippolito.

That I will.

Vindici.

So, so—now nine years vengeance crowd into a minute!

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

Duke.

You shall have leave to leave us, with this charge,
Upon your lives, if we be mis'd by th' dutchess,

Or

364 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Or any of the nobles, to give out,
We're privately rid forth.

Vindici.

Oh happiness!

Duke.

With some few honourable gentlemen, you may say;
You may name those that are away from court.

Gentlemen.

Your will and pleasure shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Vindici.

Privately rid forth!

He strives to make sure work on't—your good grace!

Duke.

Piato, well done, hast brought her? what lady is't?

Vindici.

Faith, my lord, a country lady, a little bashful at first, as most
of them are; but after the first kiss, my lord, the worst is past
with them. Your grace knows now what you have to do;
she's somewhat a grave look with her—but—

Duke.

I love that best; conduct her.

Vindici.

Have at all.

Duke.

In gravest looks the greatest faults seem less.
Give me that sin that's rob'd in holiness.

Vindici.

Back with the torch: brother, raise the perfumes.

Duke.

How sweet can a duke breathe! Age has no fault,
Pleasure would meet in a perfumed mist.
Lady, sweetly encounter'd, I came from court, I must be bold
with you.—Oh, what's this? oh!

Vindici.

Royal villain! white devil!

Duke.

Oh!

Vindici.

Brother—place the torch here, that his affrighted eye-balls
May start into those hollows. Duke, do't know

Yon'

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 365

Yon' dreadful vizard? View it well; 'tis the skull
Of Gloriana, whom thou poisoned'st last.

Duke.

Oh! 't'as poisoned me.

Vindici.

Did'st not know that till now?

Duke.

What are you two?

Vindici.

Villains all three—the very ragged bone
Has been sufficiently reveng'd.

Duke.

Oh, Hippolito call treason!

Hippolito.

Yes, my lord: treason! treason! treason! [*Stamping on him.*]

Duke.

Then I'm betray'd.

Vindici.

Alas, poor lecher, in the hands of knaves,
A slavish duke is baser than his slaves.

Duke.

My teeth are eaten out.

Vindici.

Had'st any left?

Hippolito.

I think but few.

Vindici.

Then those that did eat are eaten.

Duke.

O my tongue!

Vindici.

Your tongue? 'twill teach you to kiss closer,
Not like a flobbering Dutchman. You have eyes still;
Look, monster, what a lady hast thou made me!
My once betrothed wife.

Duke.

Is it thou, villain? nay then——

Vindici.

'Tis I, 'tis Vindici, 'tis I.

366 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Hippolito.

And let this comfort thee: our lord and father
Fell sick upon the infection of thy frowns,
And dy'd in sadness: be that thy hope of life.

Duke.

Oh!

Vindici.

He had his tongue, yet grief made him die speechless.
Puh! 'tis but early yet; now I'll begin
To stick thy soul with ulcers. I will make
Thy spirit grievous sore; it shall not rest,
But like some pestilent man tofs in thy breast—(mark me,
duke)

Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty cuckold.

Duke.

Oh!

Vindici.

Thy bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy brow.

Duke.

Millions of deaths!

Vindici.

Nay, to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meet for ²⁶ damned clips.
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.

Duke.

Is there a hell besides this, villains?

Vindici.

Villain!

Nay, heaven is just; scorns are the hires of scorns:
I ne'er knew yet adulterer without horns.

Hippolito.

Once ere they die 'tis quitted.

Vindici.

Hark! the musick:
Their banquet is prepar'd, they're coming—

Duke.

Oh, kill me not with that fight.

Vindici.

Thou shalt not lose that fight for all thy dukedom.

²⁶ damned clips] See p. 336.

Duke.

Duke.

Traitors ! murderers !

Vindici.

What ! is not thy tongue eaten out yet ?
Then we'll invent a silence. Brother, stifle the torch.

Duke.

Treason ! murder !

Vindici.

Nay, faith, we'll have you hush'd. Now with thy dagger
Nail down his tongue, and mine shall keep possession
About his heart ; if he but gasp, he dies.
We dread not death to quittance injuries—Brother,
If he but wink, not brooking the foul object,
Let our two other hands tear up his lids,
And make his eyes like comets shine through blood ;
When the bad bleeds, then is the tragedy good.

Hippolito.

Whist, brother, musick's at our ear : they come.

Enter Spurio meeting the Dutchess.

Spurio.

Had not that kiss a taste of sin, 'twere sweet.

Dutchess.

Why, there's no pleasure sweet, but it is sinful.

Spurio.

True, such a bitter sweetness fate hath given ;
Best side to us, is the worst side to heaven.

Dutchess.

Pish ! come : 'tis the old duke, thy doubtful father :
The thought of him rubs heaven in thy way.
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him, or I'll poison him.

Spurio.

Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life.
So deadly do I loath him for my birth,
That if he took me hasp'd within his bed,
I would add murder to adultery,
And with my sword give up his years to death.

Dutchess.

Why, now thou'rt sociable ; let's in and feast :
Loud'st musick sound : pleasure is banquet's guest.

[*Exeunt.*
Duke.

368 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY,

Duke.

I cannot brook——

Vindici.

The brook is turn'd to blood.

Hippolito.

Thanks to loud musick.

Vindici.

'Twas our friend, indeed.

'Tis state in musick for a duke to bleed.

The dukedom wants a head, tho' yet unknown;

As fast as they peep up, let's cut 'em down.

Exeunt.

Enter Ambitioso and Supervacuo.

Ambitioso.

Was not his execution rarely plotted?

We are the duke's sons now.

Supervacuo.

Ay, you may thank my policy for that.

Ambitioso.

Your policy! for what?

Supervacuo.

Why, was't not my invention, brother,
To slip the judges? and in lesser compass,
Did not I draw the model of his death;
Advising you to sudden officers,
And e'en extemporal execution?

Ambitioso.

Heart! 'twas a thing I thought on too.

Supervacuo.

You thought on't too! s'foot, slander not your thoughts
With glorious untruth, I know 'twas from you.

Ambitioso.

Sir, I say, 'twas in my head.

Supervacuo.

Ay, like your brains then,
Ne'er to come out as long as you liv'd.

Ambitioso.

You'd have the honour on't, forsooth, that your wit
Led him to the scaffold.

Supervacuo.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 369

Supervacuo.

Since it is my due,
I'll publish't, but I'll ha't in spite of you.

Ambitioso.

Methinks y'are much too bold; you should a little
Remember us, brother, next to be honest duke.

Supervacuo.

Ay, it shall be as easy for you to be duke
As to be honest; and that's never, i'faith.

Ambitioso.

Well, cold he is by this time; and because
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be shar'd equally.

Supervacuo.

I am content to that.

Ambitioso.

This night our younger brother shall out of prison——
I have a trick.

Supervacuo.

A trick! pr'ythee what is't?

Ambitioso.

We'll get him out by a wile.

Supervacuo.

Pr'ythee, what wile?

Ambitioso.

No, sir; you shall not know it till it be done;
For then you'd swear 'twere yours.

Enter an Officer.

Supervacuo.

How now, what's he?

Ambitioso.

One of the officers.

Supervacuo.

Desired news.

Ambitioso.

How now, my friend?

Officer.

My lords, under your pardon, I am allotted

VOL. IV.

A 2

To

370 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

To that desertless office, to present you
With the yet bleeding head——

Supervacuo.

Ha, ha, excellent.

Ambitioso.

All's sure our own: brother, canst weep think'st thou?
'Twould grace our flattery much; think of some dame,
'Twill teach thee to dissemble.

Supervacuo.

I have thought;—now for yourself.

Ambitioso.

Our sorrows are so fluent,
Our eyes o'erflow our tongues; words spoke in tears
Are like the murmurs of the waters, the sound
Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguish'd.

Supervacuo.

How died he, pray?

Officer.

O, full of rage and spleen.

Supervacuo.

He died most valiantly then; we're glad to hear it.

Officer.

We could not wooe him once to pray.

Ambitioso.

He show'd himself a gentleman in that: give him his due.

Officer.

But, in the stead of prayer, he drew forth oat hs.

Supervacuo.

Then did he pray, dear heart,
Altho' you understood him not.

Officer.

My lords,
E'en at his last, with pardon be it spoke,
He curs'd you both.

Supervacuo.

He curs'd us? 'las, good soul!

Ambitioso.

It was not in our powers, but the duke's pleasure.
Finely dissembled a both sides, sweet fate;
O happy opportunity!

Enter

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 371

Enter Lufurioso.

Now, my lords.

Lufurioso.

Oh!——

Both.

Lufurioso.

Why do you shun me, brothers?
You may come nearer now;
The favour of the prison has forsook me.
I thank such kind lords as yourselves, I'm free.

Ambitioso.

Alive!

Lufurioso.

I am, much thanks to you.

Supervacuo.

Faith we spar'd no tongue unto my lord the duke.

Ambitioso.

I know your delivery, brother,
Had not been half so sudden but for us.

Supervacuo.

O how we pleaded!

Lufurioso.

Most deserving brothers!
In my best studies I will think of it.

[*Exit Lufurioso.*

Ambitioso.

O death and vengeance!

Supervacuo.

Hell and torments!

Ambitioso.

Slave, cam'st thou to delude us?

Officer.

Delude you, my lords?

Supervacuo.

Ay, villain! where's his head now?

Officer.

Why here, my lord;
Just after his delivery, you both came
With warrant from the duke to behead your brother.

A 2 2

Ambitioso.

372 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. I

Ambitioso.
Ay, our brother, the duke's son.

Officer.
The duke's son, my lord, had his release before you came.

Ambitioso.
Whose head's that then?

Officer.
His whom you left command for, your own brother's.

Ambitioso.
Our brother's? Oh furies!—

Supervacuo.
Plagues!

Ambitioso.
Confusions!

Supervacuo.
Darkness!

Ambitioso.
Devils!

Supervacuo.
Fell it out so accursedly?

Ambitioso.
So damnedly?

Supervacuo.
Villain, I'll brain thee with it.

Officer.
O my good lord!

Supervacuo.
The devil overtake thee!

Ambitioso.
O fatal!

Supervacuo.
O prodigious to our bloods!

Ambitioso.
Did we dissemble?

Supervacuo.
Did we make our tears women for thee?

Ambitioso.
Laugh and rejoice for thee?

Supervacuo.
Bring warrant for thy death?

Ambitioso.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 373

Ambitioso.

Mock off thy head?

Supervacuo.

You had a trick; you had a wile, forsooth.

Ambitioso.

A murrain meet 'em; there's none of these wiles that ever come to good: I see now, there's nothing sure in mortality, but mortality. Well, no more words: shalt be reveng'd, i'faith.

Come, throw off clouds: now, brother, think of vengeance, And deeper settled hate: sirrah, sit fast,

We'll pull down all, but thou shalt down at last. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Lufuriofo with Hippolito.

Lufuriofo.

HIPPOLITO!

Hippolito.

My lord,

Has your good lordship aught to command me in?

Lufuriofo.

I pr'ythee leave us.

Hippolito.

How's this? come, and leave us!

Lufuriofo.

Hippolito!

Hippolito.

Your honour—I stand ready for any duteous employment.

Lufuriofo.

Heart! what mak'st thou here?

Hippolito.

A pretty lordly humour!

He bids me be present to depart: something has stung his honour.

A a 3

Lufuriofo.

374 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Lusurioso.

Be nearer; draw nearer:
Ye're not so good, methinks; I'm angry with you.

Hippolito.

With me, my lord? I'm angry with myself for't.

Lusurioso.

You did prefer a goodly fellow to me:
'Twas wittily elected; 'twas. I thought
H'ad been a villain, and he proves a knave;
To me a knave.

Hippolito.

I chose him for the best, my lord;
'Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him
Breed discontent in you.

Lusurioso.

Neglect! 'twas will. Judge of it.
Firmly to tell of an incredible act,
Not to be thought, less to be spoken of,
'Twixt my step-mother and the bastard; of
Incestuous sweets between 'em.

Hippolito.

Fie, my lord!

Lusurioso.

I, in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,
Made this a desperate arm; and, in that fury,
Committed treason on the lawful bed,
And with my sword e'en ras'd my father's bosom,
For which I was within a stroke of death.

Hippolito.

Alack! I'm sorry: 'sfoot, just upon the stroke,
Jars in my brother; 'twill be villainous musick.

Enter Vindici.

Vindici.

My honour'd lord.

Lusurioso.

Away, pr'ythee forsake us: hereafter we'll not know thee.

Vindici.

Not know me, my lord! your lordship cannot chuse,

Lusurioso.

Lusurioso.

Be gone, I say, thou art a false knave.

Vindici.

Why, the easier to be known, my lord.

Lusurioso.

Pish, I shall prove too bitter, with a word
Make thee a perpetual prisoner,
And lay this iron age upon thee.

Vindici.

Mum! for there's a doom would make a woman dumb.
Missing the bastard, next him, the wind's come about;
Now 'tis my brother's turn to stay, mine to go out. [Exit.

Lusurioso.

H'as greatly mov'd me.

Hippolito.

Much to blame, i'faith.

Lusurioso.

But I'll recover, to his ruin. 'Twas told me lately,
I know not whether falsely, that you'd a brother.

Hippolito.

Who I? yes, my good lord, I have a brother.

Lusurioso.

How chance the court ne'er saw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his hours?

Hippolito.

Faith, to curse fates,
Who, as he thinks, ordain'd him to be poor;
Keeps at home, full of want and discontent.

Lusurioso.

There's hope in him; for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mould a villain of.
Hippolito, with him to repair to us:
If there be aught in him to please our blood,
For thy sake we'll advance him, and build fair
His meanest fortunes; for it is in us
To rear up towers from cottages.

[Aside,

Hippolito.

It is so, my lord: he will attend your honour;
But he's a man in whom much melancholy dwells.

A a 4

Lusurioso.

576 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Lusurioso.

Why the better : bring him to court.

Hippolito.

With willingness and speed :

Whom he cast off e'en now, must now succeed.

Brother, disguise must off ;

In thine own shape now, I'll prefer thee to him :

How strangely does himself work to undo him !

[Exit.

Lusurioso.

This fellow will come fitly ; he shall kill

That other slave, that did abuse my spleen,

And made it swell to treason. I have put

Much of my heart into him : he must die.

He that knows great men's secrets, and proves slight,

That man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.

Ay, he shall speed him : I'll employ the brother ;

Slaves are but nails to drive out one another.

He being of black condition, suitable

To want and ill content, hope of preferment

Will grind him to an edge.—

Enter Nobles.

First Noble.

Good days unto your honour.

Lusurioso.

My kind lords, I do return the like.

Second Noble.

Saw you my lord the duke ?

Lusurioso.

My lord and father ! is he from court ?

First Noble.

He's sure from court ;

But where, which way his pleasure took, we know not,

Nor can we hear on't.

Lusurioso.

Here come those should tell.

Saw you my lord and father ?

Third Noble.

Not since two hours before noon, my lord,

And then he privately rode forth.

Lusurioso.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 377

Lusurioso.

Oh, he's rid forth.

First Noble.

'Twas wondrous privately.

Second Noble.

There's none i'th' court had any knowledge on't.

Lusurioso.

His grace is old, and sudden: 'tis no treason
To say the duke my father has a humour,
Or such a toy about him; what in us
Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.

Third Noble.

'Tis oracle, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Vindici and Hippolito. Vindici out of his disguise.

Hippolito.

So, so, all's as it should be, y'are yourself.

Vindici.

How that great villain puts me to my shifts!

Hippolito.

He that did lately in disguise reject thee
Shall, now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.

Vindici.

'Twill be the quainter fallacy. But, brother,
'Sfoot, what use will he put me to now, think'st thou?

Hippolito.

Nay, you must pardon me in that: I know not,
H'as some employment for you; but what 'tis,
He and his secretary, the devil, knows best.

Vindici.

Well, I must suit my tongue to his desires,
What colour foe'er they be; hoping at last
To pile up all my wishes on his breast.

Hippolito.

Faith, brother, he himself shews the way.

Vindici.

Now the duke is dead, the realm is clad in clay.
His death being not yet known, under his name
The people still are govern'd. Well, thou his son
Art not long-liv'd; thou shalt not joy his death:

378 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

To kill thee, then, I should most honour thee;
For 'twould stand firm in every man's belief,
Thou'st a kind child, and only died'st with grief.

Hippolito.

You fetch about well; but let's talk in present.
How will you appear in fashion different,
As well as in apparel, to make all things possible?
If you be but once tript, we fall for ever.
It is not the least policy to be double;
You must change tongue:—familiar was your first.

Vindici.

Why, I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,
And string myself with heavy-sounding wire,
Like such an instrument that speaks merry things sadly.

Hippolito.

That is as I meant;
I gave you out at first in discontent.

Vindici.

I'll tune myself, and then—

Hippolito.

'Sfoot, here he comes—Halt thought upon't?

Vindici.

Salute him; fear not me.

Enter Lufuriofo.

Lufuriofo.

Hippolito!

Hippolito.

Your lordship—

Lufuriofo.

What's he yonder?

Hippolito.

'Tis Vindici, my discontented brother,
Whom, 'cording to your will, I've brought to court.

Lufuriofo.

Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence;
I wonder h'as been from the court so long.
Come nearer.

Hippolito.

Brother, lord Lufuriofo, the duke's son.'

Lufuriofo.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 379

Lusurioso.

Be more near to us; welcome; nearer yet.

Vindici.

How don you? god you god den.

[*Snatches off his hat, and makes legs to him.*]

Lusurioso.

We thank thee.

How strangely such a coarse homely salute
Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire!
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name
God in a salutation, 'twould ne'er be stood on't—heaven!
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy?

Vindici.

Why, going to law.

Lusurioso.

Why, will that make a man melancholy?

Vindici.

Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram—I went
me to law in *anno quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded out of it
in *anno sexagesimo tertio*.

Lusurioso.

What, three and twenty years in law?

Vindici.

I have known those that have been five and fifty, and all
about ²⁷ pullen and pigs.

Lusurioso.

May it be possible such men should breathe,
To vex the terms so much?

Vindici.

'Tis food to some, my lord. There are old men at the
present, that are so poison'd with the affectation of law-words
(having had many suits canvass'd), that their common talk is
nothing but Barbary latin: they cannot so much as pray, but
in law, that their sins may be remov'd with a writ of error,
and their souls fetch'd up to heaven with a ²⁸ *sasarara*.

Hippolito.

It seems most strange to me;
Yet all the world meets round in the same bent:

²⁷ pullen] Poultry. See Note 86 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.
p. 63.

²⁸ *sasarara*.] A vulgar corruption of *certiorari*. S. P.

Where

380 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Where the heart's set, there goes the tongue's consent.
How dost apply thy studies, fellow?

Vindici.

Study? why to think how a great rich man lies a-dying, and a poor cobbler tolls the bell for him. How he cannot depart the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when he lies speechless; how he will point you readily to all the boxes; and when he is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he of forfeitures and obligations; nay when to all men's hearings he whurles and rattles in the throat, he's busy threatening his poor tenants. And this would last me now some seven years thinking, or thereabouts. But, I have a conceit a coming in picture upon this; I draw it myself; which, i'faith, la, I'll present to your honour; you shall not chuse but like it, for your honour shall give me nothing for it,

Lusurioſo.

Nay, you mistake me then,
For I am publish'd bountiful enough,
Let's taste of your conceit.

Vindici.

In picture, my lord?

Lusurioſo.

Ay, in picture.

Vindici.

Marry, this it is—*A usuring father to be boiling in hell, and his son and heir with a whore dancing over him.*

Hippolito.

H'as par'd him to the quick.

[*Aside.*]

Lusurioſo.

The conceit's pretty, i'faith;
But tak't upon my life 'twill ne'er be lik'd.

Vindici.

No! why I'm sure the whore will be lik'd well enough,

Hippolito.

If she were out o' the picture, he'd like her then himself.

[*Aside.*]

Vindici.

And as for the son and heir, he shall be an eye-fore to no young revellers, for he shall be drawn in cloth of gold breeches.

Lusurioſo.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 381

Lusurioso.

And thou hast put my meaning in the pockets,
And canst not draw that out.—My thought was this;
To see the picture of a usuring father
Boiling in hell, our rich men would never like it.

Vindici.

O true, I cry you heartily mercy; I know the reason; for
some of them had rather be damn'd indeed, than damn'd in
colours.

Lusurioso.

A parlous melancholy! h'as wit enough
To murder any man, and I'll give him means,
I think thou art ill-monied.

Vindici.

Money! ho, ho;
'Thas been my want so long, 'tis now my scoff;
I've e'en forgot what colour silver's of.

Lusurioso.

It hits as I could wish.

Vindici.

I get good cloaths
Of those that dread my humour; and for table-room,
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me.

Lusurioso.

Somewhat to set thee up withal.

Vindici.

O mine eyes!

Lusurioso.

How now, man?

Vindici.

Almost struck blind;
This bright unusual shine to me seems proud;
I dare not look till the sun be in a cloud.

Lusurioso.

I think I shall affect his melancholy.
How art thou now?

Vindici.

The better for your asking.

Lusurioso.

You shall be better yet, if you but fasten

Truly

382 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Truly on my intent. Now y'are both present,
I will unbrace such a close private villain
Unto your vengeful swords, the like ne'er heard of,
Who hath disgrac'd you much, and injur'd us.

Hippolito.

Disgrac'd us, my lord?

Lusurioso.

Ay, Hippolito.

I kept it here till now, that both your angers
Might meet him at once.

Vindici.

I'm covetous
To know the villain.

Lusurioso.

You know him, that slave pander,
Piato, whom we threaten'd last
With irons in perpetual prisonment.

Vindici.

All this is I.

[*Aside.*

Hippolito.

Is't he, my lord?

Lusurioso.

I'll tell you, you first prefer'd him to me.

Vindici.

Did you, brother?

Hippolito.

I did indeed.

Lusurioso.

And the ingrateful villain,
To quit that kindness, strongly wrought with me,
Being, as you see, a likely man for pleasure,
With jewels to corrupt your virgin sister.

Hippolito.

Oh villain!

Vindici.

He shall surely die that did it.

Lusurioso.

I, far from thinking any virgin harm,
Especially knowing her to be as chaste

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 33

As that ²⁹ plant which scarce suffers to be touch'd,
The eye, would not endure him.

Vindici.

Would you not, my lord?

'Twas wondrous honourably done.

Lusurioso.

But with some five frowns kept him out,

Vindici.

Out slave!

Lusurioso.

What did me he, but in revenge of that,
Went of his own free will to make infirm
Your sister's honour (whom I honour with my soul,
For chaste respect) and not prevailing there,
(As 'twas but desperate folly to attempt it)
In meer spleen, by the way, way-lays your mother,
Whose honour being a coward, as it seems,
Yielded by little force.

Vindici.

Coward indeed!

Lusurioso.

He, proud of this advantage, (as he thought)
Brought me this news for happy. But I, heaven forgive me
for't!—

Vindici.

What did your honour?

Lusurioso.

In rage push'd him from me,
Trampled beneath his throat, spurn'd him, and bruis'd:
Indeed I was too cruel, to say troth.

Hippolito.

Most nobly manag'd!

Vindici.

Has not heaven an ear? is all the lightning wasted?

Lusurioso.

If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be?

²⁹ plant] *The sensitive plant.* The quarto reads, *part.*

84 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Vindici.

Full mad; he shall not live
To see the moon change.

Lusurioso.

He's about the palace;
Hippolito, entice him this way, that thy brother
May take full mark of him.

Hippolito.

Heart!—that shall not need, my lord,
I can direct him so far.

Lusurioso.

Yet for my hate's sake,
Go, wind him this way. I'll see him bleed myself.

Hippolito.

What now, brother?

[*Aside.*

Vindici.

Nay e'en what you will—y'are put to't, brother.

[*Aside.*

Hippolito.

An impossible task, I'll swear,
To bring him hither, that's already here.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Hippolito.*

Lusurioso.

Thy name? I have forgot it.

Vindici.

Vindici, my lord.

Lusurioso.

'Tis a good name that.

Vindici.

Ay, a revenger.

Lusurioso.

It does betoken courage; thou should'st be valiant,
And kill thine enemies.

Vindici.

That's my hope, my lord.

Lusurioso.

This slave is one.

Vindici.

I'll doom him.

Lusurioso.

Then I'll praise thee.

Do thou observe me best, and I'll best raise thee.

Enter

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 35

Enter Hippolito.

Vindici.

Indeed, I thank you.

Lusurioso.

Now, Hippolito, where's the slave pander?

Hippolito.

Your good lordship

Would have a loathsome sight of him, much offensive.

He's not in case now to be seen, my lord,

The worst of all the deadly sins is in him:

That beggarly damnation, drunkenness.

Lusurioso.

Then he's a double slave.

Vindici.

'Twas well convey'd upon a sudden wit.

Lusurioso.

What, are you both

Firmly resolv'd? I'll see him dead myself.

Vindici.

Or else, let not us live.

Lusurioso.

You may direct your brother to take note of him.

Hippolito.

I shall.

Lusurioso.

Rise but in this, and you shall never fall.

Vindici.

Your honour's vassals.

Lusurioso.

This was wisely carried.

Deep policy in us makes fools of such:

Then must a slave die, when he knows too much.

[*Exit Lusurioso.*]

Vindici.

O thou almighty patience! 'tis my wonder,

That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,

Should not be cloven as he stood;

Or with a secret wind burst open!

VOL. IV.

B b

Is

386 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY,

³⁰ Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up
In stock for heavier vengeance? there it goes!

Hippolito.

Brother, we lose ourselves.

Vindici.

But I have found it;
'Twill hold, 'tis sure; thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.

Hippolito.

What is't?

Vindici.

'Tis sound and good; thou shalt partake it;
I'm hir'd to kill myself.

Hippolito.

True.

Vindici.

Pr'ythee mark it;
And the old duke being dead, but not convey'd,
For he's already mis'd too, and you know,
Murder will peep out of the closest husk.

Hippolito.

Most true.

Vindici.

What say you then to this device,
If we dress'd up the body of the duke?

Hippolito.

In that disguise of yours?

Vindici.

Y'are quick, y'ave reach'd it.

Hippolito.

I like it wonderously.

Vindici.

And being in drink, as you have publish'd him,
To lean him on his elbow, as if sleep had caught him?
Which claims most interest in such sluggish men.

³⁰ *Is there no thunder left? &c.]* The same thought occurs in *Osbello*,
A. 5 S. 2.

"Are there no stones in heaven,

"But what serve for the thunder?"

Hippolito.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 387

Hippolito.

Good yet; but here's a doubt,
We, thought by th' duke's son to kill that pander,
Shall, when he is known, be thought to kill the duke.

Vindici.

Neither; O thanks, it is substantial!
For that disguise being on him which I wore,
It will be thought I, which he calls the pander, did kill the
duke, and fled away in his apparel, leaving him so disguised, to
avoid swift pursuit.

Hippolito.

Firmer and firmer.

Vindici.

Nay, doubt not, 'tis in grain, I warrant it holds colour,

Hippolito.

Let's about it.

Vindici.

But by the way too, now I think on't, brother,
Let's conjure that base devil out of our mother.

[*Exeunt*]

31 ACTUS V.

Enter the Dutchess arm in arm with Spurio: he seemeth lasciviously to look on her. After them, enter Supervacuo running with a rapier; Ambitioso stops him.

Spurio.

MADAM, unlock yourself, should it be seen,
Your arm would be suspected.

Dutchess.

Who is't that dares suspect, or this, or these?
May not we deal our favours where we please?

Spurio.

I'm confident you may.

[*Exeunt*]

31 *AE V.*] In the quarto this play consists but of four acts. But as that division probably arose from the carelessness of the printer, I have made an alteration here, which appears to be a necessary one.

B b 2

Ambitioso.

388 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY,

Ambitioso.

'Sfoot, brother, hold.

Supervacuo.

Woul't let the bastard shame us?

Ambitioso.

Hold, hold, brother! there's fitter time than now.

Supervacuo.

Now when I see it!

Ambitioso.

'Tis too much seen already.

Supervacuo.

Seen and known;

The nobler she's, the baser is she grown.

Ambitioso.

If she were bent lasciviously (the fault
Of mighty women, that sleep soft)—O death!
Must she needs chuse such an unequal sinner,
To make all worse?—

Supervacuo.

A bastard! the duke's bastard! shame heap'd on shame!

Ambitioso.

O our disgrace!

Most women have small waists the world throughout;
But their desires are thousand miles about.

Supervacuo.

Come, stay not here, let's after, and prevent,
Or else they'll sin faster than we'll repent.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Vindici and Hippolito, bringing out their mother, one by
one shoulder, and the other by the other, with daggers in their
hands.*

Vindici.

O thou, for whom no name is bad enough!

Gratiana.

What mean my sons? what, will you murder me?

Vindici.

Wicked unnatural parent!

Hippolito.

Fiend of women!

Gratiana.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 389

Gratiana.

Oh! are sons turn'd monsters? help!

Vindici.

In vain.

Gratiana.

Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?

Vindici.

That breast
Is turn'd to quarled poison.

Gratiana.

Cut not your days for't! am not I your mother?

Vindici.

Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud,
For in that shell of mother breeds a baud.

Gratiana.

A baud! O name far loathsomer than hell!

Hippolito.

It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.

Gratiana.

I hate it.

Vindici.

Ah! is't possible, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die?

Gratiana.

Dissemble!

Vindici.

Did not the duke's son direct
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his lust?

Gratiana.

Who I?

That had been monstrous. I defy that man
For any such intent! none lives so pure,
But shall be soil'd with slander;—good son, believe it not.

Vindici.

Oh, I'm in doubt,
Whether I'm myself, or no——

B b 3

Stay,

590 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be fav'd, when mothers have no grace?

Hippolito,

'Twould make one half despair,
Vindici.

I was the man;
Defy me now, let's see, do't modestly.
Gratiana.

O hell unto my soul!

Vindici,

In that disguise, I, sent from the duke's son,
Try'd you, and found you base metal,
As any villain might have done.

Gratiana.

O no, no tongue but yours could have bewitch'd me so,
Vindici.

O nimble in damnation, quick in turn!
There is no devil could strike fire so soon:
I am confuted in a word.

Gratiana.

Oh sons, forgive me! to myself I'll prove more true;
You that should honour me, I kneel to you.

Vindici.

A mother ³² to give aim to her own daughter!

Hippolito.

True, brother; how far beyond nature 'tis,
Tho' many mothers do't!

Vindici.

Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to bed;
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.
Brother, it rains; 'twill spoil your dagger, house it,

Hippolito.

'Tis done.

Vindici.

I 'faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good.
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul
Have been long dry: pour down, thou blessed dew.
Rise, mother; troth this shower has made you higher.

³² to give aim to her own daughter] i. e. incite, encourage her. See
Note 23 to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 277.

Gratiana,

Gratiana.

O you heavens! take this infectious spot out of my soul,
I'll rince it in seven waters of mine eyes!
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
To weep is to our sex naturally given:
But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven,

Vindici.

Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother:
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honourably love her.

Hippolito.

Let it be.

Vindici.

For honest women are so ³³feld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
O you of easy wax! do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leproously
That office would have cling'd unto your forehead!
All mothers that had any graceful hue
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you:
It would have grown to this, at your foul name,
Green-colour'd maids would have turn'd red with shame.

Hippolito.

And then our sister, full of hire and baseness——

Vindici.

There had been boiling lead again,
The duke's son's great concubine!
A drab of state, a cloth o' silver flut,
To have her train born up, and her soul trail i'th'dirt!

Hippolito.

To be great, miserable; to be rich, eternally wretched.

Vindici.

O common madness!
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honour good
Perhaps you'll say, but only to the duke's son
In private; why she first begins with one,

³³ *feld and rare*] *Seldom* to be met with. In Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*, we have "*feld* seen flamans." S.

See also Note 7 to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 242.

392 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Who afterward to thousand proves a whore :

" Break ice in one place, it will crack in more."

Gratiana.

Most certainly apply'd !

Hippolito.

Oh, brother, you forget our business.

Vindici.

And well remember'd ; joy's a subtle elf,
I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.
Farewel, once dry, now holy-water'd mead ;
Our hearts wear feathers, that before wore lead.

Gratiana.

I'll give you this, that one I never knew
Plead better for and 'gainst the devil than you.

Vindici.

You make me proud on't.

Hippolito.

Commend us in all virtue to our sister.

Vindici.

Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.

Gratiana.

With my best words.

Vindici.

Why that was motherly said.

Gratiana.

[*Exeunt.*

I wonder now what fury did transport me !
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.
Oh with what forehead can I look on her,
Whose honour I've so impiously beset ?
And here she comes.

Enter Castiza.

Castiza.

Now, mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.

Gratiana.

Content, to what ?

Castiza.

To do as you have wish'd me ;

To

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 393

To prostitute my breast to the duke's son ;
And put myself to common usury.

Gratiana.

I hope you will not so !

Castiza.

Hope you I will not ?

That's not the hope you look to be sav'd in.

Gratiana.

Truth but it is.

Castiza.

Do not deceive yourself,

I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought.

What would you now ? are ye not pleas'd yet with me ?

You shall not wish me to be more lascivious

Than I intend to be.

Gratiana.

Strike not me cold.

Castiza.

How often have you charg'd me on your blessing

To be a curst woman ? When you knew

Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,

You laid your curse upon me ; that did more,

The mother's curse is heavy ; where that fights,

Sons set in storm, and daughters lose their lights.

Gratiana.

Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark

Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee,

Oh let my breath revive it to a flame !

Put not all out with woman's wilful follies.

I am recover'd of that foul disease

That haunts too many mothers ; kind, forgive me,

Make me not sick in health !—if then

My words prevail'd when they were wickedness,

How much more now when they are just and good ?

Castiza

I wonder what you mean ! are not you she,

For whose infect persuasions I could scarce

Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado

In three hours reading to untwist so much

Of the black serpent as you wound about me ?

I

Gratiana.

394 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Gratiana.

'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what's past ;
I'm now your present mother.

Castiza.

Pish, now 'tis too late.

Gratiana.

Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Castiza.

No ! deny advancement ! treasure ! the duke's son !

Gratiana.

O see, I spoke those words, and now they poison me !
What will the deed do then ?

Advancement, true ; as high as shame can pitch !

For treasure ; who e'er knew a harlot rich ?

Or could build, by the purchase of her sin,

An hospital to keep their bastards in ?

The duke's son ; oh ! when women are young courtiers,

They are sure to be old beggars ;

To know the miseries most harlots taste,

Thoud'st with thyself unborn, when thou art unchaste,

Castiza.

O mother, let me twine about your neck,
And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips ;
I did but this to try you.

Gratiana.

O speak truth !

Castiza.

Indeed I did not ; for no tongue has force
To alter me from honest.
If maidens would, men's words could have no power ;
A virgin's honour is a crystal tower,
Which, being weak, is guarded with good spirits ;
Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.

Gratiana.

O happy child ! faith, and thy birth hath fav'd me.
'Mong thousand daughters, happiest of all others :

³⁴ Be thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers.

[*Exeunt.*

³⁴ Be] The quarto reads, *Buy.* S.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 395

Enter Vindici and Hippolito.

Vindici.

So, so, he leans well; take heed you wake him not, brother.

Hippolito.

I warrant you my life for yours.

Vindici.

That's a good lay, for I must kill myself.

Brother, that's I, that fits for me: do you mark it?

And I must stand ready here to make away myself yonder——

I must sit to be kill'd, and stand to kill myself. I could vary it not so little as thrice over again; ³⁵ 'thas some eight returns, like Michaelmas-term.

Hippolito.

That's enow o' conscience.

Vindici.

But, firrah, does the duke's son come single?

Hippolito.

No; there's the hell on't: his faith's too feeble to go alone. He brings flesh-flies after him, that will buz against supper-time, and hum for his coming out.

Vindici.

Ah, the fly-flap of vengeance beat 'em to pieces! Here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest hour, to have made my revenge familiar with him; shew him the body of the duke his father, and how quaintly he died like a politician, ³⁶ in hugger-mugger, made no man acquainted with it; and in catastrophe slain him over his father's breast. Oh I'm mad to lose such a sweet opportunity!

Hippolito.

Nay, pish! pr'ythee be content! there's no remedy present; may not hereafter times open in as fair faces as this?

Vindici.

They may, if they can paint so well.

³⁵ 'thas some eight returns, like Michaelmas-term] Michaelmas-Term now has but four returns. By the Statute 16 Car. I. c. 6. it was abridged of two; and again, by 24 Geo. II. c. 48. of the like number.

³⁶ in hugger-mugger] See Note 16 to 'Tis pity She's a Whore, vol. VIII. p. 48.

Hippolito.

196 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Hippolito.

Come, now to avoid all suspicion, let's forsake this room,
and be going to meet the duke's son,

Vindici.

Content, I'm for any weather. Heart, step close : here he
comes.

Enter Lufuriofo.

Hippolito.

My honour'd lord !

Lufuriofo.

Oh me ! you both present ?

Vindici.

E'en newly, my lord, just as your lordship enter'd now :
about this place we had notice given he should be ; but in some
loathsome plight or other.

Hippolito.

Came your honour private ?

Lufuriofo.

Private enough for this ; only a few
Attend my coming out.

Hippolito.

Death rot those few !

Lufuriofo.

Stray, yonder's the slave.

Vindici.

Mass, there's the slave indeed, my lord.
'Tis a good child, he calls his father slave.

[*Aside.*

Lufuriofo.

Ay, that's the villain, the damn'd villain : softly,
Tread easy.

Vindici.

Puh ! I warrant you, my lord, we'll stifle-in our breaths.

Lufuriofo.

That will do well :

Base rogue, thou sleepest thy last ; 'tis policy
To have him kill'd in's sleep ; for if he wak'd
He would betray all to them.

Vindici.

But, my lord——

Lufuriofo.

Lusurioso.

Ha, what say'st?

Vindici.

Shall we kill him now he's drunk?

Lusurioso.

Ay, best of all.

Vindici.

Why, then he will ne'er live to be sober.

Lusurioso.

No matter, let him reel to hell.

Vindici.

But being so full of liquor, I fear he will put out all the fire.

Lusurioso.

Thou art a mad ³⁷ beast.

Vindici.

And leave none to warm your lordship's ³⁸ golls withal;
for he that dies drunk falls into hell-fire like a bucket of
water; quish, quish.

Lusurioso.

Come, be ready, ³⁹ nake your swords, think of your
wrongs; this slave has injur'd you.

Vindici.

Troth, so he has, and he has paid well for't.

Lusurioso.

Meet with him now.

Vindici.

You'll bear us out, my lord?

Lusurioso.

Puh! am I a lord for nothing, think you? quickly, now.

Vindici.

Sa, fa, fa, thumpe—there he lies.

Lusurioso.

Nimbly done.—Ha! Oh, villains! murderers!
'Tis the old duke my father.

Vindici.

That's a jest.

³⁷ *beast*] The quarto reads, *breast*. S.

³⁸ *golls*] i. e. hands. See Note 17 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*,
vol. XI. p. 163.

³⁹ *nake your swords*] i. e. unsheathe them, let them be *naked* swords. S.

Lusurioso.

Lusurioſo.

What, ſtiff and cold already !

O pardon me to call you from your names :
'Tis none of your deed,—that villain Piato,
Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered him,
And left him thus diſguiſ'd.

Hippolito.

And not unlikely.

Vindici.

O rascal ! was he not aſham'd
To put the duke into a greaſy doublet ?

Lusurioſo.

He has been cold and ſtiff, who knows how long ?

Vindici.

Marry, that do I.

[*Aſide.*

Lusurioſo.

No words, I pray, of any thing intended.

Vindici.

Oh, my lord.

Hippolito.

I would fain have your lordſhip think that we have ſmall
reaſon to prate.

Lusurioſo.

Faith, thou ſay'ſt true ; I'll forthwith ſend to court
For all the nobles, baſtard, dutcheſſes ; tell
How here by miracle we found him dead,
And in his raiment that foul villain fled.

Vindici.

That will be the beſt way, my lord, to clear us all ; let's caſt
about to be clear.

Lusurioſo.

Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the reſt.

Enter all.

Fiſt.

My lord.

Second.

My lord.

Lusurioſo.

Be witneſs of a ſtrange ſpectacle.

Choofing

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 399

Choosing for private conference that sad room,
We found the duke my father geal'd in blood.

First.

My lord the duke! run, hie thee, Nencio,
Startle the court by signifying so much.

Vindici.

Thus much by wit, a deep revenger can,
When murder's known, to be the clearest man;
We're farthest off, and with as bold an eye
Survey his body, as the standers by.

Lusurioso.

My royal father, too basely let blood
By a malevolent slave!

Hippolito.

Hark! he calls thee slave again.

[*Aside.*

Vindici.

He's lost, he may.

[*Aside.*

Lusurioso.

Oh fight! look hither, see, his lips are gnawn with poison.

Vindici.

How!—his lips; by the mafs they be.
O villain!—O rogue!—O slave!—O rascal.

Hippolito.

O good deceit! he quits him with like terms.

Ambitioso within.

Where?

Supervacuo within.

Which way?

Enter Ambitioso and Supervacuo.

Ambitioso.

Over what roof hangs this ⁴⁰ prodigious comet,
In deadly fire?

Lusurioso.

Behold, behold, my lords, the duke my father's murder'd by
a vassal that owes this habit, and here left disguis'd.

Enter Dutchess and Spurio.

Dutchess.

My lord and husband?

⁴⁰ prodigious comet] See Note 1 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 249.
Second.

400 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Second.

Reverend majesty!

First.

I have seen these cloaths often attending on him.

Vindici.

That nobleman has been i'th' country, for he does not lye;

Supervacuo.

Learn of our mother; let's dissemble, too:
I am glad he's vanish'd; so, I hope, are you.

Ambitioso.

Ay, you may take my word for't.

Spurio.

Old dad, dead?

I, one of his cast sins, will send the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his own son;
I'll tug in the new stream till strength be done.

Lusurioso.

Where be those two that did affirm to us,
My lord the duke was privately rid forth?

First.

O pardon us, my lords; he gave that charge
Upon our lives, if he were mist at court,
To answer so; he rode not any where;
We left him private with that fellow here.

Vindici.

Confirm'd.

Lusurioso.

O heavens! that false charge was his death.
Impudent beggars! durst you to our face
Maintain such a false answer? Bear him straight to execution.

First.

My lord!

Lusurioso.

Urge me no more.
In this the excuse may be call'd half the murder.

Vindici.

You've sentenc'd well.

Lusurioso.

Away; see it be done.

Vindici.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 401

Vindici.

Could you not stick? See what confession doth!
Who would not lye, when men are hang'd for truth?

Hippolito.

Brother, how happy is our vengeance! [Aside.]

Vindici.

Why, it hits past the apprehension of indifferent wits. [Aside.]

Lusurioso.

My lord, let post-horses be sent
Into all places to intrap the villain.

Vindici.

Post-horses, ha, ha! [Aside.]

Noble.

My lord, we're something bold to know our duty.
Your father's accidentally departed,
The titles that were due to him meet you.

Lusurioso.

Meet me! I'm not at leisure, my good lord.
I've many griefs to dispatch out o'th' way.
Welcome sweet titles.

[Aside.]

Talk to me, my lords,
Of sepulchres and mighty emperors' bones;
That's thought for me.

Vindici.

So one may see by this
How foreign markets go;
Courtiers have feet o'th' nines, and tongues o'th' twelves;
They flatter dukes, and dukes flatter themselves.

Noble.

My lord, it is your shine must comfort us.

Lusurioso.

Alas! I shine in tears, like the sun in April.

Noble.

You're now my lord's grace.

Lusurioso.

My lord's grace! I perceive you'll have it so.

Noble.

'Tis but your own.

Lusurioso.

Then heavens give me grace to be so!

VOL. IV.

C 5

Vindici.

402 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Vindici.

He prays well for himself.

[*Aside.*

Noble.

Madam, all sorrows
Must run their circles into joys. No doubt but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.

Vindici.

He were an afs then, i'faith.

[*Aside.*

Noble.

In the mean season,
Let us bethink the latest funeral honours,
Due to the duke's cold body.—And withal,
Calling to memory our new happiness
Spread in his royal son—lords, gentlemen,
Prepare for revels.

Vindici.

Revels!

Noble.

Time hath several falls;
Griefs lift up joys, feasts put down funerals.

Lufuriofo.

Come, then, my lords, my favour's to you all.
The dutchefs is suspected foully bent;
I'll begin dukedom with her banishment.

[*Exeunt Duke, Nobles, and Dutchesse,*
Hippolito.

Revels!

Vindici.

Ay, that's the word: we are firm yet;
Strike one strain more, and then we crown our wit.

[*Exeunt Hippolito and Vindici.*

Spurio.

Well, have at the fairest mark—(so said the duke when he
begot me),
And if I miss his heart, or near about,
Then have at any; a bastard scorns to be out.

Supervacuo.

Not'st thou that Spurio, brother?

Antonio.

Yes, I note him to our shame.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 403

Supervacuo.

He shall not live, his hair shall not grow much longer. In this time of revels tricks may be set a-foot. See'st thou yon new moon? it shall out-live the new duke by much: this hand shall dispossess him; then we're mighty.

A mask is treason's licence, that build upon:
'Tis murder's best face, when a vizard's on.

[Exit.

Ambitioso.

Is't so? 'tis very good!

And do you think to be duke then, kind brother?
I'll see fair play; drop one, and there lies t'other.

[Exit.

Enter Vindici and Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.

Vindici.

My lords, be all of musick, strike old griefs into other countries

That flow in too much milk, and have faint livers,
Not daring to stab home their discontents.

Let our hid flames break out as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villainous dukedom, vex'd with sin;
Wind up your souls to their full height again.

Piero.

How?

First Lord.

Which way?

Third Lord.

Any way: our wrongs are such,
We cannot justly be reveng'd too much.

Vindici.

You shall have all enough:—Revels are toward,
And those few nobles that have long suppress'd you
Are busied to the furnishing of a mask,
And do affect to make a pleasant tale on't:
The masking suits are fashioning: now comes in
That which must glad us all.—We too take pattern
Of all those suits, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an undistinguish'd hair almost:
Then entering first, observing the true form,
Within a strain or two we shall find leisure
To steal our swords out handsomely;

C c 2

And

404 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

And when they think their pleasure sweet and good,
In midst of all their joys they shall sigh blood.

Piero.

Weightily, effectually!

Third.

Before the t'other maskers come——

Vindici.

We're gone, all done and past.

Piero.

But how for the duke's guard?

Vindici.

Let that alone,
By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down.

Hippolito.

There are five hundred gentlemen in the action,
That will apply themselves, and not stand idle.

Piero.

Oh! let us hug your bosoms.

Vindici.

Come, my lords,
Prepare for deeds, let other times have words.

[*Exeunt.*]

In a dumb show, the procession of the young duke, with all his nobles; then sounding musick. A furnish'd table is brought forth: then enters the duke and his nobles to the banquet. A blazing star appeareth.

First Noble.

Many harmonious hours, and choicest pleasures,
Fill up the royal number of your years!

Lusurioso.

My lords, we're pleas'd to thank you, tho' we know
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.

First Noble.

That shine makes us all happy.

Third Noble.

His grace frowns.

Second Noble.

Yet we must say he smiles.

First Noble.

I think we must.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 405

Lusurioso.

That foul incontinent dutchess we have banish'd;
The bastard shall not live. After these revels
I'll begin strange ones: he and the step-sons
Shall pay their lives for the first subsidies;
We must not frown so soon, else 't had been now.

First Noble.

My gracious lord, please you prepare for pleasure.
The mask is not far off.

Lusurioso.

We are for pleasure.
Beswore thee, what art thou? mad'st me start!
Thou hast committed treason. — A blazing star!

First Noble.

A blazing star! O where, my lord?

Lusurioso.

Spy out.

Second Noble.

See, see, my lords, a wondrous dreadful one!

Lusurioso.

I am not pleas'd at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing flaring star. — Am not I duke?
It should not quake me now. Had it appear'd
Before, I might then have justly fear'd.
But yet they say, whom art and learning weds,
When stars wear locks, they threaten great men's heads:
Is it so? you are read, my lords.

First Noble.

May it please your grace,
It shows great anger.

Lusurioso.

That does not please our grace.

Second Noble.

Yet here's the comfort, my lord, many times,
When it seems most near, it threatens farthest off.

Lusurioso.

Faith, and I think so too.

First Noble.

Beside, my lord,
You're gracefully establish'd, with the loves

406 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Of all your subjects; and for natural death,
I hope it will be threescore years a coming.

Lusurioso.

True, no more but threescore years?

First Noble.

Fourscore I hope, my lord.

Second Noble.

And fivescore, I.

Third Noble.

But 'tis my hope, my lord, you shall ne'er die.

Lusurioso.

Give me thy hand; these others I rebuke:
He that hopes so is fittest for a duke:
Thou shalt sit next me: take your places, lords;
We're ready now for sports; let 'em set on:
You thing! we shall forget you quite anon!

Third Noble.

I hear 'em coming, my lord,

Enter the mask of revengers, the two brothers, and two lords more.

The revengers dance: at the end steal out their swords, and they four kill the four at the table, in their chairs. It thunders.

Vindici.

Mark, thunder!
Do'it know thy cue, thou big-voic'd cryer?
Dukes' groans are thunder's watch-words,

Hippolito.

So, my lords, you have enough.

Vindici.

Come, let's away, no lingering.

Hippolito.

Follow! go!

[*Exeunt.*

Vindici.

No power is angry when the lustful die;
When thunder claps, heaven likes the tragedy. [*Exit Vindici.*

Lusurioso.

Oh, oh!

Enter

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 407

Enter the other mask of intended murderers, step-sons, bastard, and a fourth man, coming in dancing: the duke recovers a little in voice, and groans, calls—A guard! treason!

At which they all start out of their measure, and, turning towards the table, they find them all to be murdered.

Spurio.

Whose groan was that?

Lusuriofo.

Treason! a guard!

Ambitiofo.

How now? all murder'd!

Supervacuo.

Murder'd!

Fourth Noble.

And those his nobles?

Ambitiofo.

Here's a labour sav'd;

I thought to have sped him:—'s blood, how came this?

Spurio.

Then I proclaim myself; now I am duke.

Ambitiofo.

Thou duke! brother, thou lyest.

Spurio.

Slave! so do'st thou.

Fourth Noble.

Base villain! hast thou slain my lord and master?

Enter the first Men.

Vindici.

Pistols, treason, murder!—help, guard my lord the duke.

Hippolito.

Lay hold upon these traitors.

Lusuriofo.

Oh!

Vindici.

Alas! the duke is murder'd.

Hippolito.

And the nobles.

Vindici.

Surgeons! surgeons!—Heart, does he breathe so long? [*Aside.*

C c 4

Antonio.

458 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Antonio.

A piteous tragedy! able to ⁴¹ make
An old man's eyes blood-shot.

Lusurioso.

Oh!

Vindici.

Look to my lord the duke—A vengeance throttle him! [*Aside.*
Confess, thou murd'rous and unhallow'd man,
Didst thou kill all these?

Fourth Noble.

None but the bastard, I.

Vindici.

How came the duke slain, then?

Fourth Noble.

We found him so,

Lusurioso.

O villain!

Vindici.

Hark!

Lusurioso.

Those in the mask did murder us.

Vindici.

Law you now, fir——

O marble impudence! will you confess now?

Fourth Noble.

'Sblood, 'tis all false.

Antonio.

Away with that foul monster,
Dipt in a prince's blood.

Fourth Noble.

Heart, 'tis a lye.

Antonio.

Let him have bitter execution.

Vindici.

New marrow! no, it cannot be exprest.
How fares my lord the duke?

[*Aside.*

Lusurioso.

Farewel to all;

⁴¹ make] The quarto reads, wake,

He

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 409

He that climbs highest has the greatest fall.
My tongue is out of office.

Vindici.

Air, gentlemen, air.
Now thou'lt not prate on't, 'twas Vindici murder'd thee.

Lusurioso.

Oh!

Vindici.

Murder'd thy father.

Lusurioso.

Oh!

[Dies.]

Vindici.

And I he: tell nobody—so, so, the duke's departed.

Antonio.

It was a deadly hand that wounded him:
The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway
After his death, were so made all away.

Vindici.

My lord was unlikely——

Hippolito.

Now the hope
Of Italy lies in your reverend years.

Vindici.

Your hair will make the silver age again,
When there were fewer, but more honest men.

Antonio.

The burthen's weighty, and will press age down;
May I so rule, that heaven may keep the crown!

Vindici.

The rape of your good lady has been quitted
With death on death,

Antonio.

Just is the law above.
But, of all things, it puts me most to wonder
How the old duke came murder'd!

Vindici.

Oh, my lord!

Antonio.

It was the strangely't carried—I've not heard of the like.

Hippolito.

410 THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

Hippolito.

'Twas all done for the best, my lord.

Vindici.

All for your grace's good. We may be bold to speak it now,

'Twas somewhat witty carried, tho' we say it:

'Twas we two murder'd him.

Antonio.

You two?

Vindici.

None else, i'faith, my lord, Nay, 'twas well manag'd.

Antonio.

Lay hands upon those villains.

Vindici.

How! on us?

Antonio.

Bear 'em to speedy execution.

Vindici.

Heart, was't not for your good, my lord?

Antonio.

My good! Away with 'em: such an old man as he!
You that would murder him, would murder me.

Vindici.

Is't come about?

Hippolito.

'Sfoot, brother, you begun.

Vindici.

May not we set as well as the duke's son?
Thou hast no conscience, are we not reveng'd?
Is there one enemy left alive amongst those?
'Tis time to die when we are ourselves our foes.
When murderers shut deeds close, this curse does seal 'em:
If none disclose 'em, they themselves reveal 'em!
This murder might have slept in tongueless brass,
But for our elves, and the world died an afs.
Now I remember too, here was Piató
Brought forth a knavish sentence once; no doubt (said he)
but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.

'Tis

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. 411

'Tis well he died; he was a witch.

And now, my lord, since we are in for ever,
This work was ours, which else might have been flipt;
And, if we list, we could have nobles clipt,
And go for less than beggars; but we hate
To bleed so cowardly: we have enough,
I'faith, we're well, our mother turn'd, our sister true,
We die after a nest of dukes.—Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Antonio.

How subtly was that murder clos'd! Bear up
Those tragick bodies: 'tis a heavy season;
Pray heaven their blood may wash away all treason!

[*Exit.*

E D I T I O N.

“ The Revenger’s Tragedie. As it hath beene sundry
 “ times acted by the Kings Majesties Servants. At London
 “ printed by G. Eld, and are to be sold at his house in
 “ Fleete-lane, at the signe of the Printer’s Presse, 1607. 4to.”
 There is a Title-page to the same Edition, in which the
 date is 1608.



THE

THE

DUMB KNIGHT.

LEWIS MACHIN is another of those writers whose name only has been transmitted to the present time. None of the Theatrical Biographers have given the slightest account of his condition in life, his profession, character, family, or even the times of his birth or death.

To the Understanding Reader.

RUMOUR, that Hydra-headed monster, with more tongues than eyes, by help of his intelligencer Envy, hath made strange constructions on this Dumb Knight, which then could not answer for himself: but now this publication doth unty his tongue, to answer the objections of all sharp critical censures, which heretofore have undeservedly pass'd upon him. And for my part, I protest, the wrongs I have received by some (whose worths I will not traduce) with a mild neglect I have laugh'd at their follies; for I think myself happy, because I have been envy'd, since the best now in grace have been subject to some slanderous tongues that want worth themselves, and think it great praise to them to detract praise from others that deserve it; yet having a partner in the wrong, whose worth hath been often approved, I count the wrong but half a wrong, because he knows best how to answer for himself: but I now in his absence make this apology, both for him and me. Thus leaving you and the book together, I ever rest yours.

LEWES MACHIN.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King of CYPRUS.
PHYLOCLES, his Favourite, the Dumb Knight.
Duke of EPIRE.
ALPHONSO.
FLORIO.
PRATE, an Orator.
MECHANT,
VELOUPS, } Clients to PRATE.
DRAP,
 President, Clerk to PRATE.
CÆLIO, Marshal for the Queen.
CHIP and SHAVINGS, Carpenters.
 Heralds, Watchmen, Gentleman-Usher, Physician, Executioner, &c.

WOMEN.

Queen of SICILY.
MARIANA, her Companion, and Sister to the Duke of EPIRE.
LOLLIA, Wife to the Orator.
COLLAQUINTIDA, a Baud.
 Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *Sicily.*

THE

THE DUMB KNIGHT.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*Enter the King of Cyprus, Phyloclès, Florio, and Attendants
in arms.*

[*Musick.*]

ENOUGH; these loud sounds deaf my passions:
How long shall love make me a slave to hope,
And mix my calm desires with tyranny?
O Phyloclès! this heresy I hold,
Thought and affection cannot be control'd.

Phyloclès.

Yet may't be bent and suppled with extremes,
Sith few dare see the end of violence.
What makes the skilful ² leech to use the fire,
Or war her engines, or states policy,
But to recover things most desperate?
Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave,
Never to faint doth purchase what we crave.

Cyprus.

True, my Phyloclès, yet my recreant soul,
Slav'd to her beauty, would renounce all war,
And yield her right to love, did not thy spirit,
Mix'd with my longing, fortify these arms.

¹ Langbaine observes, that several incidents in this play are borrowed from Novels, as the Story of Mariana swearing Phyloclès to be dumb from Bandello's Novels; Alfonso's cuckolding Prate the Orator, and the latter appearing before the council from the same book. The English Reader may see the same story in *The Complaisant Companion*, 8vo. 1646.

² leech] An old word used by Chaucer, Spenser, Fairfax, and other writers, signifying a Physician.

But I am now resolv'd, and this sad hour
Shall give an end to my distemperature.
Summon a parley.

*Enter aloft the Queen of Sicily, the Duke of Epire, Alphonso,
and Attendants.*

Queen.

What says our tyrant suitor, our disease in love,
That makes our thoughts a slave unto his sword:
What says my lord?

Cyprus.

Madam, attend me, this is my latest summons:
The many suns my sorrows have beheld,
And my sad nights of longings, all through hope
T'enjoy the joy of earth (your own dear self),
Are grown so infinite in length and weight,
That like to wearied Atlas I inforce
These wars as Hercules to bear my load:
Briefly I must enjoy you, or else lose
The breath of life, which to prevent, behold
My sword must be my Cupid, and with feather'd steel
Force pity from your breast. Your city's walls,
Chidden with my cannons, have set ope a path,
And boldly bids me enter; all your men of war,
Feebled with famine and a weary siege,
Take danger from mine actions; only yourself,
Strong in your will, oppose even destiny,
And like the giants' war offend the heavens,
Which to prevent, do but descend and give
Peace to my love-suit, and as o'ercome thereby
I'll yield myself your prisoner, and be drawn
A thrall in your triumphant victory.
If otherwise, behold these fatal swords
Shall ne'er be sheath'd till we be conquerors:
And, not respecting innocence nor sex,
The cries of infants, nor the prayers of age,
All things shall perish, till within my arms
I fold yourself my thrall and conqueror.

Queen.

THE DUMB KNIGHT.

419

Queen.

Thou may'st be master of my body's tomb;
But for my soul and mind they are as free
As their creation; and with angels' wings
Can soar beyond thy reach; trust me, king of Cyprus,
Those coals the Roman Portia did devour
Are not burnt out, nor have th' Egyptian worms
Yet lost their stings; steel holds his temper still,
And these are ransoms from captivity.
But art thou noble? hast thou one royal thought?

Cyprus.

Approve me by your question.

Queen.

Then briefly thus:

To shun the great effusion of their bloods,
Who feel no touch in mine affections,
Dare you to single combat, two to two,
Refer your right in love?

Cyprus.

Who are your combatants? we love equality.

Queen.

This is the first, the Epire duke, a man
Sprung from the line of famous Scanderbeg.
The next Alphonso, sprung from noble blood;
Who, laden with rich Lusitanian prize,
Hath rode through Syracuse twice in pomp.

Cyprus.

Their likings to the motion?

Epire.

They are like wrath,
Never unarm'd to beat weak injury.

Alphonso.

Nay more, we are the sons of destiny:
Virtue's our guide, our aim is dignity.

³ *Egyptian worms*] Dr. Johnson observes, that *worm* is the Teutonic word for *serpent*; and Dr. Percy, that in the Northern Counties the same word is still used in that sense. See their several Notes, and also Mr. Toller's, to *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 5. S. 2.

Phylocles.

'Sfoot, king, shalt not forsake 'em : this I see,
Love, fight, and death, are rul'd by destiny.

Cyprus.

My spirit speaks thy motion :
Madam, altho' advantage might evade,
And give my love more hope, yet my bent will,
Bow'd to your pleasure, doth embrace your law.
We do accept the combat, and ourself
Will with that duke try fortunes ; this my friend,
The more part of myself, my dearest Phylocles,
One of an angel's temper, shall with that lord
Try best and worst. The place ? the time ? the sword ?

Epire.

They are your rights, we claim as challengers.

Cyprus.

And we would lose that 'vantage ; but since fame
Makes virtue dulat, we embrace our rights :
The place before these walls, the hour next sun,
The pole-ax and the hand-ax for the fight.

Queen.

It is enough ;
My hostage is my person and my love.

Cyprus.

And mine my hope, my faith, and royalty.

Epire.

They are of poize sufficient, and one light
Shall at one instant give us day and night.

[*Exeunt* Queen, Epire, Alphonso, &c.]

Cyprus.

She's gone, my Phylocles : and as she goes, even so
The sun forsakes the heavens to kiss the sea ;
Day in her beauty leaves us, and methinks
Her absence doth exile all happiness.
Tell me, my Phylocles, nay, pr'ythee tell me true,
Even from that love
Which to us both should blend one sympathy ;
Discharge an open breast : dost thou not think
She is the mirror of her beauteous sex,
Unparallel'd, and uncompanioned ?

Phylocles.

Phyloctes.

Envy will say she's rare; then truth must vow
She is beyond compare, sith in her looks
Each motion hath a speaking majesty;
* She is herself, compared with herself:
For but herself, she hath no companion.
But when I think of beauty, wit, and grace,
The elements of active delicacy,
Those all-eye-pleasing harmonies of sight,
Which do enchant men's fancies, and stir up
The life-blood of dull earth, O then, methinks,
Fair Mariana hath an equal place,
And if not out-shine, it shews more beautiful.

Cyprus.

More than my queen?

Phyloctes.

More in the gloss of beauty; less in worth,
In wisdom and great thoughts: the one I find
Was made for wonder, the other for admire.

Cyprus.

Thine equal praises make my fancies rich;
And I am pleas'd with thy comparisons;
Things of like nature live in best consent,
Beauty with subjects, majesty with kings.
Then let those two ideas lively move
Spirit, beyond all spirit, in our breasts,
That in the end of our great victory
We may attain both love and majesty.

Phyloctes.

Although my first creation and my birth,
My thoughts and other tempers of my soul
Took all their noble beings from the sword,

* *She is herself, compared with herself:*

For but herself, she hath no companion.] If Theobald had been as well read in our ancient dramatick writers as he pretended to be, he would have produced this passage in justification of the celebrated line in *The Double Falshood*:

"None but himself can be his parallel."

It is certain, if authorities would sanctify absurdity, he might have made a better defence against Mr. Pope than that which he published.

D d 3

And

And made me only for the use of wars ;
 Yet in this combat something, methinks, appears,
 Greater than greatest glory, and doth raise
 My mind beyond herself :
 S'foot, methinks Cæsar's Pharfalia,
 Nor Scipio's Carthage, nor Emilius' acts,
 Were worthy chairs of triumph ; they o'er men's
 Poor mangled bodies, and fire-wasted climes,
 Made their triumphant passage ; but we two
 Must conquer thoughts and love, more than the gods can do,

Cyprus.

True, and therein
 Consists the glorious garland of our praise :
 But we neglect th' affairs of preparation. Florio, be it your
 charge

To see th' erection of the squared lists,
 Fit ground for either army, and what else
 Belongs unto such royal eminence.

Florio.

How near will your majesty's hand the lists extend
 Unto the city walls ?

Cyprus.

So as the dullest eye
 May see the heedfull'st passage in the fight,

Florio.

What square or circuit ?

Cyprus.

Threescore pace each way.

Florio.

Your majesty shall have your will perform'd.

Phylocles.

Do, and you do us grace ; and now thou sun
 That art the eye of heaven, whose pure light
 Shall be our guide, and Jove's great chronicler,
 Look from thy sphere !
 No guilt of pride, of malice, or of blood,
 Puts on our armour ; only pure naked love
 Tutors our hopes, and doth our actions move.

Cyprus.

Enough, my Phylocles, thine orizons are heard.
 Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

THE DUMB KNIGHT. 731

Enter Lollia.

Lollia.

Now fie upon't, who would be an orator's wife, and not a gentlewoman, if she could chuse? a lady is the most sweet lascivious life, congies and kisses,—the tire, O the tire, made castle upon castle, jewel upon jewel, knot upon knot, crowns, garlands, gardens, and what not? the hood,⁵ the rebato, the⁶ French fall, the loose-bodied gown, the pin in the hair; now clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and every day change; when we poor souls must come and go for every man's pleasure: and what's a lady more than another body? we have legs and hands, and rolling eyes, hanging lips, sleek brows, cherry cheeks, and other things as ladies have, but the fashion carries it away.

Enter Mistress Collaquintida.

Collaquintida.

Why how now, mistress Prate? i'th' old disease still? will it never be better? cannot a woman find one kind man amongst twenty? O the days that I have seen, when the law of a woman's wit could have put her husband's purse to execution!

Lollia.

O mistress Collaquintida, mine is even the unnaturallest man to his wife—

Collaquintida.

Faith, for the most part, all scholars are so, for they take so upon them to know all things, that indeed they know nothing; and, besides, they are with study and ease grown so unweildy, that a woman shall ne'er want a sore stomach that's troubled with them.

Lollia.

And yet they must have the government of all.

Collaquintida.

True, and great reason they have for it; but a wise man will put it in a woman's hand, what! she'll save what he spends.

⁵ *the rebato,*] An ornament for the neck, a collar band, or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*.

⁶ *French fall,*] See Note 4 to *The Rearing Girl*, vol. VI. p. 19.

THE DUMB KNIGHT.

Lollia.

You have a pretty ruff, how deep is it?

Collaquintida.

Nay this is but shallow; marry, I have a ruff is a quarter deep, measured by the yard?

Lollia.

Indeed! by the yard?

Collaquintida.

By the standard I assure you: you have a pretty set too, how big is the steel you set with?

Lollia.

As big as a reasonable sufficient—pity of my life, I have forgot myself; if my husband should rise from his study, and miss me, we should have such a coil.—

Collaquintida.

A coil, why what coil? if he were my husband and did but thwart me, I would ring him so many alarums, sound him so many brass trumpets, beat him so many drums to his confusion, and thunder him such a peal of great shot, that I would turn his brain in the pan, and make him mad with an eternal silence.

Lollia.

O mistress Collaquintida, but my husband's anger is the worst favouredst without all conscience of any man's in all Sicily; he is even as peevish as a sick monkey, and as wretched as an ill-pleas'd bride the second morning.

Collaquintida.

Let your wrath be reciprocal, and pay him at his own weapon: but to the purpose for which I came; the party you wot of commends him to you in this diamond; he that met the party you know, and said the party's party was a party of a partly pretty understanding.

Lollia.

O, the Lord Alphonso.

Collaquintida.

The very same, believe it; he loves you, and swears he so loves you, that if you do not credit him, you are worse than an infidel.

Lollia.

Indeed, mistress Collaquintida, he hath the right garb for apparel, the true touch with the tongue in the kiss, and he dances

THE DUMB KNIGHT. 425

dances well but falls heavily : but my husband, woman, my husband, if we could put out his cats eyes, there were something to be said ; but they are ever peeping and prying, that they are able to pierce through a mill-stone : besides, I may say to you, he is a little jealous too ; and see where he comes, we shall have a coil now.

Enter Prate.

Collaquintida.

Begin you to pout first, for that's a woman's prevention.

Prate.

What, Lollia, I say, where are you ? my house looks you, my men lack you, I seek you, and a whole quest of enquiry cannot find you ; fie, fie, fie, idleness is the whip of thrift, a good housewife should ever be occupied.

Lollia.

Indeed I have much joy to be occupied in any body's company.

Prate.

Why, what's the matter ?

Lollia.

Why orators wives shortly will be known like images on water-stairs, ever in one weather-beaten suit, as if none wore hoods but monks and ladies ; nor feathers, but fore-horses and waiting gentlewomen ; nor chains, but prisoners and lords officers ; nor perriwigs, but players and hot-brains ; but the weakest must to the wall still.

Prate.

Go to, you shall have what you will.

Lollia.

Nay, nay, 'twas my hard fortune to be your wife, time was I might have done otherwise, but it matters not, you esteem me as you do yourself, and think all things costly enough that covers shame, and that a pair of silken fore-sleeves to a fatten breastplate is a garment good enough for a capitol ; but is master Wrangle, master Tangle, or master Troblear, of that opinion ? in faith, sir, no.

There's never a gallant in our state
That goes more rich in gaudy bravery :
And yet I hope for quality of speech,

Audacious

Audacious words, or quirks or quiddities,
 You are not held their much inferior.
 Fie, fie, I am asham'd to see your baseness.

Colloquintida.

Indeed, master Prate, she tells you truly; I wonder that you, being a proper man, and an orator, will not go ⁷ brave, according to the custom of the country.

Prate.

Go to, neighbour; he that will rise to the top of a high ladder must go up, not leap up: but be patient, wench, and thou shalt shortly see me gallant it with the best, and for thyself, my Lollia,

Not Lollia Paulina, nor those blazing stars,
 Which make the world the apes of Italy,
 Shall match thyself in sun-bright splendency.

Lollia.

Nay verily, for myself I care not, 'tis you that are my pride; if you would go like yourself I were appeas'd.

Prate.

Believe it, wench, so I will. But to the purpose for which I came: the end of this great war is now brought to a combat, two to two, the duke of Epire and Alphonso for our queen, against the king and prince Phylacles: now, wench, if thou wilt go see the fight, I will send and provide thee of a good standing.

Lollia.

Indeed, for you have ne'er a good one of your own.

Prate.

What! President, I say!

President.

Anon, anon, fir.

Prate.

Why when I say? the villain's belly is like a bottomless pit, ever filling and yet empty; at your leisure, fir.

Enter President, eating.

President.

I can make no more haste than my teeth will give me leave.

⁷ brave] i. e. fine.

Prate's

Prate.

Well, fir, get you without the town, to the place of the combat, and provide me for my wife some good standing, to see the conflict.

President.

How, master! how! must I provide a good standing for you for my mistress? truly, master, I think a marrow-bone pie, candid eringoos, preserved dates, or marmalad of cantharides, were much better harbingers; cock-sparrows stew'd, doves' brains, or swans' pizzels, are very provocative; ⁸ roasted potatoes, or ⁹ boil'd skerrets, are your only lofty dishes; methinks these should fit you better than I can do.

Prate.

What's this, what's this? I say provide me a standing-for my wife upon a scaffold.

President.

And truly, master, I think a private chamber were better.

Prate.

I grant you if there were a chamber convenient.

President.

Willing minds will make shift in a simple hole; close windows, strong locks, hard bed, and sure posts, are your only ornaments.

Prate.

I think the knave be mad; firrah, you chop logick, block-head, you that have your brain-pan made of dry leather, and your wit ever wetshod; pack about your business, or I'll pack your pen and inkhorn about your ears.

President.

Well, fir, I may go or so, but would my mistress take a standing of my preferment, I would so mount her, she should love strange things the better all her life after.

Prate.

Why, when, fir?

[*Exit President.*

And come, sweet wife, and neighbour, let us have your company too.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ roasted potatoes] See Mr. Collins's Note to *Troilus and Cressida*.
⁹ boil'd skerrets] "Sisarum Tiberii Augusti deliciæ, olim e Germania
 "in Italiam translata est, eoque vocem Sisarum Hofmannus originis
 "Germ. esse existimat." *Skinner's Etymologicon*.
 See also C. Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. xix. c. 5.

Enter

Enter at one door a herald, and Florio marshal for the King, with officers bearing the lists; at the other door a herald, and Calio marshal for the Queen.

Calio.

Holla, what are you?

Florio.

High marshal for the king. Your character?

Calio.

I likewise for the queen: where lies your equal ground?

Florio.

Here underneath these walls, and there and there
Ground for the battles.

Calio.

Place there the queen's seat,
And there and there chairs for the combatants.

Florio.

Place here the lists, fix every joint as strong
As 'twere a wall, for on this foot of earth
This day shall stand two famous monuments;
The one a throne of glory bright as gold,
Burnish'd with angels' lustre, and with stars
Pluck'd from the crown of conquest, in which shall sit
Men made half gods through famous victory:
The other a rich tomb of memorable fame,
Built by the curious thoughts of noble minds,
In which shall sleep those valiant souls in peace,
Whom fortune's hand shall only overthrow.
Heaven in thy palm this day the balance ¹⁰ hings,
Which makes kings gods, or men more great than kings.

Calio.

So, now let the heralds give the champions sign
Of ready preparations. [*Ex. Herald.*]

The cornets sound; and enter at one end of the stage a herald, two pages, one with pole-axes, the other with hand-axes, the duke of Epire and Alphonso like combatants, the Queen and

^{10 hings}] A Scotch word, signifying *hangs*. See the Glossary to Douglas's Virgil, voce *Hingare*.

THE DUMB KNIGHT. 429

Mariana and Prate, Lollia, Collaquentida, and President aloft.

Florio.

What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within these lists?

Epire.

I am the duke of Epire,¹¹ and the mine
Which doth attract my spirit to run this marshal course
Is the fair guard of a distressed queen,
Would wed to hate and inequality and brutish force,
Which to withstand I boldly enter thus,
And will¹² defail, or else prove recreant.

Florio.

And what are you, or your intendements?

Alphonso.

I am Alphonso, marshal of this realm,
Who, of like-temper'd thoughts and like desires,
Have grounded this my sanctimonious zeal,
And will approve the duke's assertions,
Or in this field lie slain and recreant.

Florio.

Enter and prosper as your cause deserves.

*The cornets sound; and enter at the other end of the stage a
herald, two pages with axes and pole-axes; then the king of
Cyprus, and Phylacles, like combatants, and their army.*

Celio.

What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within these lists?

Cyprus.

I am the king of Cyprus, who, led on
By the divine instinct of heavenly love,
Come with my sword to beg that royal maid,
And to approve by gift of heaven and fate
She is alone to me appropriate:
Which to maintain I challenge entrance here,
Where I will live a king or recreant.

¹¹ and the mine, &c.] The magnet, for in Kent they call the iron
stone mine, quasi mineral. S. P.

¹² defail] i. e. prove defective, fail in my strength, *defailler*, Fr. S.

Celio.

130 THE DUMB KNIGHT,

Cælio.

And what are you or your intendements?

Phylocles.

I am less than my thoughts, more than myself,
Yet nothing but the creature of my fate;
By name my nature only is obscur'd,
And yet the world baptiz'd me *Phylocles*;
My entrance here is proof of holy zeal,
And to maintain that, no severe disdain,
False shape of chastity, nor woman's will,
Neglective petulance, or uncertain hope,
Foul vizard coyness, nor seducing fame,
Should rob the royal temper of true love
From the desired aim of his desires,
Which my best blood shall witness, or this field
Intomb my body made a recreant.

Cælio.

Enter and prosper as your cause deserves.

[*Draws two swords.*]

Florio.

Princes, lay your hands on these swords points.
Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
And by the right you challenge in true fame,
That here you stand not arm'd with any guile,
Malignant hate, or usurpation
Of philters, charms, of night-spels; characters,
Or other black infernal vantages;
But even with thoughts as pure
As your pure valours, or the sun's pure beams,
T'approve the right of pure affection;
And howsoe'er your fortunes rise or fall,
To break no faith in your conditions.
So help you Jove.

¹⁸ Here you shall swear, &c.] When the combat was demanded and allowed, it was the custom for each party to take an oath to the following purport: viz. "That they had not brought into the lists other armour or weapon than was allowed, neither any engine, instrument, *herbe*, charm, or *enchantment*; and that neither of them should put affiance or trust in any thing other than God and their own valors, as God and the holy Evangelists should help them." *Segar on Honor*, p. 134.
See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 7.

All.

We swear.

Queen.

How often doth my maiden thoughts correct
 And chide my froward will, for this extreme
 Pursuit of blood! believe me, fain I would
 Recall mine oath's vow, did not my shame
 Hold fast my cruelty, by which is taught
 Those gems are prized best, are dearest bought.
 Sleep my love's softness then; waken my flame,
 Which guards a vestal sanctity; princes, behold,
 Upon those weapons sits my god of love,
 And in their powers my love's severity.
 If them you conquer, we are all your slaves;
 If they triumph, we'll mourn upon your graves.

Mariana.

Now, by my maiden modesty, I wish
 Good fortune to that Phylocles; my mind
 Prefages virtue in his eaglet's eyes.
 S'foot, he looks like a sparrow-hawk, or a wanton fire,
 A flash of lightning, or a glimpse of day;
 His eye steals to my heart, and lets it see
 More than it would; peace blab, no secrecy,
 He must have blows.

Florio.

Sound cornets, princes respect your guards.

*Here they fight, and Phylocles overthrows Alphonso, and Epire
 overthrows Cyprus.*

Phylocles.

I crave the queen's conditions, or this blow
 Sends this afflicted soul to heaven or hell.
 Speak, madam, will you yield, or shall he die?

Epire

Neither, bold prince; if thou but touch a hair,
 The king's breath shall redeem it: madam, your love
 Is safe in angels guarding, let no fear
 Shake hands with doubtfulness, you are as safe
 As in a tower of diamonds.

Phylocles.

Phylocles.

O 'tis but glass,
 And cannot bear this axe's massiness.
 Duke, thy brave words, that second thy brave deeds;
 Fill me with emulation: only we two
 Stand equal victors; then if thou hast that tie
 And bond of well-knit valour, which unites
 Virtue and fame together, let us restore
 Our captives unto freedom, and we two,
 In single combat, try out the mastery.
 Where whoso falls, each other shall subscribe
 To every clause in each condition,

Epire.

Thou art the index of my ample thought,
 And I am pleas'd with thine election.
 Speak, madam, if ever I deserved grace,
 Grace me with your consent.

Queen.

'Tis all my will.
 Thy noble hand erect and perfect me.

Phylocles.

What says his majesty?
 My stars are writ in heaven, nor death nor fate
 Are slaves to fear, to hope or human state.

Cyprus.

I neither fear thy fortune nor my ruin;
 But hold them all beyond all prophecy.
 Thou hast my free consent, and on thy power
 Lies my life's date, or my death's hour.

Epire.

Then rise and live with safety.

Phylocles.

Alphonso, here my hand,
 Thy fortune lends thy peace no infamy.
 And now ¹⁴ thou glorious issue of Jove's brain,
 That burnt the Telamonian ravisher,
 Look from thy sphere, and if my heart contain

¹⁴ ——— thou glorious issue of Jove's brain,

That burnt the Telamonian ravisher,] i. e. Minerva, who killed Ajax
 Oileus with a thunderbolt for ravishing Cassandra in her Temple. S.

An

An impure thought of lust, send thy monsters forth
And make me more than earthly miserable.

*Here the cornets sound, they fight, and Phylocles overcomes the
Duke, the Queen descends.*

Phylocles.

Yield, recant, or die.

Epire.

Thine axe hath not the power to wound my thought,
And yield's a word my tongue could never sound;
I say thou'rt worthy, valiant, for my death,
Let the Queen speak it, 'tis an easy breath.

Queen.

Not for the world's large circuit; hold, gentle prince,
Thus I do pay his ransom: low as the ground,
I tender my unspotted virgin love
To thy great will's commandment; let not my care,
My woman tyranny, or too strict guard,
In bloody purchase take away those sweets
Till now have govern'd your amaz'd desires;
For trust me, king, I will redeem my blame
With as much love as Phylocles hath fame.

Cyprus.

Thus comes a calm unto a sea-wrack'd soul,
Ease to the pained, food unto the starv'd,
As you to me, my best creation.
Trust me, my queen; my love's large chronicle
Thou never shalt o'er-read, because each day
It shall beget new matter of amaze,
And live to do thee grace eternally.
Next whom my Phylocles, my bounteous friend,
Author of life, and sovereign of my love,
My heart shall be thy throne, thy breast the shrine,
Where I will sit to study gratefulness.
To you, and you my lords, my best of thoughts,
Whose loves have shew'd a duteous carefulness;
To all free thanks and graces; this unity
Of love and kingdoms is a glorious fight.
Mount up the royal champion, musick and cornets sound,
Let shouts and cries make heaven and earth rebound. [*Exeunt.*

Epire.

How like the sun's great ballard o'er the world
 Rides this man-mounted engine, this proud prince,
 And with his breath fingers our continents.
 Sit fast, proud Phaeton, for by heaven I'll kick
 And plunge thee in the sea: if thou'lt needs ride,
 Thou should'st have made thy seat upon a slave,
 And not upon mine honour's firmament.
 Thou hast not heard the god of wisdom's tale,
 Nor can thy youth curb greatness, till my hate
 Confound thy life with villain policy.
 I am resolv'd, since virtue hath disdain'd
 To cloath me in her riches, henceforth to prove
 A villain fatal, black and ominous.
 Thy virtue is the ground of my dislike;
 And my disgrace, the edge of envy's sword,
 Which like a razor shall unplume thy crest,
 And rob thee of thy native excellence.
 When great thoughts give their homage to disgrace,
 There's no respect of deeds, time, thoughts, or place.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Prate, Lollia, Collaquintida, and President.

Prate.

COME, wife, methought our party stood stiffly to it.

President.

Indeed they were stiff whilst they stood; but when they
 were down, they were like men of a low world, a man might
 have wound their worst anger about his finger.

Lollia.

Go to, firrah, you must have your fool's bolt in every body's
 quiver.

President.

Indeed, mistress, if my master should break his arrow with
 foul shooting or so, I would be glad if mine might supply the
 whole.

Pratt.

Prate.

I find you kind, sir.

President.

True, sir, according to my kind, and to pleasure my kind mistress.

Prate.

Go to, firrah, I will not have your kindness to intermeddle with her kind, she is meat for your master.

President.

And your man, sir, may lick your foul trencher.

Collaquintida.

Ay, but not eat of his mutton.

President.

Yet I may dip my bread in the wool, mistress Collaquintida.

Prate.

Go to, firrah, you will be obscene, and then I shall knock you; but to the combat, methought our side were the most proper men.

Lellia.

True, and therefore they had the worse fortune: but see, here's the lord Florio.

Enter Florio.

Florio.

Master orator, it is the king and queen's majesty's pleasure, that you presently repair unto the court, touching the drawing out of certain articles for the benefit of both the kingdoms.

Prate.

My lord, I will instantly attend their majesties.

Florio.

Do, for they expect you seriously.

[*Exit Florio.*

Prate.

Wife, you can have my service no longer. Sirrah President, attend you upon your mistress home: and, wife, I would have you to hold your journey directly homeward, and not to imitate princes in their progress; step not out of your way to visit a new gossip, to see a new garden-house, to smell the perfumes of court jerkins, or to handle other tools than may be fit for your modesty: I would not have you to step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with monsters

436 THE DUMB KNIGHT.

or ¹⁵ motions, but, holding your way directly homeward, shew yourself still to be a rare housewife.

Lollia.

I'faith, i'faith, your black outside will have a yellow lining.

Prate.

Content thee, wife, it is but my love that gives thee good counsel. But here comes one of my clients.

Enter Drap, a country gentleman.

Drap.

Sir, master orator, I am bold to trouble you about my suit.

Prate,

Sir, master country gentleman, I am now for present business of the king's.

Drap.

You may the better remember me.

Prate.

Hey-day! I shall mix your business with the king's?

Drap.

No, but you may let his majesty know my necessity.

Prate.

Sir, fir, you must not confine me to your seasons, I tell you I will collect mine own leisures.

Enter Veloups, a citizen.

Veloups.

Master orator, is it your pleasure I attend you about my dispatches?

Prate.

Sir, it is my pleasure you dispatch yourself from mine incumbrance; I tell you, I am for instant business of the king's.

Veloups.

Sir, I have borne my attendance long.

Prate.

Bear it till your bones ach, I tell you, I cannot bear it now, I am for new business.

Drap and Veloups.

Yet the old should be dispatch'd, it was first paid for.

¹⁵ motions] i. e. puppet-shews.

Pratt.

Prate.

If you be gentlemen, do not make me mad.

Drap and Veloups.

Sir, our suits are of great weight.

Prate.

If you be Christians, do not make me an Atheist; I shall prophane if you vex me thus.

Enter the Lord Mechant.

What more vexation? my lord, my lord, save your breath for your broth, I am not now at leisure to attend you.

Mechant.

A word, good master orator.

Prate.

Not a word, I beseech your lordship: I am for the king's business; you must attend me at my chamber. [Exit Prate.

Mechant, Drap, and Veloups.

And every where else, we will not leave you. [Exeunt.

President.

Now methinks my master is like a horse-leech, and these suitors so many sick of the gout, that come to have him suck their blood: O 'tis a mad world.

Lollia.

Go to, firrah, you will never leave your crab-tree families: but pity of me, whom have we here?

Enter Alphonso.

O 'tis the lord Alphonso.

Alphonso.

Mistress, God save: nay your lip, I am a stranger, and how doth mistress Collaquintida? O you are an excellent seasoner of city stomachs.

Collaquintida.

Faith, my lord, I have done my best to make somebody relish your sweet meats; but hearkee you, my lord, I have struck the stroke, I have done the deed, there wants nothing but time, place, and her consent.

Alphonso.

Call you that nothing?

E e 3

Colla-

Colloquimida.

A trifle, a trifle; upon her, upon her, my lord; she may seem a little rough at the first; but if you stand stiffly to her, she'll fall: a word with you, master President. *[They whisper.]*

Alphonso.

Mistress Prate, I am a soldier, and can better act my love than speak it: my suit you know by your neighbour, my love you shall prove by my merit, to both which my tokens have been petty witnesses; and my body shall seal and deliver upon thee such a brave confirmation, that not all the orators in Sicily shall be able to cancel the deed.

Lollia.

Truly, my lord, methinks you being witty should be honest.

Alphonso.

Nay, wench; if I were a fool, there's no question but I would be honest: but to the purpose; say, wench, shall I enjoy, shall I possess?

Lollia.

To enjoy my love, is not to possess my body.

Alphonso.

Tut, wench, they be words of one signification, and cannot be separated.

Lollia.

Nay, then, I should wrong my husband.

Alphonso.

S'foot, thou should'st but do for him as he does for the whole world; why an orator were a needless name, if it were not to defend wrong: then, wench, do as he doth, write by a president.

Lollia.

O, my lord, I have a husband,
A man whose waking jealousy survives,
And like a lion sleeps with open eyes;
That not a minute of mine hours are free
From the intelligence of his secret spies.
I am a very covert Danae,
Thorow whose roof suspicion will not let
Gold showers have passage, nor can I deceive
His Argus eyes with any policy:
And yet I swear I love you.

Alphonso.

Alphonso.

Death of affection, if thou lov'st me, as thou say'st thou dost,
 Thou canst invent some means for our delight,
 The rather sith it ever hath been said,
 That walls of brasse withstand not willing minds:
 And women when they're prone make love admir'd
 For quaint endeavours: come instruct thy wit,
 And find some scale to our high height of bliss.

Lollia.

Then briefly thus, my lord.

To-morrow doth the senate sit to judge
 Causes both criminal and of the state;
 Where of necessity my husband's place
 Must be fill'd by himself, because his tongue
 Must gild his clients' causes. Now if you please,
 All that self-hour, when he is turmoil'd
 About those serious trifles, to vouchsafe
 To visit me, his absence and my care
 Shall give us liberty of more delight.
 You know my meaning, and I am asham'd
 My love should thus betray my modesty;
 But make the use according to your fancy.

Alphonso.

What hour assures his absence!

Lollia.

Eight is the latest time.

Alphonso.

This kiss leave my faith with thee, farewell.
 Thou hast given me double glory from thy breath,
 Nothing shall lose me time but certain death. [*Exit Alphonso.*]

President.

Truly, mistress Collaquintida, you are an excellent piece of
 sweet gall.

Lollia.

Well, sir, will you lead the way homeward?

President.

To your bed-chamber, mistress, or your privy lodging.

[Exeunt.]

E e 4

Enter

Enter Phylocles alone.

Phylocles.

Night clad in black mourns for the loss of day,
And hides the silver spangles of the air,
That not a spark is left to light the world;
Whilst quiet sleep the nourisher of life
Takes full possession of mortality.
All creatures take their rest in soft repose
Save malecontents, and we accursed lovers,
Whose thoughts perturbed make us passion's slave,
And rob us of the juice of happiness.
Dear Mariana, shap'd in an angel's mould,
Thou thrall'st my senses, and inflam'st my blood:
Love's power by wisdom cannot be withstood.
But see the morning star breaks from the East,
To tell the world her great eye is awak'd,
To take his journey to the western vales:
And now the court begins to rise with him.

Here pass over the stage a physician, a gentleman-usher, and a waiting-maid.

There goes the physician, the waiting-maid,
And a fine straight-legg'd gentleman-usher,
The preface to a kirtel all puff paste;
One that writes sonnets in his lady's praise,
And hides her crimes with flattering poesy.

Enter Mariana.

But peace! amazement! see the day of life,
Nature's best work, the world's chief paragon,
Madam, one word.

Mariana.

Ay; so now farewell.

Phylocles.

You do mistake me.

Mariana.

That yourself can tell:

You ask'd me one word, which I gave, said, ay,
A word of least use in a virgin's breath,
Urge not my patience then with fond reply.

Phylocles.

Phylocles.

Dear lady, lend an ear unto my voice,
 Since each were made for other's happiness :
 My tongue's not oil'd with courtly flatterings,
 Nor can I paint my passions to the life ;
 But by that power which shap'd this heavenly form,
 I am your bond-slave, forc'd by love's command ;
 Then let soft pity with such beauty dwell.
 Madam, I love you.

Mariana.

As I am a virgin, so do I.

Phylocles.

But, madam, whom ?

Mariana.

Myself, no lady better.

Phylocles.

But will you love me ?

Mariana.

No, by my chastity.

Phylocles.

I hope you do but jest.

Mariana.

Nay, I'll keep mine oath,
 Men shall abandon pride and jealousy
 Ere I'll be bound to their captivity ;
 They shall live continent, and leave to range,
 But men like to the moon each month must change ;
 Yet we must seek that nought their sight displeases,
 And mix our wedlock sweets with loath'd diseases :
 When we consume ourselves and our best beauty,
 All our reward is, why, 'twas but our duty.

Phylocles.

Judge not so hard of all for some offenders ;
 For you are subject to the self-same crimes.
 Of men and women always have been had
 Some good of each.

Mariana.

But for the most part bad :
 Therefore I'll have none at all, but die a perfect maid.

Phylocles.

Phylocles.

That humour like a flower soon will fade;
 Once did mine own thoughts sing to that delight,
 Till love and you reform'd my barbarousness:
 Therefore, dear lady, pity my wounded heart.

Mariana.

A surgeon here for this love-wounded man;
 How deep's your ulcer'd orifice I pray you tell?

Phylocles.

Quite thorow my heart.

Mariana.

'Tis strange and look so well;
 Yet ladies' eyes have power to murder men,
 And with one smile to make them whole again.
 Achilles' lance to a hair; but do you love me, prince?

Phylocles.

Dearer than my foul.

Mariana.

Would I could love you!

Phylocles.

Madam, so you may.

Mariana.

As yet I cannot, therefore let me go.

Phylocles.

O do not leave me, grant me but one request,
 And here I vow by that divinest power,
 The salt-sea's glorious issue, whose bright sphere
 Rules my sick heart, and knows my chaste intent,
 That if you please to impose on me that task,
 Which neither men nor monster can atchieve,
 Which even angels have a dread to touch,
 Deeds which outstretch all possibility;
 S'foot, more than can be thought, and I'll effect,
 Or else I'll perish in th'accomplishment.

Mariana.

Let your request fit virgin-modesty,
 And you obey your vow, I am content
 To give your thoughts contented happiness.

Phylocles.

'Tis but a kifs I ask, a minute's joy.

Mariana.

Mariana.

Now Cupid help thee; is thy grief for this?
 Keep thy strong vow, and freely take a wife. *[He kisses her.]*

Phylocles.

I have obtain'd my heaven, and in this touch
 I feel the breath of all deliciousness:
 Then freely give the sentence of my work,
 Muster up all the engines of your wit,
 Teach Juno rules beyond maliciousness;
 What'er it be, I'll die but I'll perform it.

Mariana.

Thou shalt not kill thyself, nor fight with monsters,
 Nor bring the great Turk's beard to shew thy zeal:
 Thy life thou shalt not hazard for my love,
 Nor will I tie thee to an endless task;
 But even with ease, and gentle tangled knots,
 Thou shalt untwine thy clue of miseries.

Phylocles.

Let it have passage, madam, give me my doom.

Mariana.

Then, Phylocles, knit silence to my words,
 And mark thy doom: for thus my stricter will
 Loads grief upon thy vainer levity.
 Hence for the space and compass of one year,
 Thou shalt abjure the liberty of speech,
 Thou shalt not speak for fully twelvemonth's space,
 For friend nor foe, for danger nor for death;
 But live like air, with silent emptiness.
 Break thou this vow, I'll hold thee for a villain:
 And all the world shall know thy perjury.

Phylocles.

Be heaven and earth a witness of my vow,
 And mine eternal silence, I am dumb.

Mariana.

Why so, now shall I not be troubled with vain chat,
 Or idle prate of idle wantonness:
 For love I cannot, therefore 'tis in vain;
 Would all my suitors' tongues I thus could rein!
 Then should I live free from feign'd sighs and groans,
 With, O take pity, 'tis your servant moans,

And

And such harsh stuff, that frets me to the heart ;
 And sonnets made of Cupid's burning dart ;
 Of Venus' lip, and Juno's majesty ;
 Then were I freed from fools and foolery.
 In May the cuckoo sings, then she'll come hither.
 Her voice and yours will rarely tune together. [*Exit Mariana,*

Enter Florio.

Florio.

Prince Phylocles, the king would speak with you.

[*Speaks louder and louder.*

Prince Phylocles, the king would speak with you.

Prince Phylocles, the king would speak with you.

Phylocles strikes Florio and fells him.

Florio.

The pox rot off your fingers for this blow,
 It is coronation-day thorow all my scull,
 There's such a fatal ringing in my brain,
 Has won 'the set, has laid five fingers on ;
 But 'twas a knavish part of him to play so :
 Hear me, ye gods, for this my open wrong,
 Make short his fingers as you have his tongue. [*Exit Florio.*

Enter Mechant alone.

Mechant.

'Tis not man's fortune, envy, or neglect,
 Which makes him miserable, but 'tis mean fate,
 Even sole predestination, a firm gift
 Fix'd to his birth before the world was made.
 For were it otherwise, then within our lives
 We should find some distractions, errors change,
 And other toys of much uncertainty :
 But my mishaps are fix'd so to my blood,
 They have no fire but my creation :
 The queen, out of suspicion that my love
 First set an edge upon the king's desires,
 And made him woo her with a victor's sword,
 Casts me from favour, seizes all my lands,
 And turns my naked fortunes to the cold.

The

The king, made proud with purchase of his wish,
 Neglects my sufferance for him, and o'erlooks
 The low tide of my fortunes; lest my woes
 Should speak my wrongs to his ingratitude;
 The whilst those lords, whose supple hams have bow'd
 To do me formal reverence, now despise
 And slight me in their meanest compliments:
 O 'tis a torment more than hell yet knows,
 To be an honest flatterer, or to live
 A saint in limbo, which that I may prevent,
 I'll be nor best nor worst, but all indifferent.
 But here comes a nobleman, I must turn petitioner.

Enter Florio.

My lord, may I not see the king?

Florio.

You may not.

His majesty is now down press'd with seriousness;
 As for your suit it is with Prate the orator,
 I heard his highness give him a special charge
 For your dispatch with favour.

Mechant.

O, but he doth neglect,
 And slights me like his weak orations:
 And by your lordship's leave, I do not think
 His wisdom worthy of the conference.

Florio.

Nay, if you will correct the king's coin, you are not for my
 conference, farewell.

[*Exit Florio.*]

Mechant.

Why, and fare you well! 'sfoot, this is more than strange,
 That, being griev'd, I may not say I'm pain'd.

Enter Alphonso.

But here comes another: mine honourable lord,
 May I not have some conference with the king?

Alphonso.

You may not; business of greater weight
 Imports both him and us: nay, pray you cease;
 As for your suit, 'tis with the orator.

Mechant.

Mechant.

Yet, methinks, 'twere meet—

Alphonso.

That you would rather trouble him than me.

Mechant.

It's strange.

Alphonso.

It's strange, indeed, to see you wrong your ease.

I am not now for idle conferences. Adieu. [*Exit Alphonso.*]*Mechant.*

Why this is court-grace to men in misery,
 And thus these tail-less lions with their roar
 Afright the simple herd: O I could now
 Turn rebel 'gainst their pride.

Enter Epire.

But here comes the duke:

My gracious lord, vouchsafe to hear my griefs.

Epire.

For God's love cease your trouble, we are all
 Troubled with griefs of stranger qualities.

Mechant.

Words are no heavy burthen.

Epire.

No, had I no other weight;
 But we are all press'd down with other poise:
 As for your suit, it is referr'd to Prate:
 And he must give you fair dispatch with favour;
 Which if he slight for envy or for bribe,
 Repair to me, and I will not forget
 To give you ease, and chide his negligence;
 Mean space I pray you leave me, for we all
 Are troubled now with greatest miracles.

Mechant.

Your grace doth do me comfort, and I will
 Study with service to deserve your favours,
 And so I take my leave.

[*Exit Mechant.*]*Enter two Doctors.**Epire.*

Your own contentments follow you.

Now,

Now, gentlemen, what news within? can this dumb wonder
speak?

Have you cut off those lets that ty'd his speech,
And made your fames to sound through Sicily?

First Doctor.

All hopeful means that man or art can find
Have we made trial of, but 'tis in vain:
For still, my lord, the cure's invincible.

Second Doctor.

Those organs nature gave to move the tongue
He fully doth possess as well as we;
Which makes us think his sudden apoplexy
Is either will, vow, or a miracle.

Epire.

I should think strangely, had we strange things on earth:
But wonders now are most familiar:
But here comes his majesty, now we shall see
If this dumb beast can speak before the king.

*Cornets, and enter Cyprus, Queen, Phylodes, Mariana,
and attendants.*

Cyprus.

My best of friends, my dearest Phylodes,
Thy griefs run in my spirit, make me sad,
And dull my sense with thine affliction.
My soul with thine doth sympathize in woe,
And passion governs him that should rule all.
What say you, doctors, is there no hope of help?

First Doctor.

No hope, my lord; the cure is desperate.

Cyprus.

Then I am king of grief; for in his words
Found I more musick than in choirs of angels.
It was as silver, as the chime of spheres,
The breath of lutes, or love's deliciousness:
Next to my queen, he is my joy on earth:
Nor shall the world contain that happy good
Which with my tears I will not wooe for him.
My lord of Epire, let it be straight proclaim'd
Through all the cities in our kingdom's verge,

That

That whoſo will avow to cure this prince,
 And bring his work to wiſh'd effectualneſs,
 Shall have ten thouſand crowns and our beſt love ;
 But if he fail in his great enterprize,
 His daring is the loſs of preſent life,
 Since no man hitherto could do him good,
 The next ſhall help him, or elſe loſe his blood.

Epire.

Your majeſty ſhall have your will perform'd.

Mariana.

Not all ſo ſoon, dear brother, what if a woman now
 Should turn *Æſculapius* and reſtore
 This dumb *Hippolitus* ? Nay, do not look ſtrange,
 I dare avow and undertake the cure.

Epire.

You, ſiſter ! are you in your wits ?

Mariana.

'Faith, of the outſide of them, brother ; yet a woman's
 tongue,
 Whoſe burthen ſtill is ſuperfluity,
 May lend a man an age's compliment.

Cyprus.

Madam, I would not have you ¹⁶ with the lark
 Play yourſelf into day-net ; this great cure,
 I fear, is far beyond your phyſick's help.

Mariana.

My lord, you know not how *Apollo* loves me ;
 I have been thought as fair as *Oenon* was,
 And dare be bold to claim this miracle.

Cyprus.

Mariana, attend ; glory and ruin compaſs thee about,
 This hand ſhall raiſe thee to a golden throne,
 And grace thee with all ſtiles of dignity ;
 This caſt thee down,
 Lower than life's miſfortune, and overwhelm
 Thy beauties with thy grave. Perform, be great.
 Fail, and be worſe than worſt calamity.

¹⁶ — with the lark

Play yourſelf into day-net ; So the quartos, we ſhould read *dare net*.
Surry, in *Henry VIII.* A. 3. S. 3. ſays, “ and dare us with his cap like
 “ larks.” See *Blome's Gentleman's Recreation.* S. P.

Queen.

Queen.

Stay, gentle friend, my love doth bid thee stay;
Attempt not, and be safe from misery.

Epire.

Sister, you shall not grasp with mischief thus;
My blood doth challenge interest in your ill;
And I conjure you from this desperateness.

Mariana.

Brother, content yourself, words but augment our strife;
I will perform, or else my pawn's my life.

Cyprus.

Proceed, fair virgin.

Mariana.

Vouchsafe me privacy: now Venus be my speed.
Speak, gentle Phylocles, thine oath's bond I untye,
And give thy vows a free enfranchisement;
Thy well-kept league hath shew'd thy strength of truth,
And doth confirm me in my virtuousness:
Thy martyrdom and sufferance is too long,
And I restore it to new liberty.
Then speak, my Phylocles, speak, gentle prince,
To her whose love respects and honours thee.

Cyprus.

How now, what virtue from thy charms?

Mariana.

No hope is left; dear Phylocles, regard my miseries,
Untye that wilful let which holds in speech,
And make me happy through thy noble pity.
I see the face of mine ill-shap'd contempt,
Where like with like hath quit most injury:
Then speak, my lord, utter one angel breath
To give me joy, and save me from strange death.
What, not a word! hath this small silence brought
An utter detestation to thy speech?
Wilt thou not hear, nor speak, nor pity me?
The gentle gods move thee to more remorse.

Cyprus.

What, wilt not be?
Fond maid, thou hast drawn affliction on thy head,
And thrall'd thyself to worse calamity:

VOL. IV.

F f

Till

Till morrow's sun thy incantations use,
 But then effectless, all hope's desperate :
 Wer't thou my bosom love thou dy'st the death ;
 Best ease for madness is the loss of breath.

[*Exeunt all but Phylocles and Mariana, Mariana.*]

O, Phylocles, I am no court's disgrace,
 No city's prostitution, country's shame,
 Nor ~~one~~ shall bring Troy's fire unto thy house :
 Turn not away, hard-hearted myrmidon.
 See, on my knees I'll follow thee in court,
 And make the world condemn thy cruelty.
 Yet if my tears may mollify thy heart,
 Receive them as the flood of strangest tides ;
 Turn not thy face from her that doats on thee.
 Love now hath made me subject to thy will,
 And pale disdain hath ta'en revenge on me.
 Behold my nerves I'll wear upon this earth,
 And fill this room with lamentations.
 What ! dost thou smile ? hath fury so much sway
 As even to banish poor civility ?
 Then be thyself, and break thine itching spleen ;
 For I disdain thy ransom's victory.
 Life, thou art weary brought ; welcome, my death,
 Sweet because wish'd for, good because my choice :
 Yet when I am dead, this of me shall be said,
 A cruel prince murder'd a loving maid.
 And after-ages to th' unborn shall tell,
 Thy hate, my love, thy envy, and my hell.
 Nay, do not speak I charge thee, go, let nothing move thee,
 Death is my glory, since thou wilt not love me. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter the Duke of Epire and Alphonso.

Epire.

GRIEF, which controls the motions of our thoughts,
 Reigns in my blood, and makes me passion's slave.
 My sister's misery torments my soul,

And

THE DUMB KNIGHT.

45

And breaks my gall when I but think of her:
She was bewitch'd with spells to her misfortune;
Or else born hapless under a low'ring star,
And 'tis her fate to be thus miserable.
O, Phylocles, hadst thou no other scale
To mount thy heaven but by our miseries?
Must all the noble fame of our great house
Waste down her royal pillars, to make steps
For thee to climb to glory? Well, I see
Thou plott'st our shames in thy great dignity.

Alphonso.

Patience, great lord; methinks these ill-rai'd storms
Have not more violence than may be borne;
Come, we will both go sue unto the king,
We there will kneel and pray eternally,
And never rise till he remit his doom.
It shall be so, I will unto the king,
To beg great favour for a small offence:
But if she die for this, then king take heed,
Thee and thy fortunes by this hand shall bleed. [Exeunt.]

Enter Chip, Shaving, and others with a scaffold.

Chip.

Come, my hearts, let's make all things ready for the execution; here's a maidenhead must be cut off without a feather-bed.

Shaving.

It's a sign she deals with sharp tools and a cruel headsmen.

Chip.

If I had been her judge, she should have been tost to death in a blanket.

Shaving.

No, I would have had her smother'd in a feather-bed.

Chip.

They say she would not plead at her trial.

Shaving.

No, that's true, for she had a great desire to be press'd.

Chip.

And I have known some of her sex have got that favour to be press'd for speaking.

F f a

Shaving.

13 THE DUMB KNIGHT.

Shaving.

Then she was unwise to hold her tongue, being a woman,

Chip.

What is her crime that she must lose her head?

Shaving.

Because she lived honest, contrary to the statute.

Chip.

There is a great number of my neighbours will never suffer for that fault.

Shaving.

No, nor thou neither, if the truth were known; for my part, I shun that danger.

Chip.

I think we are all out of danger of the law for that crime.

Shaving.

I know I am free, for I am a knave if I have not forgot what wench had my maidenhead.

Enter Florio.

Florio.

Make room there, his majesty is coming to the execution.

Chip.

Come, now all things are ready, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Epire and Alphonso.

Epire.

Mercy is banish'd courts; the king, like flint,
Harden his royal temper 'gainst our 'plaints,
And makes our woes most unavoidable.
What inauspicious star reign'd at her birth;
That heaven thus frowns upon her misery?
And, my good lord, now innocence must die,
As white as untrod snow; or ²⁷ culver down.
Kings words are laws, and cannot be withstood;
Yet 'tis false greatness which delights in blood.

Alphonso.

Patience, my lord; I do not think this ill
Is yet so big, as unrecoverable.

²⁷ or culver down] i. e. dove's down. S.

The king doth hold you in most choice respect,
And whom kings love; they study to oblige;
Then call your reason home, make not this civil war,
To suffer makes woes lessier than they are.

Epire.

How well the sound can ¹⁸ salve the sickman's grief!
But oh how ill he can digest his pills!

Alphonso.

O, my good lord, you shall not lose a sister
That is the joy and comfort of your breath;
'Tis not your blood shall issue from her wound;
But mine that runs in rivers from her tears,
And drowns my face in her calamity.
Well, let her perish, since her soul is clear,
And for her death, I'll make a massacre.

*Enter Cyprus, Queen, Phylocles, Mariana bound, a guard of
halberts, and an executioner.*

Cyprus.

Your suits are bootless: for my vows have glew'd
And clos'd mine ears, that they retain no sound
Of your intreaties; and even now the time
Doth run upon his latest minutes, and
Save but by speech there's no recovery.

Queen.

Have mercy, good my lord: O let my tears intrude
Betwixt your vows and her calamity;
In her you take from me my best of life,
My joy, my comfort, and my play-fellow.

Cyprus.

Content you, madam, for my vow is past,
And is like fate still unrevocable:
Ascend, poor model of calamity.

¹⁸ *salve the sickman's grief*] Another allusion to the book mentioned in *Eastward Hoe*; see p. 285. Since the note on that passage was written, I have discovered that there were two books with titles nearly similar; one of them, *The Sickman's Salve*, by Thomas Becon, 8vo, 1591; and the other, *The Salve for a Sickman*; or, *A treatise concerning the nature, difference, and kinds of Death*, by William Perkins, 8vo, 1595.

Mariana.

As lightly burden'd with the weight of crimes,
 As spotless infants, or poor harmless lambs,
 Thus I ascend my heaven, this first step lower
 Mounts to this next, and thus hath brought
 My body's frame unto its highest throne:
 Here doth her office end, and hence my soul
 With golden wings of thought shall mount the sky,
 And reach a palace of pure sanctity.
 Farewel, my sovereign; madam, within your thoughts
 Make me a tomb, and love my memory.
 Brother, farewel; nay, do not mourn my death,
 It is not I that die to spot our house,
 Or make you live in after-obloquy;
 Then weep no more, but take my last adieu,
 My virtues, not my faults, preserve with you.
 Lastly, to you that are my last of hope,
 Nay, do not hide your eyes, I love them still:
 To part friends now is greatest charity.
 O be thy days as fruitful in delights,
 As Eden in choice flowers, thine honours such
 As all the world may strive to imitate;
 Be master of thy wishes: only this,
 When the sad nurse, to still the wrangling babe,
 Shall sing the careful story of my death,
 Give me a sigh from thy heart's purest breath:
 And so farewel.

Executioner.

Madam, kneel here, forgive me for your death.

Mariana.

With all my heart, thou art but law's poor hand.
 Thus to my death I bow, and yet arise,
 Angels protect my spirit in the skies. [He offers to strike.

Phylockes.

Hold, or thine hand shall be thine own destruction.

Cyprus.

Never did musick sound with better voice,
 Unbind the lady.

Florio.

The fear of death hath brought her to a swoon.

Cyprus.

Endeavour her recovery.

Epico.

Epire.

Sister, dear sister, call thy spirits back.
 Sister, O sister, hearken to my woes,
 Recover breath, and live with happiness.

Queen.

She stirs, give way to air that she may breathe:
 Speak, Mariana, thy woes are cancell'd.

Mariana.

You are not charitable unto my moans,
 Thus to afflict me with a double punishment;
 One death for one poor fault might well suffice,
 They are most wretched who twice live and die.

Phylocles.

Madam, to save your life, I kill my soul,
 And speckle that which was immaculate.
 Black perjury, that open-ey'd disease,
 Which is the plague-fore of society,
 Brands me with mischief, and protests I hold
 Nothing within me but unworthiness;
 And all these ills are your creation.

Mariana.

Which to wash off, lo here I yield myself
 An humble sacrifice to love and thee:
 All my best hopes, my fortunes, and my love,
 My faith, my service, and my loyalty,
 Shall as thy slaves attend on thy commands,
 And make me famous in my suffrages.

Cyprus.

Receive her, Phylocles, for it pleaseth us.

Phylocles.

But not me, my thrice royal sovereign;
 I'd rather wed a footy Blackamore,
 A leper, monster, incubus, or hag,
 A wretch deform'd in nature, loath'd of men,
 Than her that hath bemonster'd my pure soul.
 Her scorn and pride had almost lost her life,
 A maid so faulted seldom proves good wife.

Queen.

What is the reason you not love her now,
 And were so passionate in love before?

F f 4

Phylocles.

Phylocles.

Not that I love her less, but rather more,
 Run I this backward course; only my vow
 Sith unperform'd craves satisfaction;
 Which thus I reconcile; when this fair maid
 Shall with as strong a love, as firm a zeal,
 A faith as constant, and a shame as strong,
 Requite my care, and shew as ample proof
 In mine extremes, as I have in her death,
 Then will I love, enjoy, and honour her;
 Till when I will not think a loving thought,
 Or give the easy temper of my mind
 To love-sick passion or deliciousness;
 Only with those which do adore the sun,
 I'll give her all respect and reverence.

Mariana.

I am well pleas'd, and with a doubtful foe
 You have good reason thus to capitulate:
 Then hang your colours forth, extend your thought,
 Muster your strongest powers of strictest wit;
 And, when your reason's best artillery's bent,
 Love not my love if't be not excellent;

Cyprus.

I have not seen a war breed better wit,
 Or passion draw on more delightfulness:
 Proceed in your contention; for we boast,
 That love is best which is approved most.
 But now to revels, since our tragick scene
 Is turn'd to comic mirthful constancy;
 Instead of mourning, we will dance and banquet,
 And fill our empty veins with all delights:
 For oft' we find that storms and sorrows prove
 The best fore-runners of a happy love. [*Exeunt all but Epire.*

Epire.

He will, but he will not; loves, but cannot like.
 Will and affection in this prince are like
 Two buckets which do never both ascend;
 Or those star twins which shine not in one sphere.
 O, Phylocles, I see thy soul grows fat,
 And seeds upon the glories of my fame;

Buc

THE DUMB KNIGHT,

451

But I'll forestal thine epileptic fits;
And by my plots breed thy destruction.
Revenge now rules as sovereign of my blood,
And others ruins shall advance my good,
Which once attain'd to, I will prove ambitious,
Great men, like gods, are ne'er thought vicious.
Now, Phylocles, stand fast; king, guard thy crown;
For by this brain, you both shall tumble down.

[Exit,

Enter Veloups and Drap, President sitting at his desk.

Veloups.

This is his chamber, let's enter, here's his clerk.

President.

¹⁹ Fondling, said she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale.

Drap.

I pray you, sir, help us to the speech of your master,

President.

*I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
He is very busy in his study.
Feed where thou wilt, in mountain or on dale;
Stay a while, he will come out anon.
Graze on my lips, and when those mounts are dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.
Go thy way, thou best book in the world.*

Veloups.

I pray you, sir, what book do you read?

President.

A book that never an orator's clerk in this kingdom but is
beholden unto; it is called, Maid's Philosophy, or *Venus*
and *Adonis*. Look you, gentlemen, I have divers other pretty
books.

Drap.

You are very well stor'd, sir; but I hope your master will
not stay long.

President.

No, he will come presently.

¹⁹ Fondling, said she, &c.] These lines are the 39th Stanza of *Venus*
and *Adonis*, by Shakspeare.

Enter

Enter Merchant.

Veloups.

Whom have we here? another client sure, crows flock to carcases; O, 'tis the lord Merchant.

Mechant.

Save you, gentlemen; sir, is your master at any leisure?

President.

²⁰ *Here, sit thee down where never serpent kisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.*

His businesses yet are many, you must needs attend a while.

Mechant.

We must attend; umph! even snails keep state
When with slow thrust their horns peep forth the gate.
We must attend! 'tis custom's fault, not mine,
To make men proud, on whom great favours shine:
'Tis somewhat 'gainst my nature to attend,
But when we must, we must be patient;
A man may have admittance to the king
As soon as to these long robes, and as cheap.
Come, gentlemen, shall we walk?
Thus are the pavement stones before the doors
Of these great tongue-gilt orators, worn smooth
With clients dancing fore them.

Veloups.

It's strange to see how the world waits upon them, therein they are the only men now.

Mechant.

O, only; they of all men in request.
Your physician is the lawyer for your health,
And moderates unruly humours best.
Others are nobody compar'd with him;
For all men neglect their health in regard of their profit.

Drap.

True, and that's it makes these men grow so fat,
Swell with rich purchases.

Mechant.

Yea with golden fees,
And golden titles too, they can work miracles,

²⁰ *Here, sit thee down, &c.] Two lines from the third Stanza of
Venus and Adonis.*

And

And like creators, even of empty nothing,
Erect a world of goodly livings, fair demean,
And gallant manors, heap'd one on another.

Veloups.

They gain indeed excessively, and are not like us citizens,
Expos'd to hazard of the seas and traffick.

Mechant.

Why, here's a fellow now, this orator,
Even Prate, you would little think it, his father was.
An honest ²¹ proiner of our country vines;
Yet he's shot to his ²² foot-cloth.

Drap.

O, he is! he proin'd him well, and brought him up to
learning.

Mechant.

'Faith, reasonable learning; a smattering in the Latin tongue,
A little rhetorick, with wrangling sophistry,
Were his preparatives unto his art.

Veloups.

After these preparatives (if you call them so)
The physick wrought well, for a few years' practice
Brought him in wondrous credit, and preferments
Came tumbling in: O such a sudden rise
Hath fortune for her minions! blame him not then
Though he look high on't.

Mechant.

Nay, for his pride, of weaker souls term'd state,
It hurts none but himself.

Drap.

Yet to my seeming it is very strange,
That from so base beginning, men can breathe
Such soaring fames.

Mechant.

Strange! it's not strange a whit,
Dunghills and marish bogs, dart store of vapours,

²¹ proiner] i. e. pruner. Chaucer, in the *Mercantile Tale*, says of
Damian, that

"He kembeth him, he proineth him, and piketh." S.

²² foot-cloth] Horse with housings. S.

And

And viscous exhalations, against heaven,
Which borrowing lustre there (though basely bred)
Seem yet like glorious planets, fairest stars,
To the weak eyes of wondring ignorance,
When wise men know they are but meteors,
But here comes the orator.

Enter Prate.

Prate.

What, President, I say, come and attend me to the senate
house.

President.

I am ready, sir; if you have *copia verborum*,
I have *copia rerum* in a buckram bag here.

Prate.

Your lordship's pleasure.

Mechant.

Master Orator, 'tis not unknown, my suit.

Prate.

Nay, your lordship must be brief, I'll not attend
The shallow sleight of words, your suit, your suit.

Mechant.

The restoration of my lands and honours.

Prate.

They are confiscate.

Mechant.

My lands confiscate, and my body free?

Prate.

My lord, my lord, the queen's more merciful,

Mechant.

Sir, you forget my place.

Prate.

Sir, you forget your faith;
'Twas known unto the queen, the state, and us,
Your malecontented spirit, your disease in duty,
Your diligent perturbation of the peace!
Your passages, occurrences, and—

Mechant.

Sir.

Prate.

Prate.

Sir me no sirs,
 Do not I know you were the chief of those
 Which rais'd the war in Sicil? and long since
 Wrought in the king's loves bloody business?
 Did not you hold fair quarter and commerce
 With all the spies of Cyprus? fie, I am asham'd
 Blind impudence should make you be so bold,
 To bear your face before authority.

Mechant.

But hear me:

Prate.

I will hear no reply; go home, repent, pray, and die:
 Come, gentlemen, what's your businesses?

Velours.

Your confirmation to his highness grant touching our trade
 with Spain, in which if it please you to assist us, we have a
 thousand crowns which shall attend you.

Prate.

O I have you in my memory, the suit is great:
 And I must squeeze forth more than a thousand crowns.
 Well, attend me to the senate; you shall have fair dispatches.

*[Exeunt all but Merchant.]**Mechant.*

I'll not attend the shallow sleight of words,
 Go home, repent, pray, and die:
 Excellent precepts for an orator's chamber;
 Where speech must bathe a handful deep in gold,
 Till the poor givers conduit being dry,
 The wretch goes home, doth curse, repent, and die,
 It is thy counsel, orator, thy tale breath,
 Good only but to season infamy.
 From this reproach, this incareassing humour
 Hath taught my soul a new philosophy.
 I will go home, and there repent all good
 Done to thy name or thy profession;
 I will go home, and there new frame myself
 More thirstily pernicious to thy state
 Than war or unabated mutiny.
 As for my prayers, orator, they are for thee.

Thou

468 THE DUMB KNIGHT.

Thou hast a pretty, lovely, witty wife :
 O may'st thou live, both to be known and know
 Thyself the greatest cuckold in our land ;
 And yet not dare to amend or grieve at it !
 May'st thou embrace thy shame with thankful arms,
 Hug thy disgrace, make thy black poison wine,
 And cap and crouch to thy dishonour !
 May thy remembrance live, upon my knees I pray,
 All night in bellmen's mouths, with ²³ Pasquil in the day !

Enter Alphonso unbraced.

Alphonso.

Day be my speed, night shall not cloak my sin,
 If I have nought to do, it's by the sun,
 The light gives leave to all mine idleness.
 Quick business and ope eyes sieze on mine orator,
 Whilst I create him horny presidents.

Enter Collaquintida.

But here's my bed-broker. Now, my great armful of good
 intelligence, where is my mistress ?

Collaquintida.

Fast lock'd in her bed with a close ward to devour thee, my
 brave ²⁴ Paraquito ; but hush, no words ; there is a calm be-
 fore the tempest.

Alphonso.

Tut, tell me of no storms ; but direct me to her bed-
 chamber, my noble firelock of a flesh pistol.

Collaquintida.

Follow thy colours, my brave worthy, mount up thy
 standard, so enter and prosper.

[She puts Alphonso into the orator's house.]

Thou hast a rich room, safe locks, sweet sheets, a choice arm-
 ful, with O the rare, rare thought of imagination.

²³ — *with Pasquil*] The name of an image on a post in Rome, to
 which defamatory libels are affixed. S.

²⁴ *Paraquito*] A parroquet, or small sort of parrot. See *Altieri's*
Italian Dictionary, in the English part. She gives him this name on ac-
 count of his prating. S. P.

Mechant.

Mechant.

What's this, what's this. Doth this lord Alphonso turn
the orator to an Antilope? 'Tis more than excellent,
And from the juice of this despight I suck
Delight more great than all my miseries;
Observe, dear eyes, observe.

Collaquintida.

Nay, go thy way for a camel, or a camelion; thou may'st
compare with all Europe, Africk, and Asia; and one that will
change tricks, though thou wert worthy to be school-master
either to Proteus or Aretine: what an excellent gift did God
give unto man when he gave him woman; but how much
more when that woman was made fair! But oh, the most of
all when she had wit to use every member of her creation.
Well, I'll stand to't, there's nothing but beauty, use, and old
age, that puts women of my rank out of request; and yet like
old bucklers, though few of your gallant cavaliers will wear
us, yet many of your stale ruffians will employ us, and that's
our comfort still.

Mechant.

Was ever heard a baud more damnable!
A very mountebank of wench-flesh, an empirick,
A dog-leech for the putrify'd sores
Of these lust-canker'd great ones. O I could
Even mad myself with railing at their vices;

[Prate knocks at the door.]

But hark, one knocks, O for the orator!
Heavens, I beseech thee, O for the orator!

Collaquintida.

How now, who knocks so rudely at the door?

Prate.

'Tis I, I say, open the door, I am in haste.

Mechant.

'Tis he, just heavens, 'tis he, 'fore God, the orator.

Collaquintida.

Soul of my bawdy office; how are we betray'd!
Anon, anon, sir, what, mistress Prate, I say;
Arise for shame, your husband's at the door,
I come, I come; Lord God, how dull you are
When danger's at your heels; rise quickly.

Prate.

Open the door, or I will break it ope.

Collaquintida.

I come, I come; I think he's mad with haste.

What, John; what, Thomas, Robert, where's these knaves;
What, Julian, Mary, Cicely, ne'er a maid within?

Lollia.

For God's love, stay; I'll find the key straightway.

Enter Lollia, and Alphonso in his shirt.

O, mistress Collaquintida, what shall become of us?

Collaquintida.

Nay, I'm at my wit's end, and am made
Duller than any spur-gall'd, tired jade.

Alphonso.

'Sfoot, if he enter I will break his neck.

Lollia.

Not for a world, dear love, step into my closet.

Alphonso.

Did ever slave come thus unluckily?

Lollia.

Nay, now's no time for passion, good lord, in. [*Ex. Alphonso.*]

*Enter Prate.**Collaquintida.*

Fie, I have almost broke my heart with running.

Lollia.

How now, dear husband, what hath mov'd this haste?

Prate.

I think I was not blest this morning when I rose; for
through my forgetfulness, I have left behind me in my study
the breviates of all my causes; and now the senate is fain to
dance attendance on my leisure; fie, fie, fie. [*Exit Prate.*]

Lollia.

Nay, if he smell nothing but papers,²⁵ I care not for his
dry foot-hunting, nor shall I need to puff pepper in his nostrils;
but see, he comes again.

²⁵ *I care not for his dry foot-hunting.* To draw dry foot, as Dr. Gray
observes, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for
which the blood-hound is famed. See Mr. Steevens's Note to the *Comedy*
of *Errors*, A. 4. S. 2.

Enter Prate, and, stumbling at his wife's bed, sees Alphonso's rich apparel lying thereon.

Prate.

I think the devil hath laid his horns in my way.

Mechant.

Yes, and if you had wit you might conjure him out of your wife's closet.

Prate.

Sancte Benedicite, what have we here! Hath the golden snake cast his skin upon our bed; go to, wife, I smell, I smell, methinks your plain rug should not agree with this rich counterpoint.

Lollia.

Husband, either I have fitted you now, or else I shall never fit you whilst I breathe.

You oft have told me, that like those of your rank,
Who both adorn their credits and themselves,
Yea even their causes with their costly cloaths,
Yourself in like sort would strive to imitate;
And now my neighbour here hath brought this suit,
Which if you please to buy, 'tis better cheap
Than e'er 'twas made by full five thousand crowns.

Prate.

Say'st thou me so, wench; a kiss for that i'faith;
'Fore God 'tis a delicate fine suit, rich stuff, rare work, and of
the newest fashion; nay, if the senate's business were never so
hasty, I will stay to try it on; come, help, good wenches, help;
so, there, there, there. [*The orator puts on Alphonso's apparel.*]

Mechant.

'Sfoot, will the ox put on the lion's hide?
He will, he will, 'tis more than excellent;
So gild the tomb that holds but rottenness,
Laughter, I fear, will burst me; look, how he struts.
O God that ever any man should look
Upon this ²⁵maumet, and not laugh at him.

²⁵ *maumet*] A puppet. Mr. Tollet supposes it to be a corruption of Mahomet. See several instances of the use of this word in Mr. Steevens's Note on *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 3.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. Henry IV. "—by the deviacion, and not devination of that *maumet* Merlyn."

Prate.

Fit, fit, excellent fit, as though
The body it was made for wore my mould :
Wife, I will have it, we'll dispute no price.

Enter Veloups.

Veloups.

Master orator, the senate are set, and can dispatch no causes
through your absence, therefore they earnestly intreat your
presence.

Prate.

I come, I come ; good friend, go, say I come.
And, wife, see that you pay for this suit, whatsoe'er it cost.
[*Exit Prate.*

Mechant.

Not above making you cuckold, that's the most.

Lollia.

What, is he gone ?

Collaquentida.

He is,

Enter Alphonso in his shirt.

Lollia.

Why then come forth, poor naked lord.

Alphonso.

What, is he gone ? May the devil and his horns both follow him !

Lollia.

He is gone ; but yet he hath discover'd your treason.

Alphonso.

How !

Collaquentida.

Yes, and in revenge thereof hath vow'd, that in this naked
fort as you are you shall do penance through the city for your
sin of unchastity.

Alphonso.

I pray thee, leave thy woman's phrase, and speak like a
man, plainly, plainly.

Lollia.

Then plainly thus, he is gone, and hath taken away your
apparel.

Alphonso.

Alphonso.

Upon what accident?

Lollia.

This: when your negligence had left your cloaths upon my bed, he espied them, task'd me for the owners; I, in excuse, told him it was a suit brought by my gossip to be sold; he straight, like a child, proud of a new coat, presently puts it on, presently is sent for to the senate, and at this present hath left you, that the world may behold your naked doings.

Alphonso.

²⁷ I would it were wash'd in the blood of a centaur, that when he puts it off, his skin might follow it: but how shall I get to my chamber?

Lollia.

Truly, I know not, except you will wear a smock's upper coat.

Alphonso.

What, a petticoat? you mad me with your mirth.

Lollia.

Then, seriously, thus; as he hath ta'en your cloaths, you must take his; and let the world know you have had more than fidlers fare, for you have meat, money, and cloth.

Alphonso.

'Sfoot, how shall I look in this devil's suit? sure I shall grow sick to see my shape.

Lollia.

Well, extremity must then be your physick; but, come, you shall attire yourself in my chamber.

[*Exit Alphonso, Lollia, and Collaquintida.*

Mechant.

Are these the winding turns of female shames,
Loose woman's gambols, and the tricks of sin?

And are we born to bear these suffrages?

O, he that's ty'd unto a brothel bed

Feels his worst hell on earth, and may presume

²⁷ I would it were wash'd in the blood of a centaur,] Alluding to the poisoned garment given by Deianira to Hercules. See *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, B. ix.

There is no sickness like his pestilence.
 Well, what the issue of this jest will prove,
 My wit but yet conceives, and after-time
 Shall perfect it and give it liberty,
 In such sort, that, if it true fire strike,
 A world of apes shall study for the like.

[Exit.

Enter the Duke of Epire alone.

Epire.

My thoughts are troubled, joy forsakes me quite,
 And all my meditations are revenge :
 Ambition and fell murder join in me,
 And aid each other to untwine a state,
 And make whole millions prove unfortunate.
 Now must I practise court-art flattery,
 And wisely temporize with blackest deeds :
 I'll smile and stab, now weep, then laugh, then frown,
 And with fly tricks of state kill all suspicion ;
 Devils must seem like angels, faith ambition.
 The blackest thoughts I'll study to excel,
 Crowns and revenge have made men dive to hell.
 My plot is current, and it cannot miss,
 Whilst wisdom winds me on the clue of bliss.
 The king shall kill the queen, that acted right,
 I soon will turn his brightest day to night.
 He's simple, honest, and loves downy rest ;
 Then he must fall ; 'tis policy in state,
 To hurl them down are blest with happy fate.
 Thus each shall scourge himself with his own rod,
 Who is all policy avows no God.
 Who is within there, ho ?

Enter Florio.

Florio.

Did your grace call ?

Epire.

I did ; where's the king ?

Florio.

He's in his privy chamber playing at chess.

Epire.

Epire.

Go straight, and tell him I must speak with him,
And say my business doth import great haste.

Florio.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit.**Epire.*

Be a blest Mercury ; now mount thee up, my spirit,
And shew thyself a politician ;
Let slander rule thy tongue, envy thy heart,
And let destruction be thy period
Of what thou speak'st ; for this my maxim is,
But rule no heaven, and but revenge no bliss.

Enter Cyprus, Florio and attendants.

Here comes the king ; my lord, we must be private.

Cyprus.

Remove your hearings from our conference.

[*Exeunt Florio, &c.*

Now speak, my lord, speak freely, as to heaven.

Epire.

First with my knee I kiss this prostrate earth,
And humbly beg that which my tongue shall speak,
So it proceed from love and vassalage,
May bear a pardon or forgetfulness.

Cyprus.

You have it ; arise, discharge an open breast.

Epire.

O, my dread liege, my speech will make you sad ;
(And kings do seldom relish their distastes)
And from that sadness such a storm will rise
As will even drown up all credulity.
O that my loyal heart could cover sin,
Or that my tongue, inured unto grief,
Might lose its spleen ere it distemper you !
But love, and mine allegiance, bid me speak.

Cyprus.

Then speak, and do not rack me with delay.

Epire.

Women, why were you made for man's affliction ?
The first that ever made us taste of grief,

And last of whom in torments we complain.
 You devils shap'd like angels, through whose deeds
 Our forked shames are made most visible;
 No soul of sense would wrong bright majesty,
 Nor stain their blood with such impurity.

Cyprus.

Nay, good lord, leave this allegorick speech,
 And give me knowledge from a plainer phrase.

Epire.

Then plainly thus: your bed is press'd with lust,
 I know you do not credit, nay, what's more,
 I know you hate me for my virtuousness:
 Your queen behaves her like a courtesan.
 I know you hold me for a vile impostor;
 O foolish zeal, that makes me be so fond
 To leave my faith unto black censuring.
 O, she hath sinn'd, and done a double wrong
 To you, to her, and sacred chastity.

Cyprus.

Duke, thou art valiant, and with a valiant mind
 Slander is worse than theft or sacrilege,
 Nay, more, than murder, or the height of treason,
 A step beyond the utmost plagues in hell.
 Then thou, which in that nature wrong'st a queen,
 Determ'st a scourge beyond their punishments;
 Virtue should kill thee now.

Epire.

Nay, do, my breast is bare unto thy steel,
 Kill me because I love thee and speak true.
 Is this the merit of a Roman faith?
 For this have I observ'd, pry'd in unto,
 And search'd each secret shift of vanity?
 Nay, pray you kill me; faith I'll patient stand,
 Live still a monster, hold shame in your hand.

Cyprus.

Speak a word more, a king shall be thy death.

Epire.

Death is a slave to him that is resolv'd,
 And my soul loaths this servile flattery,
 Nor will I cover such intemperate sin,

But

But to the world make them and that transparent,
Unless yourself will seek to right yourself.

Cyprus.

Thou hast awak'd me, and thy piercing words
Have split my sense in sunder : yet what ground
Remains whereon to ground suspicion ? a cuckold, cuckold, ha !

Epire.

Your absence is the baud to her desires,
For their masks, dancings, gaming, banquetting,
Strange private meetings, and all toils in love,
As wanton speeches to stir appetite,
And all enchantments that inflame desire ;
When you return, then all is hush'd and still,
And she demurely walks like virtue's ghost :
Before your face she's like a puritan,
Behind your back a blushless courtesan.

Cyprus.

O I have drank-in poison at mine ears,
Which makes my blood boil with unquenched flames.
But speak, who is it that dishonours me ?

Epire.

He that you prize a line before your life ;
I know you will not credit, faith you will not.

Cyprus.

Nay, if thou cease to speak, thou hat'st my life ;
Tak'st thou delight to kill me, then forbear :
S'foot, I am mortal man, kill me, do, do, do.

Epire.

Your best of friends, your dearest Phylocles,
Usurps your bed and makes you a cornute.
A creature uncreate in paradise,
And one that's only of a woman's making.

Cyprus.

Is't possible ! can I give faith to this ?

Epire.

Nay, be but patient, smoothe your brow a little,
And you shall take them as they clip each other,
²⁸ Even in their height of sin, then damn them both,

²⁸ Even in their height of sin, then damn them both,] This horrid sentiment is to be found in too many of our ancient poets. See Note 25 to *'Tis pity She's a Whore*, vol. VIII. p. 90.

And let them sink before they ask God pardon,
That your revenge may stretch unto their souls,

Cyprus.

To be a cuckold doth exceed all grief,

Epire.

To have a pleasant scoff at majesty.

Cyprus.

To taste the fruit forbidden from my tree!

Epire.

But he shall lose his paradise for that.

Cyprus.

The slave will make base songs in my disgrace.

Epire.

And wound your reputation in strange lands.

Cyprus.

This injury sads all my joys on earth.

Epire.

Horns are not shunn'd by wisdom, wealth, or birth.

Cyprus.

Watch their close meetings, and then give us notice;
Mean space my love shall in thy bosom rest:

My grief is like my birth, great, great and high:

Give close intelligence; till then farewell.

Lust is the broadest path which leads to hell. [*Exit Cyprus.*

Epire.

He's gone with black suspicion in his heart:

And his soul made a slave to jealousy,

My plots shall drive him to his own destruction;

And I gain both revenge and dignity.

He shall no sooner put his queen to death,

But I'll proclaim her spotless innocence;

All men will hate him for so vile an act,

And mad with rage depose him from his crown,

Then I will be his death, his state doth give,

Kings once depos'd, long after must not live;

For, like a phoenix rare in jealousy,

He shall consume himself in scorching flames,

Whilst from his ashes I a phoenix spring:

Many renounce their God to be a king,

And

And I'll be one to kill men with a frown,
None dare dispute the actions of a crown.

[Exit,

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Florio and Mechant,

Florio.

THE queen is all for revels, her light heart,
Unladen from the heaviness of state,
Bestows itself upon delightfulness.

Mechant.

She follows her creation and her sex.
In my conceit it is as vile a thing,
To see the worthy model of a woman,
Who had not been at all but to give life,
And stirring spleen to man's alacrity,
To sit o'erwhelm'd with thought, with dark amuse,
And the sad fullness of griev'd dislike;
As to behold an old man in his furs,
Whose well-spent youth hath given his age full strength,
To be his country's best physician,
To caper to his grave, and with vain gauds
Trick up his coffin, and upon his tomb,
To leave no knowledge but his levity,

Florio.

'Tis true indeed, and nature in herself
Doth give us still distaste in contraries.
And in my thoughts it is as base to see a woman man,
As see a man a long-rob'd feminine.

Mechant.

Well, we forget ourselves, my lord; what, is the musick
ready? I pray you command the guard to take their halberds
in their hands, the ushers should have seen this room perfum'd,
in faith they are too negligent: here comes the queen.

Enter

Enter the Queen, Mariana, and waiting-women, Phylacles and other lords, the King disguised like one of the guard at the one end of the stage, and the duke so likewise disguised at the other end of the stage.

Queen.

Loud musick there, and let the god of harmony
Ravish our senses with delightful airs,
Tun'd to the musick of the higher sphere,
And with that mortal sign most rarely shew
The joys in Jove's high court, to feast the gods,
Making that place abound in happiness.
Come, noble Phylacles, I seize you first,
(Mariana, there are choice of other lords)
In gracing you, it is the king I grace.

Mariana.

Come, honest lord, 'tis you must stand to me,
The queen in mine doth challenge interest,
And I must fly for shelter to my friends.

Mechant.

And I'll be glad to be your coverture.

Mariana.

O no, my lord, not till the weather changes.

Mechant.

Well, when you please, mean time you do me grace.

Queen.

Nay, my lord, there's a lady worth the handling:
Sound musick then, fill earth with heaven's pleasure.

Cyprus.

My queen is out of time, though she keep measure.

Here they dance the first strain.

Epire.

Be lucky villain,
Hit now the mark that mine ambition aims at;
Methinks I see that lean Italian devil, jealousy,
Dance in his eyes: possess him, spirit of rage,
Muffle his understanding with black thoughts,
Let passion govern reason, falsehood truth,
Oblivion hide his age, hate kill his youth.

Cyprus.

Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,
 29 Even as upon these rushes, which thou treadest :
 See how her motions wind about his eyes,
 And doth present to him her passions :
 Now doth her moistening palm glow in his hand,
 And courts him unto dalliance. She dies, 'tis just,
 She's slave to murder that is slave to lust.

Epire.

Thou curse of greatness, waking-ey'd suspicion,
 Now help thy poor friends, murder and ambition.

*The first strain ends.**Queen.*

This strain contain'd a pretty change.
 Proceed unto the next.

*They dance the second.**Cyprus.*

Sin follows sin, and change on change doth wait ;
 Thy change doth change my love to cruel hate.

*Here in this strain, Mariana came to Phylocles.**Phylocles.*

Madam, methinks this change is better than the first.

Mariana.

Ay, if the musick would not alter it.

Queen.

Methinks 'tis worse ; come, we will have another strain.

*They dance again.**Phylocles.*

I'm pleas'd, let us proceed.

Cyprus.

Rivals in crowns and beads of kings must bleed.
 Can that fair house contain so foul a guest
 As lust, or cloak inordinate base desires,

29 Even as upon these rushes,] See Note 7 to *The Merry Devil of Ed-
 monton*, vol. V. p. 254, and Mr. Steevens's Note on *Roméo and Juliet*,
 A. I. S. 4.

Under so fair a coverture? O yes,
 Women can blind our sense when we see best,
 And set fair landskips on inconstancy,
 Making us blind with seeing. The dance ends,
 Your sins are blackest, breach of love and friends.

Epire.

Now to the king; blow rage till it flame hate
 A politician thrives the best in state.

[*Exit Epire, and enters to the king again.*

Queen.

Come, sweet prince Phylocles,
 Devise some new delights to shorten time;
 This dulness hath no relish in my sense,
 It hath no pith; and sloth in my conceit
 Is but a type of pride in best constitutions.

Mariana.

Madam, I'll stand, that a fair woman must be proud, or else
 a fool.

Phylocles.

I would fain hear that, i'faith.

Queen.

Thy reason, wench, I pray thee come, disburse.

Mariana.

A woman fair is like a full-blown rose,

Queen.

Which holds the fair no longer than it grows.

Mariana.

A woman fair is like the finest gold.

Phylocles.

Which kept from use is good though ne'er so old.

Mariana.

Nay, good lord, leave a little,
 She that is fair is wise, and ought to know it,
 For to that end did nature first bestow it.
 Now of this knowledge if we be not proud,
 We wrong the author, and we are allow'd
 To rank with senseless beasts, since careless we
 For want of pride detract our dignity.
 Not knowing it, we know truth in the same,
 Not to be proud of truth asks folly's name.

This

This lesson still is read in beauty's school,
 She that is fair and humble is a fool.
 For neither knows she how to hold her good,
 Or to keep safe the treasure of her blood.

Queen.

A notable declamation.

Mariana.

Nay, madam, by your leave,
 Pride gives a lustre to a woman's fair,
 Things that are highest priz'd are ever dear.
 Why is the diamond the saphyr's king,
 But for esteem and rareness? both which spring
 From the stone's pride, which is so chaste and hard,
 Nothing can pierce it, itself is itself's guard.
 Now what is pride? self-love, our own esteem,
 A strength to make us of ourselves well deem:
 From whence this maxim I collect 'mongst other,
 Who hates herself can never love another.
 And, to conclude, man's appetite grows dull
 To what it may have, empty hope is full;
 To all our sex on earth, maid, widow, wife, and bride,
 They happy live, when they live with chaste pride.

Cyprus.

My queen will speak as much for lust, as she for pride, if the
 toy take her.

Mechant.

Your ladyship sows dangerous seed abroad.

Mariana.

But I hope, my lord, all grounds are not fruitful.

Queen.

Well, wench, shalt be the proud woman's champion.

Mariana.

And I'll defend them against all men, as at single tongue.

Mechant.

I had rather fight with a giant, than you at that weapon.

Cyprus.

My lord, go forth, return in your own shape, say I am
 coming.

Epire.

I go, my lord.

[Exit Epire.
Cyprus.

Cyprus.

I'll note their countenance when they hear of me,
Kings often see that which they would not see.

Queen.

Dancing hath made me weary, what sport is next?

Phylocles.

What your highness will command.

Cyprus.

She will command you, sir, to play with her.

*Enter Epire.**Epire.*

Madam, his majesty is return'd to court.

Queen.

Nay, then, away with revels and with sports;
Lie hush, and still this vainer idleness,
It now hath lost his spleen; come, lords, away,
My sun is risen, brings a brighter day.

*[Exeunt all but Cyprus and Epire.]**Cyprus.*

Darkness is thy delight, lascivious queen,
And thou wouldst have thy sun pent up in cloud,
If I be he: O falseness, did I for this,
In single opposition hand to hand,
Hazard my royal blood for thee to be
My greatest shame, the scandal of my blood,
Whilst rumour crowns me king of infamy?
But I will be reveng'd: watch, gentle lord,
When next I see them, they shall taste of death;
Such power hath baseness over great defame,
That monarchs cannot cover their own shame. *[Exit Cyprus.]*

Epire.

My plot yet holds a true proportion,
And I do see an even way to rule.
A crown, like a bold champion, bids me on,
And fame shall chronicle mine enterprize:
The queen being dead, I must oppose myself
Against her tyrant husband, that's my claim,
And with strong courage stand the shock of war:
If of myself I can withstand the king,
Then all the land will flock unto mine aid; if not,
The king is God's anointed, my heads fits the block,

And

And that's the worst: yet future times will tell,
I sunk not slightly; for a crown I fell.

[Exit Epire.

Enter Mechant and a guard of watchmen.

Mechant.

Come on, my masters, you know the tenure of the king's command,

And what in this great business you must do,
Which is to keep him safe, and not vouchsafe
That any creature speak or visit him,
Till he be brought to the presence of the king.
You must not start for bounty, nor for threats,
No though he say he is a nobleman,
As it may be, he may prove mighty born,
Yet what for that? you must perform your office,
Or else expect to taste sharp punishment.

First Watchman.

Tut, fear not, my lord, we that have had Cerberus office so many years under a gate, are not to learn now to play either devils, or tyrants, let us but see him, and then take no care for his safety.

Second Watchman.

Nay, he shall be put into safe keeping, for my wife shall take charge of him.

Enter Alphonso in the orator's cloaths.

Mechant.

'Tis well devis'd, see where he comes;
He may not see my presence; think upon't,
Your charge is truely, and of mighty weight.
Farewel.

[Exit Mechant.

First Watchman.

Fear not: come, my hearts, compass him about, and seize on him all at once, like so many ravens on a dead horse.

Alphonso.

Now an eternal sleep, an apoplex, a swoon,
Seize on their senses, who in this disguise
Shall view or note my vile deformity.
I was bewitch'd by spells to my misfortune,
Or else star-cross'd with some hagg's hellishness.

Sure

Sure I said my prayers, ris'd on my right side,
 Wash'd hands and eyes, put on my girdle last;
 Sure I met no splea-footed baker,
 No hare did cross me, nor no bearded witch,
 Nor other ominous sign. O then why
 Should I be thus damn'd in the devil's nets?
 Is't possible? this habit that I wear
 Should become any man? now of my soul,
 I loath to see myself, and willingly
 I would even vomit at my countenance.

First Watchman.

Stand, fir, we arrest you.

Alphonso.

Arrest me! why I injure no man but myself.

Second Watchman.

You're the more unkind, he that wrongs himself will not
 stick to wrong the whole world also.

First Watchman.

Nay strive not, for we arrest you by virtue of the king's
 commission.

Alphonso.

Well, my masters, be careful, you may mistake me.

Second Watchman.

Indeed it is no marvel, you are so like other men.

Alphonso.

Indeed at this time I am hardly like one of God's making.

First Watchman.

Faith, and I am sure you are no man of a good taylor's
 making, you are but piec'd-work.

Alphonso.

Well, yet I may hap to prove a nobleman.

Second Watchman.

A whoremaster, or an unthrift; away with him, and let no
 man catechise him upon pain of my displeasure. [Exeunt.

Enter the Duke of Epire alone.

Epire.

Roll on the chariot-wheels of my dear plots,
 And bear mine ends to their desired marks.

As yet there's not a rub of wit, a gulf of thought,
 No rocky misconstruction, thorny maze,
 Or other let of any doubtfulness :
 As yet thy way is smooth and plain,
 Like the green ocean in a silent calm.
 Blessed credulity, thou great God of error,
 That art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,
 To thee give I my vows and sacrifice ;
 By thy great deity he doth believe
 Falshoods, that falshood's self could not invent,
 And from that misbelief doth draw a course
 To overwhelm even virtue, truth, and sanctity.
 Let him go on blest stars, 'tis meet he fall,
 Whose blindfold judgment hath no guide at all.
 But O these shadows have bewitched long,
 To threat and not to do doth malice wrong.
 And see, here comes the queen.

Enter the Queen, Mariana, and other ladies.

Queen.

My lord the duke, your presence and my wish
 Jump in an even line together : come, we must to cards,
 I have some crowns I needs must lose to you.

Epire.

I humbly beseech your highness pardon me,
 I have important business of the king's,
 Which doth command mine instant diligence.

Mariana.

Brother, indeed you shall attend the queen ;
 Another time will serve those state dispatches.

Epire.

Sister, content you, the affairs of state
 Must give their best attendance on the times ;
 And great occurrents must not lose their minutes.

Mariana.

Now I'll stand to it, that to be a statesman or a lawyer is to
 be of the most thankless occupation that ever was deriv'd from
 human invention.

Queen.

Why I pray thee, wench ?

VOL. IV.

H h

Mariana.

Mariana.

Because they bestow all the laborious toil of the mind until they be forty, that they may live imprisoned in a study-chamber till they be fourscore, only for this world's mammon, a great name and riches, which, like a string between a galley-slave's legs, is the only ease of their fetters.

Queen.

A notable construction of a noble labour: but shall we not have your company, my lord?

Epire.

My service, 'madam, but my presence the king hath employed; only if you please, I will send prince Phylocles to your majesty.

Queen.

No creature better, for his skill in play
Is equal with our knowledge. Good my lord,
Send him to my privy-chamber presently.

[*Exeunt Queen and Mariana, &c.*]

Enter Phylocles.

Epire.

I will, and send affliction after him;
And see where he comes: my lord, your presence hath
Saved me much labour, and a little care,
I was in quest for your fair company:
The queen, my lord, intreats you earnestly
You will attend her in her privy-chamber.

Phylocles.

Unto what end?

Epire.

Only to waste some time at cards with her,
The lazy hours stick heavy on her thoughts,
Which she would lose with some forgetfulness.

Phylocles.

Faith, and play ne'er relish'd worse within my thoughts:
I know not how, but loaden heaviness
Draws me to be in love with melancholy.

Epire.

The fitter for you with more light sports
To chase that blood-consumer from your breast,

Who

Who with a honey-poison doth devour,
And kill the very life of livelihood.

Phylocles.

'Tis true, and therefore shall your counsel tutor me;
Where is her majesty?

Epire.

Gone to her privy-chamber, where she doth expect you.

Phylocles.

I will attend her presently.

[*Exit* *Phylocles.*

Epire.

Do, and I will attend thee to thy grave,
Poor shallow lord, by much too virtuous.
Ho, who's within there?

Enter Florio.

Florio.

Your grace's pleasure?

Epire.

Go tell his majesty that I must speak with him.

Florio.

I go.

[*Exit.*

Enter aloft to cards, the Queen and Phylocles.

Queen.

Come, my lord, take your place, here are cards, and here are
my crowns.

Phylocles.

And here are mine; at what game will your majesty play?

Queen.

³⁰ At Mount-faint.

Phylocles.

A royal game, and worthy of the name,
And meetest even for saints to exercise:
Sure it was of a woman's first invention.

Queen.

It is not faint, but cent, taken from hundreds.

³⁰ *At Mount-faint.*] This game is often mentioned in our ancient writers, and what immediately follows, sufficiently explains the nature of it. See also Note 12 to *The Wits*, vol. VIII. p. 419.

Phylocles.

True, for 'mongst millions hardly is found one saint.

Queen.

Indeed you may allow a double game;
But come, list for the dealing; it is my chance to deal.

Phylocles.

An action most, most proper to your sex.

*Enter Cyprns.**Cyprus.*

How now, my waking dragon, thou whose eyes
Do never fall or close through Lethean sleep;
What, is there a Hercules that dare to touch,
Or enter the Hesperian ³¹ rosaries?

Epire.

Speak softly, gentle lord, behold, behold
The silly birds are tangled in your snare,
And have no way to 'scape your punishment:
See how her eyes do court him, and his looks pay to her
Love a double interest. Fie, fie, they are to blame.

Queen.

What are you, my lord?

Phylocles.

Your highness's servant, but misfortune's slave.

Queen.

Your game I mean.

Phylocles.

Nothing in show, yet somewhat in account;
Madam, I am blank.

Queen.

You are a double game, and I am no less; there's an hundred, and all cards made but one knave.

Epire.

Mark that, of my life she means your majesty.

Cyprus.

True, I know she holds me as her varlet,
And that I am imperfect in her game;

³¹ *rosaries*] Places where roses grow in great abundance.

" — biferique rosaria Pæsti." VIRG. S.

But my revenge shall give me better place,
Beyond the hate of her foul impudence,

Epire.

Nay, good my lord, observe, they will confirm you better.

Queen.

What's your game now?

Phylocles.

Four kings as I imagine.

Queen.

Nay, I have two, yet one doth me little good.

Phylocles.

Indeed, mine are two queens, and one I'll throw away.

Epire.

Doth your majesty mark that?

You are the king that she is weary of,
And my sister the queen that he will cast away.

Phylocles.

Can you ³² decard, madam?

Queen.

Hardly, but I must do hurt.

Phylocles.

But spare not any to confirm your game.

Epire.

Would you have more plain proof of their foul treason?
They do not plot your highness' death alone.

Cyprus.

But others which they think depend on me.

Epire.

Myself and those which do you services:
They are bloody-minded; yet for myself,
Were it not for your safety, I could wish
You would remit and blot these errors out,
In hope that time would bring them to more virtue.

Cyprus.

O then thou didst not love me, nor thy faith
Took hold upon my scandals; fie, I'm mad,
Sham'd and disgrac'd, all wit-stung wisdomless.
Within there, ho!

³² decard] i. e. throw away a card. S.

Enter Florio.

Florio.

Did your majesty call?

Cyprus.

Go instantly (nay do not look sad or pale,
Neither dispute with me, nor with thy thoughts;
But as thou lov'st thy life, effect my will).
Call all my guard, ascend the queen's privy-chamber,
And in my name arrest her and prince Phylocles of treason.
Make no delay, but in thy diligence
Shew how thou dost respect me; arrested once,
Convey them unto straitest prison: away. [Exit Florio,
For you, my lord, go instantly prepare,
And summon all the princes of our land
Unto an instant parliament, where we
Will have them both condemn'd immediately,
Without their answers, complaints, or pitiousness.
Since women's tears do blunt revenge's sword,
I will not see, nor hear them speak one word.

[*Exeunt Cyprus and Epire.*

Enter Florio, and a guard aloft, to the Queen and Phylocles.

Florio.

Madam, and prince Phylocles, in the king's name I arrest
you both of high-treason.

Phylocles.

He lyes that saith I ever knew the word.

Queen.

I pray thee do not affright me, gentle lord,
Thy words do carry death even in their sound.

Florio.

Madam, I am most sorry 'tis my fortune,
But what I do is by the king's commission.

Queen.

Whence is that warrant grounded, or what's our treason?

Florio.

I am his instrument, but not his counsellor.

Phylocles.

Madam, be patient, that we do not know
We have no cause to grieve at. As for envy's toil,

Lct

Let her even break her own gall with desire,
 Our innocence is our prevention.
 Be chearful, madam, 'tis but some villain's sound,
 Made only to amaze, not to confound.
 And what must we do, my lord?

Florio.

To prison are the words of my commission.

Phylactes.

Then lead the way, he hath of grief no sense,
 Whose conscience doth not know of his offence.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter at one door Epire, at another Mariana.

Epire.

HOW now, mad sister, your dear love is condemn'd;
 A sweet adulterer.

Mariana.

How! condemn'd before their trial?

Epire.

No, they were condemn'd by act of parliament.

Mariana.

I do not hold thee, brother, for a man,
 For it is reasonless to mock calamity:
 If he die innocent, thrice happy soul;
 If guilty, weep that man should so transgress:
 Nature of reason thus much doth importune,
 Man should partake in grief with man's misfortune.

Epire.

For him, if e'er mine eyes weep, may they drop out,
 And leave my body blinder than my sense:
 Pity my foe, the ruin of my house,
 My valour's scandal, and mine honour's poison!
 No let him fall, for blood must still quench lust,
 Law hath condemn'd him, then his death is just.

Mariana.

Spit out that monster envy, it corrupts you,
 And mildly hear me answer for my love.

H h 4

What

What did he 'gainst you was not honourable,
Which you 'gainst him would not have gladly done?
Will you hate him for acting your own thoughts?
Can it be ill in him, yet good in you?
Let reason weigh this difference, then you'll find
His honour poizes down his infamy.

Epire.

Canst thou love him that brought thee to thy death?

Mariana.

No, like a God he made me with his breath.

Epire.

Did he not win thy love, and then reject thee?

Mariana.

His honour, not his love doth now neglect me.

Epire.

Fond maid, thy foolish dotage doth mistake him.

Mariana.

Hell shall have mercy, ere I will forsake him.

Epire.

Farewel then, sister, friend to my greatest foe,
Revenge strikes home, being ended with one blow. [*Exit Epire.*

Mar. na.

Prevention, thou best midwife to misfortune,
Unfold this ugly monster's treachery;
And let his birth be ominous, struck dead,
Ere it have being in this open world.
Love commands nature; brother, pardon me,
Thine envy dies by my love's liberty.
Invention (heart of wit) possess my brain,
For treason is to treason her own bane.
And you, bright heavens, now aid me in my plots,
That truth may shine through falshood's leprous spots;
My life I'll hazard to redeem my love,
Firm constancy like rocks can never move.
Be bold then, maiden-heart, in his defence;
He saved thy life, thy life's his recompence:
My wit and hopes have furnish'd me with all
The helps of art to bring forth treason's fall.
Now to the means: some say that gold hath power
To enter without force a gateless tower;

And

And I'll try that, which if it take fast hold,
I'll never blame them more that doat on gold.
Ho, who's within there?

Enter Jailer.

Jailer.

Who calls, what would you have? I thought you were a woman, you were so hasty: O, madam, is it you? I cry you mercy.

Mariana.

My grief speaks loud, sir, and my swift desire
O'er-rules my tongue, makes it keep time with thought;
I long to see a prisoner in this ill-built house.

Jailer.

What prisoner, madam?

Mariana.

The worthy prince: the famous Phylocles.

Jailer.

Madam, I dare not, without especial warrant.

Mariana.

I have my brother's strong commission; hold, there is gold.

Jailer.

This golden calf is an excellent idol, and few of my profession but serves it: this dumb god gives tongue to all men, wit to all men, honour to any man, but honesty to no man: and therefore as for honesty I mean not to deal with so dear a commodity, but leave it to my better: madam, those stairs direct you to his lodging.

Mariaaaa.

I thank you, sir.

[*Exit Mariana.*]

Jailer.

This is a worthy lady, to give thus much for the bare sight of a man in affliction; if he were at liberty, it were nothing; but being as it is, it is most bountiful; but it may be it is for the past hours of former recreation; well, let it be what it shall be, I am sure it was not that I should hold this disputation: but see, here she comes again.

Enter Phylocles in Mariana's attire, and Mariana in his.

Phylocles.

Madam, my soul cannot consent to leave
Your life in this great hazard, nor can death

Carry

Carry such ugly shape, as doth the thought
That you are left in this extremity:
Indeed I will not leave you.

Mariana.

Will you grow mad? what, shall your nobler spirit,
Which is the school of wisdom, grow so ³³ fond,
As to revolt from all our happiness?
Our plots you know, and how to manage cares,
Whose true events have true proportions;
Then, dear lord, rest resolv'd, the jailer over-hears:
Live you with safety.—Most worthy maid, farewell.

Phylocles.

Farewel, fair prince: thanks, master Jailer, and a kind
commend.

Jailer.

As much unto your ladyship. So now I'll lock my doors.
[*Exit Mariana, Phylocles, and Jailer.*]

Enter Cyprus, Mechant, Florio, and attendants.

Cyprus.

Is our commission, as we gave in charge,
Delivered o'er to the corigidors?

Mechant.

It is, and with such strictness and advice,
For speedy execution of the same,
That by this time I know they are in the way
Unto their execution; for the hour
Of death doth run upon his latest minutes.

Cyprus.

'Tis well: for till their shameless lives have end,
There can no comfort creep into my thoughts,
Or aught save mischief keep me company.
Why was I born to this malignity
And lowness of base fortune? yet my place
Above the level of the vulgar's fight?
O it is but to let me know thus much,

³³ fond] Foolish. See Note 16 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*,
vol. III. p. 402.

That those which lie within the richest graves
Were at the best but fortune's glorious slaves.
But see, here comes my shame.

*Enter corrigidors, Queen, and Mariana disguised like Phylacles,
both bound, and a guard of halberts with the executioner.*

Queen.

My dearest lord.

Cyprus.

Pass, and respect me not, lascivious woman!
Thy tears are like the tears of crocodiles.
See how I stop mine ears against thy plaints,
And glue mine understanding from thy charms.
Nay, call on him thou hast offended most;
Mercy from me were worse than cruelty.

Queen.

My dearest dread, my best best sovereign,
Whom I have ne'er offended, but with zeal
And constant love, loyal and honourable,
Vouchsafe me, though a queen, a subject's right,
And let me know for what offence I perish.

Cyprus.

For thine adulterate and monstrous lust,
Shameful, and gross, and most unsufferable,

Queen.

Who doth accuse us?

Cyprus.

Ourself, and our own soul that have beheld
Your vile and most lascivious ³⁴ passages.

Mariana.

O that my tongue would not betray my knowledge!
Then would I amaze them all with mine assertions.
Madam, challenge the law.

Queen.

My gracious lord, since no desert in me
Can merit your belief, nor that your eye
Can rightly judge my pure complexion:

³⁴ passages] i. e. what hath passed between you. See Notes of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens to *All's well that ends well*, A. 1. S. 1.

492 THE DUMB KNIGHT.

Yet as your handmaid let me beg the right,
Due unto wretches from our country's laws.

Cyprus.

The tenure of the law you do demand ?

Queen.

'That in the case of slander, where the proof
Proceeds as much from envy as from truth,
We are allow'd our champions to defend
Our innocence, with a well-ordered sword.

Cyprus.

I look'd for this objection and allow it,
Nor am I unprovided for your best
And strongest hope in any victory ;
Lords, attend in my champion.

*Here the noblemen go forth, and bring in the Duke of Epire like a
combatant,*

Queen.

Will you, my lord, approve the king's assertion ?

Epire.

Madam, although against the nature of my spirit,
And my first duty, bound to your allegiance,
Yet now compell'd by duty and by truth,
I must of force become your opposite.

Queen.

Thou art no true Italian, nor true gentleman,
Thus to confound the glory of thy judgment.
Hath not that arm which now is arin'd against me,
That valour, spirit, judgment, and that worth,
Which only makes you worthy, stood t' approve
More than myself will challenge to my virtues ?
And are you now basely turn'd retrograde ?
Well, I perceive there's nought in you but spleen,
And time's observance, still to hold the best :
Still I demand the law.

Cyprus.

And you shall have it in the amplest manner,
Sound, cornets.

Here

Here the cornets sound thrice, and at the third sound enters Phylocles, disguised like a combatant.

Florio.

There is a combatant on the defendant's part;
Your majesty's pleasure.

Cyprus.

Give him his oath according to the laws.

Florio.

Are the fair ends of this your warlike posture,
To prove the innocence of these two condemn'd?
So help you Jove.

Phylocles.

They are.

Cyprus.

Then give the warlike signal to the fight.

Here the combat being fought, Phylocles overcomes the Duke.

Phylocles.

Thou art my slave, either confess or die.

Epire.

Didst thou speak true, I would not sound a word
To save the world from cinders; yet that thou may'st
With more resolved fury murder me,
This I confess, 'twas I that only stirr'd,
Out of strong falshood's hate and jealousy
The king's eternal wrath, and made him think
Untruths, that even untruth would not suggest:
And all my malice sprung from that prince Phylocles.

Phylocles.

No, 'twas from me, that still am Phylocles.

Cyprus.

My Phylocles, my queen! O double pardon me,
My jealousy, his envy, and your virtues,
Are sprung from such impatient contraries,
I cannot reconcile them; yet O pardon me:
My faith in life shall make you recompence:
For thee, rare Mariana, thou hast wrought
A work of noble constant magnitude.
As for this monster, this my tempting devil,
Whose forfeit life is witness to his shame,

I give his life and fortunes to the queen.
 She, whom his malice would have brought to death,
 Shall now be judge and juror of his breath.

Mariana.

In which commission (madam) let it be inroll'd,
 He is my brother and my best of blood.

Queen.

And only that is charter for his life :
 Live, envious lord, more envious than thou'rt great,
 Live to lament thy worst of wretchedness,
 Live to repent, since this I certain know,
 Thine own gall'd conscience will be thy worst woe.

Enter a guard of watchmen with Alphonso.

First Watchman.

Come, bring him away, thrust him forward, though favour
 and a great purse were against him.

Cyprus.

How now, what tumult have we there ?

Second Watchman.

An't please your majesty, we have brought you here ³⁵ a slip,
 a piece of false coin: one that is neither stamp'd with true coin
 for his excuse, nor with good cloaths for his redemption.

Cyprus.

Alphonso ! in the name of madness, how comes this meta-
 morphosis ? nay stand forth, discourse ; if thou dost lye thou
 art mine enemy.

Mechant.

Nay more, if thou stick in any bog, and by a trick seek to
 wind out, I will discover you.

Alphonso.

This conjuration (believe it, my lord) shall make me leap
 out of all fetters, and briefly thus : I have long time loved the

³⁵ a slip, a piece of false coin :] See Note 55 to *A Mad world my masters*,
 vol. V. p. 396.

Again, in *Day's Law Tricks*, 1608, A. 3 :

" A guilded slip carries as faire a show

" As perfect gold, guilt honour may do so.

" But put your slip to triall, the slight gold

" Is soone rubb'd of."

fair wife of the orator; and, having no opportunity but his absence at the senate, I took that season: he, out of negligence, omitting his papers, return'd unseasonably, found me insufficiently, and forc'd to take sanctuary strangely, which however I purchas'd, yet he found mine apparel, and mistaken in the tenure, reach'd it presently, put it on immediately: and now in the senate-house is pleading it seriously.

Cyprus.

I cannot blame him, you having got so much within his inward garment.

Mechant.

Of all which, my lord, I being (in a strict conceit) a baudy witness; and having both from the orator's scorns and delays received many indignities; thought by this discovery to cry quittance with my proud enemy.

Cyprus.

And you have amply done it; yet this jest
So perfect doth deserve more memory.
Florio, go bid the orator attend us presently. [Exit Florio.
And now to you, Drap and Veloups, I did
Refer you long since to the orator.
Yet I note your attention: come, there is
Some too close-fisted hardness in your hearts:
You gripe too hard, your bribes will not disburse:
Come tell me truly, as you look for heaven,
What must you pay for your dispatches?

Drap and Veloups.

A thousand crowns we offer'd willingly.

Cyprus.

And will your suit avail with such disbursement?

Drap and Veloups.

It will, and we most richly satisfied.

Cyprus.

We'll see the business perfected.

Drap and Veloups.

With all our hearts, and be full joy'd thereat;
Here are the crowns.

Cyprus.

You shall have your dispatches,

Enter

Enter Prate and Florio.

See, here comes the orator. Prate; come hither:
These gentlemen, whom long since I referr'd
To your dispatches, are yet unsatisfied.

Prate.

Alas, my lord, the state—

Cyprus.

I know imploys you, yet there's many minutes
May give your best cares leisure; come, there is
Some odd disburse, some bribe, some gratulance,
Which makes you lock up leisure: come tell true,
What bribe must they give, what is your utmost price?

Prate.

But five hundred crowns, of my best conscience.

Cyprus.

Tut, it is nothing, hold, here's the coin,
And let them have their patents presently:
Or look to lose both place and sovereignty.

Prate.

Legions of devils haunt their diligence.

Cyprus.

Fie, I would not have a man of your high place,
Or for respect of wealth, or base observance,
In smallest things thus to neglect your credit.
Why look you, my lords, this orator is not like others of his
rank,

Who, from their gainish and fantastick humours,
Go through the streets, spotted with peacock's plumes,
Wearing all colours, laces, broideries,
Sattins and silks, so antick garnished,
That when their gowns are off, you cannot find
In Italy a master shap'd more nice.
But this fellow Prate here's of another sort,
Cloath'd like himself, demure and soberly:
Nay, you shall see him for a president. [*Ungowns the orator.*]
Passion of mine eye-sight! who have we here?
This is Alphonso, there's the orator.

Prate.

Heart of impatience, I am then a cuckold!
A scorn, a by-word, and a laughing stock.

What

What is my wife turn'd whore? and must her depth
Be founded by ³⁶ the plumbs of foreigners?
Well, the revenge that I will take for this my shame
Shall make all whores hereafter dread my name.

Cyprus.

Not for thy life, not for my love, I charge thee:
Thy wife is honest, chaste and virtuous:
Only this wanton lord, with lust and coin,
Hath much attempted, but prevail'd in nought.
For proof, see here the crowns he would have given
To have purchas'd her bed's honour, but she would not;
Which I bestow on you for recompence.
Therefore as thou dost hope my grace to find,
So to thy wife be loving, gentle, kind.

Prate.

Your majesty may mould me to your pleasure.

Cyprus.

I thank you, and will quitance it.
Now, Merchant, we restore you to your lands,
Your honours and near places, next ourself:
To all that feel distaste in any fore,
We give to cure them all our grace and favour.
Thus storms bring gentle sun-shine; and our hands
May, after ship-wreck, bring us to safe lands.

³⁶ *the plumbs*] i. e. the plummets. S.



E D I T I O N S.

(1.) "The dumbe Knight. A historicall Comedy, acted
 "fundry times by the children of his Majesties Revels. Lon-
 "don, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for John Bache, and are
 "to be sold at his shop in Popes-head Palace, neere to the
 "Royall Exchange. 1608. 4to.

(2.) "The Dumbe Knight. An Historicall Comedy,
 "acted fundry times by the children of his Majesties Revells.
 "London, Printed by A. M. for William Sheares, and are
 "to be sold at his shoppe in Chancery Lane, near Seriants
 "Inne." 1633. 4to.

THE END OF VOL. IV.

1831

EXHIBITION

THE
MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL
HISTORY

OF
LONDON

